Immanuel:

OR

THE MISTERY

Of *GOD*, Manifeſted in the *FLESH.*

Sung in the ſeverall CANTOES

Of { URANIA. / ASTRÆA. / MELPOMENE. }

By WILL. WISHARTT B. D. *Scoto-Britan. and Preacher in both Kingdoms.*

LONDON, Printed by *R. Hodgkinſonne*, for *Philip Nevill* dwelling in *Ivie Lane.* 1642.

Immanuel:

OR

TO THE
HIGH AND MIGHTY MONARCH

Charles,

Of Great Britain, France and Ireland, &c.

ANAGRAMMATA REGIA:

Carolus Steuartus,
Solus sacra tuetur:
Charles Steuart,
Th'Altars Rescue:
Charles Steuart,
L'-tres haut Cesar.

TO thee, great Britains, France & Irelands King,
To thee, great Faith's defending Soveraign,
To thee, great Patron of Parnassus spring,
To thee, great Neptune of our Northern Main,
To thee, great Owner of th'Hesperian Plain,
To thee, great Patron both of Armes and Arts,

To thee, great Mover of great Albion's wain,
To thee, great Monarch, both of hands and hearts,
To thee, great Sun, who to our soyle imparts
Light, vegetation, life and influence,
To thee, great Pan, *who break'st* Bellona's *darts,*
To thee, great Mirrour of Magnificence,
My pure Urania *sacres those poor drops*
She suck'd from Pindus and Parnassus tops;
'Tis true, to thee she can no good impart,
Yet shall she sing, Thy servant's

WILL. WISHARTT.

To

To the Reader.

WHat wiſe *Jedidjah* did not underſtand,
What *Jakehs* Son could never yet con-
Apelles pencill in *Apollo's* hand (ceive,
On thoſe ſucceeding tables ſhall engrave.

What way a young man with a maid can have,
What way a Serpent ſtrayeth on a ſtone,
What way a Ship doth ſlope the Oceans wave,
What way an Eagle ſcales the welkins Zone.

How glory commeth from confuſion, (ſoure
How meat com'th from the eater, ſweet from
How life doth ſpring from deaths pavilion,
And how a Lambe doth curb the Lions powre,

Stand all indented on that curſed Tree,
Where ink and blood have writ, *J. N. R. J.*

The

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URANIA.

URANIA.

Here doth a worm-ling to his wondrous maker
His Soules beſt ſervice and affections ſacre.
A Lyon *to a* Lamb *prepares the* Way.
The Angel Gabriel *greets great Bethleem's May*
The chaſt Parthenia *bringeth forth her* Son.
Immanuel's *ſeal'd by Circumciſion.*
A blazing Star makes Sages ſeek their King.
In Ramah Rachel *weeps, and ſcornes to ſing.*

The Rogation.

Canto I°.

THE very Heav'ns are in thy ſight impure,
O thou dread Soveraign of all Creature!
Thy Wiſdom's ſuch, and eke thy pow'r ſo large
That thou layſt folly to the Angells charge:
O then! how idly fooliſh and how vain
A thing is man, ev'n in his choyceſt ſtrain?
Whoſe habitation is in duſt and clay,
Where Vanity beares ſuch imperiall ſway
As maks his ſtrength but weaknes, wiſdom, folly,
Thoughts, fond; and actions, ev'ry way unholy:

How canſt thou then, thou ſacred ſtrong of ſtrongs,
To whom untainted Majeſty belongs,
Once ſip the runnals of that ſource, whence gall
Springs up from Worm-woods poyſond Minerall;
Or heare the cryes which wretched hee poures out,
Whoſe beſt apparell is a menſtruous clout?
No, ſure I am it cannot bee, but thou
Who, in thy ſelf, art ſtill unchang'd and true,
Muſt on ſome rarer object fix thine eyes
E'r thou diſpenſe with our impieties;
Yea, ſure I am, it is that Lamb, alone,
Who joynd with thee in triple-union,
Whoſe interceſſion, and ſweet warbling ayrs
Makes thee attend the tenour of our Prayers.
Look therfore, great GOD, on that *Lamb* whoſe cry
Speaks better things then *Abel's* butchery,
Look on that blood, which ſpred on *Iſrael's* doores
Saves from that Plague which *Pharaoh's* ſons devoures:
Look on that thred, which being tied about
Zarah's right hand, inſpr'd him to come out,
Holding his brothers heel in's grapling fiſt
To teſtify hee ſtrugled to bee bleſt;
And finally, look on that ſcarlet Lace
Which ti'd to *Rachab's* window, gave her Peace
Amidſt that foyl, and death-denouncing wound
Which *Jericho's* vain-glory did confound:
Look on all thoſe, and through all thoſe on me,
In him whom thoſe did all prefignifie,
And by thy Spirit, enrich this ſpirit of mine
With learned Judgement, and with Art divine,
That whilſt I undertake this taſk, to tell
The World, how her dread Lord *Immanuel*

Thy

Thy eternal Word; yea, thy eternal Son,
Was made in Time our very fleſh and bone;
I may dilate that ſtory in ſuch guiſe
As may enforce the learnd, the ſage, the wiſe,
To leade the Squadrons of their carnall-ſenſe
All captivate to thy obedience.
And, to this end, rowſe thou my minde on high,
Teach thou my hands to touch, and eys to ſee
The ſecrets of thy ſweet-cœleſtiall-Court,
Which may my Soule above the Pole tranſport
In ſuch a ſort, that whilſt the Poetaſters
Of brain-ſick paſſions, and of fond diſaſters
Doe raviſh worldly minds, and muddy brains
With forged ſighs, falſe teares, and feined ſtrains
Of wanton Love, laſcivious ſhews and ſongs,
Vain Madrigals, diſſembling woes and wrongs;
My Muſe, quit-claming the Caſtalian Font,
Where the Pyerian maids, of old, were wont
To ſip their Nectar: And thoſe ſwelling tops
Of *Pindus* and *Parnaſſus*, whoſe ſweet drops
Raviſh'd great *Homer*, by their ſacred kiſſes,
To ſing *Achilles* and the wiſe *Ulyſſes*;
Made *Maro* from his *Mantua* to deſcry
The ſighs of *Dido*, and the ſack of *Troy*;
And taught Love's pander in a raviſh'd trance,
To vent his fabulous Metamorphos'd dance:
I may with ſacred meaſures, notes and numbers,
Which on ſublunar-themes nor ſleeps nor ſlumbers,
The grave ſweet honors, and th'eternall praiſes
Of my Redeemer rouſe from errors mazes;
So, whilſt that ſome their pens and pains inure
To limb the *Gaydian* Idols pourtrature,

And in the vains of their laſcivious rime
Make *Cupid* prince, and *Genius* of the time;
Whilſt others ſubjects are but fictions, dreams,
Imaginations and conceited theames,
Cloath'd up in ſuch a charming phraſe, that vice
Robs virtue of her chaire, ſhee looks ſo nice:
My care may bee t'unfold that boundles Ocean
Of Peace, of Mercy, and of Loveſick-motion,
VVherewith the Man-God, my Redeemer, hath
Releas'd my Darling, both from Sin and Death:
But ſince my wit is weake, my pen unable,
My judgment ſhallow, and my hand unſtable
To give a true characterizing ſtrain
Unto thy Greatnes, Goodnes, Mercies-Main,
O grant, that whilſt thou openeſt thus my mouth
T'unfold the Tenor of thy ſacred Truth,
I bee not like thoſe ſtones which by the way
Unmov'd themſelves, the beaten rode diſplay;
Nor like that Canall, and that watry Spout
VVhich from the fountaine to it's bubling ſnout
Conveys pure ſtreams of coole refreſhing water
For th'uſe of others, whilſt it ſelf's no better:
No, firſt inform my mind, then cleer mine eye
That I may learn what depth of Deity
Thy VViſdome hath entrencht within the Vail
Of fleſh, and made it there reſide and dwell:
Then touch my lips, and guide my babling pen,
That I may warble to the ſons of men
The ſweet *Hyblæan* Nectar of thy Powre
That brings us ſweetnes from our bitter-ſowre;
So ſhall I teach thy Saints thy waies aright,
Whilſt thy all-ſeeing eye vouchſafes mee ſight.

The Prodrome.

Canto. 2°.

I Sing the wonders of that wondrous GOD,
Who being eſſentially one is Trin'ly od,
Not in that firſt born Word-begotten Mater
Whoſe after-byrth was fire, ayre, earth and water,
From whom, and to whom, as their native ſourſe
Time reconveys his childrings circled courſe:
Nor gaze I, that re-colonizing Boat
Wherein old *Noah*, twelve months pent, did float
On ſteepe high Mountains, and *Rypheean* woods,
Like *Neptune*, trampling on thoſe ſwallowing floods
Which from Heav'ns-ſluces, Earths hid vains, and Seas
Deep-channels, did God's wrath anatomize.
Nor minde I now to lim that wondrous Love,
Which burning in *Elohim*'s breſt above,
Did *Shem* and *Heber*'s ſacred line re-bring
From *Shinar*'s ſoyl, and fayre *Euphrates* ſpring
T'attend the loadſtar of th'Eternals call,
Amidſt thoſe plains where *Jordan*'s courſe doth craule;
Nor ſhall my bubling pen thoſe plagues expreſſe
Which from the heav'ns in wraths enrag'd exceſſe
On *Zoan*'s field, and *Mizraim*'s flowry Tent
Were, as poſtilions, of their wrath down ſent:

Nor ſing I thoſe divine decrees and wonders,
VVhoſe voice contemper'd with a thouſand thunders,
Breeds more reſpect in *Iſrael*'s haughty heart,
VVho notwithſtanding acts the truants part,
Then all thoſe Lawes which *Numa* could afford,
L. & S. Or yet the *Spartane* or *Cecropian* Lord:
No, thoſe already, have in matchleſſe Ore
Traverſt both *Veſtae*'s lap, and *Thetis* ſhore,
D. B. And by the pencill of a glorious *Gawl*
Have drawn the curtain of our azur'd All
In ſuch a ſort, that time ſhall never bring
So ſweet a draught from *Hippocrene*'s ſpring,
J. S. Save that, which *Albian*'s *Mercury Triſmegiſt*
Hath quinteſſenc'd from *Ampelonaes* breſt:
No, no, my care ſhall bee, in heav'n-bred trance
To gaze his more then wondrous excellence,
From whom, all things, as from their common father,
Doe all their eſſence and their being gather;
That true beginning, midſt, and end of all
VVho but beginning, midſt, or end, at all,
Is, ground and top of that uncoupled chaine
VVhich links poore ſinners to their Soveraign:
The bleſſed Son I ſing of *God* and *Man*,
VVho born in time, yet was ere time began
The Son of *God*, th'eternall living rock
And royall off-ſpring of great *David*'s ſtock;
That bleſt Redeemer, whom the Prophets old,
By heav'n-bred revelations oft foretold,
On whom their figures, ſhadowes, Types and Tropes
Built all their truths, moralities and hopes;
The God of Gods, I ſing; and King of Kings
From out whoſe mouth a two ed'd ſmyter-ſprings,

Dividing

Dividing twixt the marrow and the bones,
And manifeſting th'hearts hid motions;
VVhoſe words are miſteries, whoſe works are wonders, × Q. ſeeſt for wor
VVhoſe eyes are lightnings, and whoſe voice is thunders, propoſition.
VVhoſe hayres are whiter then the new faln ſnow,
Whoſe ſparkling eyes like flames of fire doe glow,
VVhoſe loynes are girt with gold of better fine
Then *Titan* luſters in his mid-day ſhine,
VVhoſe foot's of burning braſſe, and trampleth down
The rage of *Lethe*, *Styx* and *Acheron*:
Him, him I ſing, *Earth*, *Earth* attend my ſong,
That ſo the hony-ſuckles of my Tongue,
May, like thoſe ſhowres which on the Meads doe trill
Celeſtiall *Nectar*, to the world diſtill:
For though my pen in peace ſhould ſnort and ly,
The Rocks, the Mountains, and the Stones would cry.
Grant therfore, ô my God, Grant, grant betimes
Peace to my Soule, and ſoule unto my Rhimes,
Yea, quinteſſence my ſoule, and eke advance
My care-free ſpirit in ſome celeſtiall trance,
That, purg'd from paſſion, thy divine addreſſe
May guide me through this deſert wilderneſſe
Of humane weakneſſe, that my Pen (from thee)
And Lines may borrow ſuch a dignity,
As may expreſſe in lofty quavering ſongs
The lofty prayſe which unto thee belongs.
But ſtay my Muſe, and lanch not to the *Ocean*
VVhoſe never ebbing Tide and reſtles motion
No *Pilot* yet could know aright, or keep
Himſelf from Naufrage in ſo vaſt a deep;
For this is ſure, That in this voyage ſtands
Charybdis gulfe, and *Scilla*'s ſhelf and ſands;

'Twixt

'Twixt which, the whiftlings of an eafie gale
Muft guide thy Bark, and not a bluftrous fale:
Yet keep not alwaies peace, my Muſe, for now
'Tis time to cleere thy care-eclipſed brow,
And by the numbers of thy ſacred fury
To ſtray along th'enamel'd coaſts of *Jurie*;
Goe then from *Dan* to *Bethel*, thence anon
To *Areer*, *Keilah*, *Adullam*, *Ziff*, *Maone*,
To *Shilo*, *Gilgall*, *Mizphe*, *Ramah*, *Nob*,
And theſe ſky-threatning towr's, whoſe ſpires doe rob
Their white from *Pelops* ſhoulder, and their Ore
From *Peru*, *Ganges*, and *Hydaſpes* ſhore;
And while thou viewſt thoſe coaſts and pleaſant fields
Which milk and hony in abundance yeelds,
Vaile, vaile thy top-ſaile, and in rev'rence greet
That ſacred *Flamyn*, whoſe heav'n-raviſh'd ſp'rit
Doth at *Joves* Altar with a zeale-bred fire
Evaporat his Soules ſincere deſire.
Haile flowry *Jordan* then, and you ſweet torrents
Of chriſtall-water, whoſe Meandring currents
So many Saints have ſip'd; and O thou ſoyl,
Whoſe arms gave reſt from that tumultuous toyl
Wherein our Fathers forty yeers did ſtray;
And O you ſacred-walls, where eſt-ſoon lay
That mighty God and Man, whoſe chrimſon ſhower
From out his ſide, made him our Saviour;
Yea, O you hills, you dales and fields each one,
Where Earths-ſole-*Phœnix*, Heav'ns-true-*Paragon*
Did, from his Cradle to his Croſſe, endure
Our ſinnes-diſeaſe, and griefs-diſtemp'rature:
Haile, haile: I cry you all a glad good morrow,
Let neither bluſtring winds, nor rain-bred ſorrow

Your

Your Meads unflowre, or yet your woods diſleave,
Or choak your torrents in their bubling grave:
No, let nor haile, nor ſnow, nor froſt, nor Ice,
By their tumultuous violent prejudice
Your brows enage, or yet your Treſſes ſcorne,
Till from your tops your golden fleece be ſhorn:
But rather let the heav'ns, with ſmiling face,
Your *Nayads* and your *Napæ's*, ſo embrace,
That by the tincture of their milk-ſweet raine
Your floury virdure may ſtill freſh remaine,
As long as *Titan* takes delight to poſt
From *Japan* to the great *Herculæan* coaſt.
But above all; Hail, hail, thou ghoſtly-Father, *Zachary.*
Th' Almighties Flamin, his anoynted rather;
Ev'n thou, who by thy lot, within this ſhrine,
With hallowed Judgment and with Art divine
Attendſt thy ſervice, and obſerv'ſt thy ſtation,
To expiat *Iſraels* ſinfull converſation.
O how my raviſh'd Soule doth now admire
The glorious fabrick of this glorious Quire
Wherein thou ſtandſt! for Porphyr, Gold and Mabre
Strive t'eternize the curious workman's-labor;
No, whilſt within this houſe, my greedy eye
Doth glut her ſelf on Arts brave induſtry,
No ſooner can I reſt my thoughts upon
This carved ſeiling, or that graven ſtone,
But lo, a rare, rare Deity ties my Senſe
To ruminat his matchleſſe eminence;
For whilſt I call that Majeſty to minde,
Whoſe grace and glory, peace and truth hath ſhin'd
Within thoſe walls, what need I more to ſeek
Nile's Hyeroglyphicks, or the *Delphian* Creek,

The *Rabbin-Talmud*, characters of *Perſs*,
Turks *Alcaron*, or *Sybillean* verſe:
No, thoſe are all but fancies and inventions
Of humane frailties, and of frail intentions,
Which, like their owners, periſh in that ruſt
Which Time and Canker portrays in the duſt:
But here, and here alone, I know, within
Theſe vaulted-Arches; Man, infect with Sin,
May read the Programs of th'Eternal's Love,
Made manifeſt for *Adam*'s ſonns behove.
Son, ſaith the Syre, what proud ambitious ſtrain
Hath led thee hither, that thou ſhouldſt prophane
Jehovah's ſacrifice and ſolemn Rite,
With babling Riddles of a brain-ſick ſprite;
Look but, I pray thee, what dread adorations
The Idoll godlings of the godles Nations
Require within their ſhrines and ſhadowing Grove,
And thence learn thou to dread th'Almighty *Jove*:
Shall *Jupiter*, *Ammonius* or *Apollo*,
Or wandring *Cynthea*, whom the Sylvans follow
At *Daphne*'s trypod; *Dodona*, or there
Whereas th'*Argolick* ſages did repair
Require a grave and reverend Majeſty
To enact their hel-born magick myſtery?
And ſhall not he (who's one and trinally od,
Of kings chief King; and, above all gods, God)
Receive a reverend form and ſacred guize
Of worſhip in his daily Sacrifice?
Or tell me Son, have nere thy eares as yet
Heard how his Ark did ſcaily *Dagon* ſmit,
And all the Princes (with a deadly wound)
In *Aſhdod*, *Gath*, and *Ekrons* coaſts confound?

Or

Or knowſt thou not poore *Uzzah*'s fatall ſtorie?
Or *Abihu*, and *Nadab*'s fatall glorie?
Who in their vain preſumptions fell, and falling
Bid man obſerve the compaſſe of his calling?
All thoſe ſtand written in truth's ſacred book
That wee may read (when upon them wee look)
His fearfull glory, and unapproched might,
Who ſets us in his never ſlumbring ſight;
Out therfore, get thee out from hence, and ſtand
With *Iſrael*, in his porch, whoſe heav'd up hand,
Dejected heart, and humbly-patient ey
Attends the Miſſa of this Miſtery.
At this rebuke I goe, yet ſcarce am gone,
When loe, the relicts of a mourning groane
Cut in a thouſand parcells, ſeems to call
Mee back, to gaze ſome divine ſpectacle;
Returning then amazd, behold I finde,
After the ruſhing of a mighty winde
A light ore-ſhadow *Zachary* more cleere
Then that which gilds our mid-daies hemiſpheere,
In midſt whereof, at *Zacharies* right hand,
Behold a glorious Cherubim doth ſtand,
Whoſe ſmiling eyes and countenance excels
All human beauties, and all creatures els;
About his head a ſemi-circled Crown
Of *Iris* parti-colour'd coat was drawn,
Which to my poore amazed wandring eyn
Seem'd dy'd in opall, yellow, blue, and green:
The curled hayrs which on his head doe grow,
Are whiter far then new faln flaughts of ſnow,
'Twixt which the ſparks of gold beſpangled brands
Makes *Ganges* bluſh, and *Tagus* loath her ſands;

His eys like ſtars, in dark Cymerian night,
Dart forth their flaſhings with a wondrous light,
And like that troop which trips about the Pole,
In reſtles wandrings here and there they role;
Next this, with two *Seraphick* wings he flies,
Whereon the heav'ns have daind t' immortalize
Their rareſt beanties, in the rareſt hue
Of crimſon red, and pure vermilion blue;
Down from his middle, to his feet, is drawn
A pretious vail more cleere then any lawn,
On which ſtands portray'd, by celeſtiall Art,
That love-ſick Foule which tares her tender heart
And yeelds a Runnall of her deereſt blood
To glut her Paricids amidſt their food;
A little lower, *Jeſſe*'s ſon doth ſtand
With peeble ſtones, and ſling-ſtaffe in his hand,
Trampling *Goliah*'s glory in the duſt,
Who in his ſtrength and ſinnewy force did truſt:
Loe here the *Phoenix* aromatick cole
Burns her to duſt, and yet revives her ſoule;
And there *Arachne* from her belly ſpins
The tiſſue-mantle that obſcures our ſins:
Theſe and a thouſand other ſeverall paſſions
Of ſeverall figures, ſeverall forms and faſhions.
Stand checker'd all, as emblems of that Love
Which weds our frailties to a ſpotles *Jove*.
At this great ſight old *Zachary* ſtands mute,
Confus'dly amaz'd, amaz'dly irreſolute,
For, by a pallid ghoſtly feare, his ſenſe
Of ſpeech and hearing, loſe their influence,
At laſt, like to the *Delian* Princeſs, when
She fluttereth over the *Atlantick* Ocean,

He

He curbs the fit that conquer'd him before,
And to his reaſon thus he opes the dore.
O! what is this that I behold, ſaith he,
Is this a fain'd evaniſhing Majeſty
Of *Molech*, *Milcom*, *Chamoſh*, *Aſhtaroth*,
Of *Baal*, *Dagon*, or that ſpirit which doth
(Transform'd in light) bewitch, with darknes ſpell,
Thoſe howling ghoſts which on Earths center dwell?
No, ſure I am, thoſe Idols are not ſuch,
They neither heare, nor ſee, nor talk, nor touch,
They ſmell not, taſte not, and in all their bands
There is no heart that knows or underſtands:
As for that helliſh Prince, or fearfull ſpirit,
Lights hatefull foe, who darknes doth inherit,
I know that here he never dare aſpire
To view the ſecrets of this ſacred fire,
Whoſe Cenſers in their ſweet exhaling cloud
Preſignifie, that *Shiloe* in his blood
Shall ſuch a fragrant Sacrifice reveale
As ſhall bruiſe down the head that bites his heele.
What then, it is ſome viſion ſent from heav'n?
But thoſe have ceas'd, and our deſerts have driv'n
That ſacred *Chore* and great *Angelick* train
To ſhun the lewd ſocieties of Men.
Whilſt thus old *Zachary*'s mutinous thoughts are all
Beleaguer'd by *Opinion*'s Generall,
Feare: Hee whoſe feare reſtrains the Lions jaws,
And curbs the rigour of the Tygers paws
Cries, by his Angell, *Zachary* feare no more,
For lo thy prayer 's heard, and come before
His glorious eyes, who ſhuts our tears each one
In bottles of due retribution:

Recall therefore thy Spirits from gates of death,
For, lo thy barren wife *Elizabeth*
Shall beare a Son, and thou shalt call him *John*,
Heavn's holy-Ghost shall alwaies rest upon
His head, and his celestiall pow'r shall sacre
Thy Son, a *Minion* to the worlds great Maker:
Nor wine, nor strong drink shall hee taste at all,
Nor shall a rasor make his tresse to fall,
But as a *Nazarite* both in name and spirit,
He shall *Eliah*'s talent re-inherit,
And as a Lyon he shall roare and cry,
Prepare before Messiah's face the way.
In him thou shalt rejoyce, for many one,
Jew, Prosolyte, and far-bred nation
Shall joy in him, for by his heav'nly Art
He shall the sinner from his sinnes convert;
He shall the father to the son rejoyn,
The son 'gainst father shall no more repine,
Each lofty Mountain and declining vally
Through which our bubling brooks doe crawl and dally,
Shall change their state, for those shall be made low,
And these exalted to an eminent show, (streight,
Things rough shall be made smooth, things crooked
And on'rous things shall lose their pondrous weight,
And all the sucklings sleeps in natures lap
Shall see the lightning of his thunder-clap,
That all the world may learn t'adore and kis
Immanuel, whose harbenger he is.
O how can't bee, saies *Zachary*, that I
Whose loynes are fruitles, juceles, barren, dry;
Or that my wife *Elizabeth*, whose raines
Have stopt the fruitfull current of their vains

Should

Should recollect, recover and rebring
A living Runnal from a wither'd Spring.
No *Zachary*, ſaith the Angell, know that hee
Whoſe glory, wiſdom, pow'r and Majeſty
Turns heav'ns bright Sphears about earths droſſy ball,
Shall make thy tragick-Theatre comicall;
And leſt, that like a bull ruſh beaten reed,
Thy faith ſhould faint, or hope ſhould loſe her Creed,
Recall the memoyr's of the daies of old,
How Nature hath been by his pow'r control'd,
And thou ſhalt ſee, that to the ſupreme powrs
VVee ſtand ſubjected, and what ere is ours.
For, let mee aſk, whence comes theſe Nectar'd drops?
Which, like pure Balme, doe drench *Pomonaes* tops;
Who makes the Oceans mutinous waves reflote?
Or who enamels *Veſtaes* petticote?
VVho doth the fields refreſh, or flowrs re-flowr?
Who, Bride-like, buſks *Apolloes* Paramour?
Who leads brave *Titan* captive through the ſky?
Or who decks *Cynthia* with a ſilver dy?
Who brings old *Boreas* from his frozen Cave,
Who makes his furie all the world out-brave?
Who can command the light, in darknes Camp,
To checker portraits in a dornick Champ?
Or who can ſhut again Lights gliſtring ey,
To ſnort in midſt of darknes Canopy?
All theſe, like antient Hieroglyphicks, may
God's wondrous power to the world diſplay:
But ſince thou, by a faithles feare, wilt try
His might, goe mannage thy ſecurity
By *Sarahs* loynes, the faithfull *Abraham's* wife,
Whoſe barren belly is a well of life;

Behold

Behold *Rebecca*, and the barren *Anna*
Mother to *Samuel*, wife to *Elkana*;
And by the hiſtoyr' of their ſtrange exchange
Command thy reaſon, and thy ſenſe t'eſtrange
Their courſe from Nature, and repoſe alone
Thy faith and hope, ev'n againſt hope, upon
His never failing word, whoſe power can frame,
From ſenſleſſe ſtones, a ſeed to *Abraham*.
'Tis true, that Nature, ſince the world began,
Strugleth 'gainſt Faith, within the naturall man;
And, like a mutinous *Hagar*, ſtrives to ſteal
The lot, from *Iſaack*, to her *Iſhmael*:
And he, who hath not learned to deny
Himſelfe, his reaſon, wit, and induſtry,
And with the welcome of affections kiſſe
Submit himſelfe to God, and all that's his;
May well expect, but never ſhall embrace
The dignities of Glory, or of Grace.
And now, ſince by a further doubting thou
Haſt call'd his word in doubt, who's only true,
Loe I, who ſtand before his glorious eyes
Who, though unſeen himſelfe, yet all things ſees,
Muſt tell thee, that till theſe things come to paſſe
Which he hath ſpoke, who *ſhall be*, *is*, and *was*,
This juſt deſerved Rod on thee ſhall fall,
That thou ſhalt neither heare, nor ſpeake at all,
But ſhalt be dumb, till with thine eyes thou ſee
Th'accompliſhment of this my Heraldrie.
Thus, having with dread Majeſtie engraven
In *Zacharies* heart, this ſowre-ſweet-newes from heaven,
Like lightning, when it darts alongſt the ſkies,
His wings ſupport him, and away he flies.

The Annunciation.

Canto 3°.

STay, ſtay your courſe, you chriſtall heav'ns; and you
Swift rolling Sphears, whoſe vaulted Arches bow
An azur'd brave Pavilion o're Earths bail:
Stay, ſtay your motions, ſweetly muſicall.
Arreſt your courſe likewiſe, you twinckling ſtarrs,
Who dallying in your gold-rich ammel'd Carrs
Doe, like brave Torches, and ſtill burning Tapers,
Light natures Chappell at her ev'ning Veſpers;
And *Amphitrite*, thou where *Syrens* dwells,
And celebrate their Nymph-like feſtivalls,
Braule thou no more in that tumultuous guize,
That ſacks the Merchant's far fetch'd Indian prize,
But like a Bride, who knows her Bride-groom's diet,
Greet thou thy *Neptune* with a ſacred quiet;
And whilſt thy waiting hand maids-criſtall brooks
Deſert their Fountains and their floury crooks,
To bring a Conſort of their watry Calls
To gratulate thy Nymph-like Nuptialls,
Then claſp them in thine arms with joyfull heaſt,
And bid them welcome to thy Virgin feaſt,
Till reconvey'd with *Tritons* fon their trayne
Thou ſendſt them to their bubling ſourſe againe:

Empamper'd *Veſta*, on whoſe embroider'd kirtle
Hangs *Alloes*, *Caſſia*, *Spicknard*, *Balme*, and *Mirtle*,
Carowſe that *Nectar* which the Heav'ns doe weep
To all thoſe ſucklings in thy lap doe ſleep,
That they may dance, amidſt thy pearlelike ſhower,
A Maſquedrade before thy Paramour.
Thus, like a bold-fac'd Herald, I proclame
To Nature, and her Univerſall frame,
Ev'n from *Boötes* in his whirling Carre,
To pale *Orion's* tempeſt boding Starre,
A ſacred quiet, and a ſweet ceſſation
From all their influence, courſe, and operation,
Till he, whoſe Royall and Imperiall Throne
Tranſcends our azur'd ſkies, and heav'ns each one,
Doe, from the Senate of his own good pleaſure
Send Man the Meſſage of his Soules rich treaſure:
Sixe times hath now faire *Phœbe* cut a caper
In oppoſition to her brothers Taper;
And ſix times couch'd againe, within his armes,
Sh'hath glut her ſelfe with his delightfull charmes,
Since, earſt, a heav'n-born Legat hath declar'd
To *Zachary*, That, for his faiths reward,
From out his wife *Eliz'beths* barren wombe
The great Meſſiahs Prodrome, *John*, ſhould come:
Now, now, Time big with fulneſſe, doth require
That he, who firſt did blow our Soules bright fire,
Should contribute truth, life, and light unto
Thoſe ſhady Tipes which did his Sonne foreſhow,
That ſo the graceleſſe World, by him, might plant
Within their hearts his gracious Covenant.
Time then being full, Night, in a ſad Sea-green
Or pitchy-purpled mantle, like Deaths Queen,

Had

Had tane her Brother *Morpheus* Mace in hand,
And ſent a drowſie reſt over all the Land:
The ever-ſacred, ever Virgin-mother,
Whoſe glory neither heav'n nor earth can ſmother,
Great *Arimathea's* joy, and *Bethels* Crowne,
And *Paleſtina's* dread, ſweet, rich Renowne,
Still ruminating heav'ns unſhun'd decree,
How from a Virgins belly there ſhould flee
A Soule dread Monarch, and Celeſtiall Prince
Whoſe blood ſhould purge our leprous foule offence!
Prevents the roſie mornings warbling train,
And hyes her to a neighboring Grove amain,
That there, in darkneſſe ſhady lap, ſhe might
In divine contemplations ſpend the night.
Yet ſtay, my Muſe, ſtay but a little while,
And view this grove, which *Eden*-like doth ſmile;
That by the ſurvey of ſo ſweet a ſhade
My muſe may ſome way make my Reader glad.
Neare to that place whence hoary *Jordane* ſlides
From Hermons hill, and makes his twin-born Tides
To meet in *Marons* lap, in view doth lye
The ever fruitfull pleaſant *Galily*,
Whoſe right hand's dipt in thoſe tumultuous waves
Which, by *Tiberius* name, the world out-braves;
And in her left hand, for a noſe-gay, hath
The Cedar ſweetl'ore-ſhaded *Nazareth*:
Here, ſcarce a furlong from her Eaſtern gates,
VVhich on the new-born *Titans* rayes awaits,
Nature hath formed, though with artleſſe Art,
A Grove, in whoſe each portion and each part
There's ſuch a modell of her power inborn,
As, matchd with this, laughs all the world to ſcorn:

For, here, the clymat ſweetly temper'd hot,
Hath thruſt away the winters petticoat,
And like a Lover, in a flouriſhing green,
Makes luſty *May* continually be ſeen:
Yet leaſt the ſcorching blinks of *Titan*'s eye
Should parch or wither *Flora*'s tapeſtry,
Sweet *Zephyr* ſends a muſky ſighing breath
To ſhelter *Veſta* from the Lyon's wrath:
Here long liv'd Oaks, and noble Palm-trees ſprayes,
With amorous Myrtles, and immortall bayes,
Never diſleav'd, but ſtill re-growing, new,
Their claſped arms in thouſand Arbors threw;
There ſtill did dangle to the gazers eyn
A thouſand fruits, ſome ſweetly ripe, ſome green,
Which in their colour, taſte and ſhape did mock
The *Lemon*, *Orange*, and the *Apricock*:
Ayr's daughter *Eccho*, which the woods doth haunt,
From high rebabling Rocks doth here rechaunt
The ſweet contemper'd Notes and maryed layes,
Which *Linots*, *Larks*, and *Nightingales* diſplayes;
All which amidſt their warblings, flat and ſharp,
Exceeds *Arion*'s, or the *Thracian*'s harp,
And yeelds a deſcant ſweeter far than that
Which *Linus* or *Amphyon* modulat:
Anon, along this grove, in pompe doth ſlide
A Runnell with a roſie broydered ſide,
Whoſe ſand's pure gold, whoſe peeble's pretious ſtones,
Whoſe chiding murmurs were majeſtick grones,
And whoſe leaſt draught is ſweeter then that drink,
That now, in *Creta*, decks *Cerathus* brink:
Here down ſhe lies, beſide thoſe ſtreams, whoſe guſh-(ing
Makes ſweeter muſick with their gentle ruſhing

Then

Then *Jubal's* hammers, when they fram'd that ſound
Whence *Syren*-muſick's *Gam-Vt* firſt was found,
And ſadly ſitting in this grove alone,
She lends her eare to that diviſion
Which from the murmuring brook's ſad accent flows,
And thence unto a higher ſtrain ſhe throws
Her contemplation, yea, from thence ſhee ſcales,
And cenſures heav'ns imperiall feſtivals.
Father, ſays ſhee, of light and learned Arts,
Great all of all, who unto all imparts
Some parcell of thy ſelfe, that thou alone
Maiſt ſtill be all in all's Communion:
Voutchſafe to heare thy hand-maids voice a ſpace,
Who truly humbled, here, before thy face
Doth lick the duſt, at thy imperiall feet
To teſtifie that her poor heart 's contrite.
Whence comth 't that theſe poore drops of chriſtall (water,
Which Earth, from out her hollow breſts, doth ſcatter
Can yeeld ſo ſweet bewitching notes, and ſound,
As turns the wanton's myrth, t'a-harts deep wound?
Or whence com'th't that thoſe byrds, whoſe artles bill
With *C-ſol. Fa-uth*'s notes the Spheeres doe fill,
Doe greet th'approach of lights advanc'd cariere
With ſweeter ſtrains than Art inſtructs his quire?
What? have thoſe creatures force, or pow'r at all
Couch'd in their boſoms, that can eyther thrall
The giddy minde to taſte a ſober quiet,
Or rouſe th'afflicted from their dismall diet?
No no, 'tis thou (and thou alone) whoſe voyce
Can make the Soule to feare, or yet rejoyce:
For as thy hand hath form'd the heart in Man,
And as thy eyes from higheſt heav'ns doe ſcan

Our hidden reynes; ſo, by thy pow'r thou guides
Our Soules ſwift current, in their ſeverall tides;
For whilſt thy light and countenance doth ſhine
With *Sextile* aſpect, *Quadrat*, or with *Tryne*,
On our dark hearts; O how they joy t' advance
Their light, before thy lightning countenance!
And whilſt, again, Sins droſſie globe doth ſtand
Juſt interpos'd betwixt thy ſhining brand
And our dark hearts, O then *Cymerian*-night
Succeeds in lieu of thy celeſtiall light:
Hence, by that ſweetnes which wee find in thee,
Wee loathe the blinks of natur's royaltie,
And find her treaſures but a bubling fourſe,
Which from thee, for thee, to thee bends its' courſe:
Hence flow our griefs, hence brookes and deſert dales,
With teeming murmurs, pittiouſly bewailes
Thy abſence, and their mourning ſables weare
Till thou return, and cleere their hemiſpheere:
Come therefore thou Almighty-Spirit of ſpirits,
Great-Light of lights, whoſe Majeſty inherits
That wondrous Light, to which, no fleſh attains,
Which in this muddy vail of fleſh remains:
Come, come I ſay, and by thy Spirit inſpire
This Spirit of mine with thy celeſtiall fire;
That in thy Light my Soule may cleerly ſee
That great unſearched Deep of Majeſtie,
Which, dwelling in thee, doth exchange my ſtory
Of Death and Darknes, to true Light and Glory.

Scarce hath ſhe from the flames of zeale-bred fire
Evaporat theſe accents of deſire,
When loe, from heav'ns high Senate, there doth fly
A Legat of *Hierarkick* Majeſty,

VVho

Who, with due reverence, and obſequious Rites,
The bleſſed Virgin thus ſalutes and greets.
Hail ſacred Nymph; Haile Virgin-Bride, and thou
On whom the heav'ns dread Soveraign doth allow
The favor of a freely-granted grace,
The Lord 's with thee, reſt therfore ſtill in peace;
Bleſſed bee thou, and bleſt beyond all thoſe
That ere from Grandam-*Evahs* loyns aroſe:
Let Heav'ns thy bliſſe extend as farre, in ſcorn
Of Earths beſt hap, as ev'r the pearly Morn,
The radiant Noon, or rheumy Ev'n can ſee
Or *Neptunes* brauls, or *Veſtaes* tapeſtrie:
For, from thy wombe a Monarch-Prince ſhall ſpring,
Sinne, death, and hells eternall taming King;
The ſacred Founder of mans Soveraign bliſſe,
The worlds rich Ranſome, Peace, and Righteouſnes;
He ſhall be called Great, and Strong of ſtrongs,
The moſt high Sonne, to whom of due belongs
The keyes of *David*, *Solomon's* Ivory Throne,
And *Jacob's* Lot-divided-tents each one;
His ſhafts ſhall thrill the foes which him aſſaile,
His force ſhall all th'Infernall furies quaile;
Each knee in heav'n and earth ſhall to him bow,
And every tongue confeſſe him God moſt true;
For by his blood he re-unites again
Earths wandring Subjects to their Soveraign.
Looke how one daz'led with the ſplendor bright
Of *Titan's* rayes, being lately brought to light
From darkneſſe of a black Cymerian deep,
Where nev'r a Cranny ſuffer'd light to peep;
Being too too ſoon re-cleer'd, ſtands gazing ſo
As one diſſelf'd, and doubtfull where to goe:

Ev'n

Ev'n ſo the Maid, at this unlook'd-for tale,
Halfe dead with terrour, firſt growes aſhy pale;
Then re-comforted, with dejected eyes
Firſt views her Nuntio, and then thus replyes:
O, how can't be, that I, within whoſe breſt
Luſts ſparkling flames did never plead for reſt;
Whoſe Virgin-modeſt, chaſte, and tender eare
Did nev'r infamous Ruffian bablings heare;
Yea, I, whoſe thoughts unſported nev'r was wed
To th' wanton pleaſures of a Mariage bed,
Should bud ſuch bloſſoms, or ſuch fruits forth bring
As makes the barren to rejoyce and ſing!
Peace *Mary*, ſaith the Angell, peace, and feare not;
The Holy Ghoſt ore-ſhaddowes thee; then dare not
With curious ſearch of humane Reaſon's ſtrength
To limit him, whoſe wayes, for breadth and length,
For height and depth, are all a boundleſſe treaſure,
Acknowledging no limit, bound, nor meaſure:
For, willt thou look on his unſearched Spirit,
Inviſible, immortall, infinit,
All Majeſty, all ſelf-omnipotent,
Pure, wiſe, juſt, good, impaſſive, excellent,
Eternall Monarch, All-commanding all,
End of all ends, of Firſts th'Originall,
Great Light of lights, Cauſe of all cauſes, and
Chiefe Life of lifes, unſeen, all-ſeeing brand,
Who, e'r the Worlds *Ilea* firſt was fram'd,
E'r *Eurus* blew, e'r Seas or Earth was nam'd;
Ev'n from Eternity, did in One combine
One Trine-une eſſence, one eſſentiall Trine:
Him ſhalt thou finde, e'r Time could ſtretch his ſtation,
In unſearch'd, deep, eternall Obſervation

Fore-

Fore-know his creatures in their ſeverall ends
And ſeverall courſes, that the ſame attends;
Yea, as his aye and all fore-ſeeing eye,
Fore-knew his creatures from eternity:
So hath hee made his pleaſure and good will
A ſtill enflamed Limbeck, whereintill
Mans wajes are ſo confin'd, compos'd, control'd,
That all his *Mercurie*'s turn'd to perfect gold:
This is his work, though wondrous in our eyes,
Ev'n his whoſe throne tranſcends our ſtarry ſkies,
From contrair's to extract a contrair' ſtory,
Whoſe conteſtation ſtill effects his glory:
Thus did he, in the worlds firſt byrth, forth bring
This univerſall All from out nothing,
And, by his word, hee made lights gliſtring Lamp
Shine in the midſt of darknes ſhady Camp:
Thus doth he now in times laſt time, from far,
Call things that are not, ev'n as though they were,
And makes his Mercy ſup'r abound in ſtore,
Where Sins abundant plenty dwelt before.
No, heare mee Virgin, pauſe, for pauſe thou muſt,
Hee that revives the *Phœnix* from her duſt,
Hee that from darkneſſe center ſprings the day,
Hee that from gates of death doth life diſplay,
And he, who, without woman, firſt did make
Of *Adams* rib, an *Evah*, for his ſake,
Shall without knowledge of a Man provide
To make the' a-ſacred Mother, Virgin, Bride:
Thus ſpoke hee, and then diſappears; and now
The maid's alone, who on her knees doth bow,
And with her hands lift up to heav'ns high throne,
She ſighs this ſacred emulation.

Loe here I am, thy ſervant, mighty Lord,
Bee't unto mee according to thy word,
If thou on mee haſt plac'd thy hearts delight,
Then let thy hand-maid proſper in thy ſight:
Yet, O thou great and everlaſting Father,
How ſhall I wonder, or evaniſh rather
At this thy wondrous work thou doſt expreſſe
On mee, the chiefeſt worm of wretchedneſſe!
For thou haſt look'd upon the baſe condition
Of mee, thy ſervant, in ſo wondrous faſhion,
That henceforth all ſucceeding times ſhall call
Mee bleſs'd, becauſe of this memoriall:
Thy mighty hand hath done for mee great things,
And great's thy name, thou royall King of kings,
For, by the ſtrength of thy right hand, thou ſcatters
Man's vain imaginations like ſpilt waters,
Thou thruſt'ſt the mighty down from Iv'ry ſeats,
And makſt the abject to poſſeſſe their ſtates,
Thou fill'ſt the hungry with thy bleſſings ſtore,
And mak'ſt the full through penury to roare,
Thou mak'ſt thy promiſe a continuall creede,
To *Abraham*, *Iſaac*, *Jacob*, and their ſeede:
Yea from the ſtem of *Jeſſe* thou mak'ſt known,
To all that feare thee' thy ſalvation:
Bleſs'd bee thou then, thou God of *Iſrael*, who
Haſt viſit and redeem'd thy people, ſo
That by the ſplendor of that Bright day ſtar
Which thou haſt made to ſhine, both neer and far,
The tender mercies of our tender God
In wondrous plenty viſits us abroad,
And gives us matter (while the world's great frame
Endures) to prayſe and magnifie thy Name.

In me-

Immanuel, or *Puerperie.*

Canto 4°.

GReat God, who by thy words great pow'r brought (forth
From nothing's-Chaos this our all things byrth;
Great Spirit, whose secret certain prescience
Fore-knows and guides all humane accidents;
Eternall Light, from whose all-seeing ey
Nothing is hid, no not eternity!
If ere thou mad'st my silly simple Soule
In sacred rage to rise above the Pole,
Now, now reflect, bright Sun, thy golden rayes
On my poore Moone, eclips'd by thy delays;
Ravish my Spirit, Life of my Soule, revive
My starving thoughts, that I may truly give
A perfect strain, and perfectly record
The Incarnation of thy 'ternall Word,
That so in sacred fury I may limbe,
Though with a coale, the first-born Prince of Time;
And to the after-age in verse expresse
God living, suffering, rising, in the flesh.
But, ay me! where shall stripling I begin
T'unfold this *Dedal Labyrinth*, wherein
Nature shall sooner lose her selfe, then gain
A steddy course amidst this Ocean:

For nature never hath as yet expreſt
His firſt-born being in th'Eternal's breſt,
And how ſhall humane wiſdom now forth tell
The ſecond byrth-right of *Immanuel*?
'Tis true, ſome doating *Atheiſts*, big with tumors
Of brain-ſick Hereſies, impoys'ning humors,
Like blinde men, groaping in the day, have run
By light of Nature, to diſplay this Sun;
But all in vain: the more they ſcan his point,
The more they find their judgements out of joynt.
Ebion. Here one, conceiting, God cannot be born,
Hath therefore laught his Deity to ſcorn:
Marcion. Another, ſeeing him true Gods true Son,
Denieth him Man by Incarnation:
Eutiches. A third, beholding him both God and Man,
Confounds his Natures by a naturall ſpan:
Neſtor. A fourth, enforc'd by force of truth to ſee
God joyn'd with man in Perſonall unitie,
Hath, from his true diſtinguiſh'd Natures frame,
Giv'n him two Hypoſtatick perſons theame,
Which, like *Hippocrates* undiſſever'd twins,
Together quicken, live, dye, ends, begins.
Eſay 7.14. But hath not *Eſay* much more cleerly told
To *Judahs* King, that Time ſhould once unfold
From out a Virgins womb, a glorious Prince,
Whoſe Paſſion ſhould expiate our offence,
Immanuel, God with us, and even
Man of the Virgin, and a God from Heaven;
Not God alone, but Man alſo, or rather
God of himſelfe, Sonne gotten of the Father;
Both God and Man, in whom, both reall Natures
Of God and Man, diſtinguiſh'd by true features

And

And ſeverall functions, ſtands diſſever'd ſo,
As no diviſion can their ſeat ore-throw;
And ſo diſtinguiſh'd, that albe't there be
Two Natures there diſtinguiſh'd really,
Yet to averre two Perſons thereupon
Were Sathans dark prevarication.
No, no, *Immanuel*, and that God with us,
Our Advocate, our Judge, and our *Jeſus*,
Abiding what he was, e'r Time; become
In Time, what he was not; and being the ſame
Was in our fleſh, without Confuſions wonder,
Or rending of his Perſon ev'r aſunder;
Inaugurate by Heav'ns dread Monarchs love,
A Prophet, Prieſt, and Prince, for our behove:
A Prophet, by whoſe documents we learne
The things which Nature never could diſcerne
By force of Reaſon; for th'Almighty did
In ſecret ſilence his beſt Counſels hide,
Till his Eternall word, made fleſh, ſhould frame
The glorious promulgation of the ſame:
A Prieſt alſo the Virgins Sonne muſt be,
T'accompliſh the Almighties dread Decree
Of Mercy and of Juſtice both, ſo that
Th'Almighty might in both b'inviolat:
A Soveraign Prince he needs muſt be alſo,
To lead Captivity captive, and ore-throw
That Prince of Darkneſſe, who by Sinnes proud hands
Kept both our life and liberty in bands;
That as by him, our feares, our foes, and all
Captivities are captivate and thrall;
So he, in God, may make us to poſſeſſe
True Joy, true Peace, true Life, and Righteouſneſſe.

Stay then (poor Muſe) thy courſe, ſoare not too high
To ſearch out that unſearched myſterie,
To know whoſe great unparalell'd perfection
No Fleſh hath yet attain'd by fleſh-direction:
Content thy ſelfe in modeſty to view
His birth; and at his Pedeſtall to bow,
Whoſe glorious light our darkneſſe doth expell,
And being God, vouchſafes with Men to dwell.
Come then, and in a ſafe approach behold
Him whom the heav'n of heav'ns could not enfold,
Now couch'd within a Crib, and make poor beaſts
The witneſſe of his Genethliack feaſts:
Awake then, *Bethleem*, let me aſke thee where
Are all thy pleaſant ſhades, and dainty fare?
Thy ſumptuous tables, and thy quilt-ſtrawd beds
Whereon thy gueſts of late did reſt their heads?
Where's now thy pomp, thou houſe of *David?* where
Are love and mercy baniſhed, that there
Where *Davids* ſeed, and *Davids* Lord likewiſe
Should dwell, thou ſhouldſt his Royalty deſpiſe?
O, ſure I am, it cannot be, but now
The houſe of *David* only doth allow
His name, but not his nature; for I ſee
Ev n in the throng of his Poſteritie,
His Darling thruſt to doores, and forc'd to lay
The worlds dread Soveraign in a cratch of clay:
But ô the deepnes, and the riches, both
Of Wiſedome and of Providence, that doth
Shine in thy wayes (ô God) whil'ſt thou doſt make
Thy Counſels known, for our ſalvations ſake!
This pur-blind world doth think that Fortune guides,
And Chance governs the ever-changing tides

Of

Of humane actions, but 'tis nothing ſo;
Live as wee liſt, and goe where ere we goe,
Th'ore-ruling pleaſure of thy ſecret will
Governs our actions both in good and ill:
In *Nazareth* Chriſt was conceiv'd, but loe
In *Bethleem* he muſt be born, and ſhew
Himſelf firſt Man, and there firſt breath our ayre,
Who makes the bread of Life our Soules rich fare;
That as he was a *Naz'rite* by conception,
Both ſeparate from ſinne and ſins infection,
So he, in *Bethleems* magazen, might len'
The bread of life unto the ſonnes of men:
One place muſt not engroſſe him, who was born
For all; no, that were mock'ry and baſe ſcorn,
T'intrench his ſplendor in one private place,
Whoſe rayes muſt cheriſh all the world with grace.
Rome, then, was Stage where worldly honors grew;
Athens the Ocean where the Arts did flow;
Jeruſalem the great Pontificate
Where *Rabbins* in the Chaire of *Moſes* ſate:
But lo! for *Bethleems* ſake he now diſdaines
The trophies of thoſe Metropolitans:
Not that the place could adde to his renown;
For Place can neither dignifie nor crown
The Perſon; but the Perſon doth decore,
And make the Place more ſplendid then before:
So he, who from out Darkneſſe did diſplay
The worlds firſt luſtre, and baptiz'd it *Day*,
Ev'n he who from out Deaths devouring jawes,
And from the roaring Lions cruell pawes
Makes lifes ſweet well-ſpring richly to abound,
From Penuries deſpiſed womb and wound;

Makes

Makes Righteousnesse and Mercy, Truth and Peace
Each one another sweetly to embrace;
In whatsoever chance or change, therefore,
This mortall life involve me, the rich store
Of his refining Providence shall still
Enrich my Table, and my Cup full-fill;
Yea, make me sleep in safe and quiet rest,
Because he turneth all things to my best.

Yet let me stay a while, and view this change (range
Which through the world in Triumphs pomp doth
And makes fair *Sions* sons, like *Sinays* Clown,
To yeeld due homage to a Strangers Crown:
O God, whence comes this wondrous alteration?
Whence springs the current of this desolation?
That they who erst were blest in fleecy flocks,
Whose Rivets were of milke, whose steepest Rocks
Distill'd a hony sweeter then the Mead
Whereon their nibling troops did prank and feed;
Being blest at home, abroad, and in each plaine,
Blest by the ayre, by sun-shine, and by raine,
Whose force did daunt the Earth with trembling aw,
Whose Scepter writ their neighboring States their law
Whose terrour made their proudest enemies then
'Gainst them march one way, flye before them ten;
Should now, as Vassals, sigh, and pant, and groan
Under the load of strange Subjection;
And bow their necks, to bear the grievous Loans
Of Tributes, Taxes, Impositions?

O, now I see, 'tis not so much thy Care,
Great *Cæsar*, to augment thy glories share,
That these importuning cruell Subsidies,
Like roaring thunders, through the world now flies;

As

As th'Almightie's pleasure, now, even now,
Because the time is full, from heav'n t'allow
The worlds great Monarchy to thee, that so
The sonnes of *Israel* may discern and know
The visitation of their look'd-for Grace,
And wisely learn the things which preach their Peace:
For I must tell thee, *Israel*, that since
Thy Diadem's subdu'd t'a forraign Prince,
And since the Helm of thy Government stands
Within the circuit of a Strangers hands,
The time is come that *Iudah's* golden ray
Should light thy darkenesse, and beguild thy day;
And that the Star of *Iacob* now should shine
Not in an earthly grandeur, but divine:
Hence, hence it comes; yet in obedience strain
The Virgin goes to *Nazareth* amain;
But ore-charg'd by her burthen, 's forc'd to stay
And beare her Sonne at *Bethlem* by the way:
Where, O, what's *Cæsars*, *Cæsar* hath, and what
Is due to God, to God is consecrate;
For *Cæsar* hath his penny, God his Son,
The Devill his bane, Man his salvation.
What, shall I then dis-know thee, O thou Prince
Of my salvation, since for my offence
Thou art subjected to these soule despitings,
That Sinne or Sathan send from their devilings?
In this so great and rare Nativity
Let *Iunctyne*, *Origen*, or great *Ptolomie*,
Copernicus, or *Tycho*, or they
Who with the starry Influence doe play,
Look on this Non-such birth, and, if they can,
Display his midnight, or noon-shining

It feares me much, their judgements shall come short
Of what this Theam and Birthright doth import;
For, rule the Cuspe of his eight house, who will,
His death shall our deaths Dominator kill,
And maugre hell and earth (which him assaile)
Isa.7.14. He breaks the Dragons head, and curbs his taile;
Isa.11.10. For *Virgo* beares him, he in *Libra* lives,
Gen.49.9. The Archers wound him, *Leo* him revives:
Gen.49.23. For though mans reason cannot think, but all
His Starres were dignifi'd, both great and small,
Yet lo, his Mother, voyd of friend and Kinne,
Must make a Stable her bed-chambers Inne;
The Parlours all are fill'd with uncouth guests,
Their Chambers all are stuff'd with sumptuous feasts,
Proud pomp, sterne ryot, foule and loath'd excesse
Have took up *Bethleems* roomes both more and lesse,
And Superfluity dances such a round,
That for Necessity no place is found;
But she, whose table in the heav'ns was deckt,
Must beare her Sonne, disdain'd and disrespect:
Now, now the Oxe may say, I know my owner,
Now sayes the Asse, This is my masters corner;
But *Israel* and *Bethleem* cannot know
What homage to their Saviour they owe:
For every Prophet's honor'd, save at home;
And he, although amongst his own he come,
Yet was he not received, but despised,
Although in him the Godhead be comprised.
But, ay me! ay me! why should we rebuke
Thee, *Bethleem*, for that thou didst ore-look
Thy long, long look'd for Monarch, and disdain'd
That God within thy doores should be maintain'd?

We

We, we our ſelves are guilty, much, much more
Of pride and lewd contempt, at whoſe hearts dore
He knocketh by his word each day we live,
And yet the ſluggards anſwer to him give,
'Tis night, ſay we, from ſleep why doſt thou wake me?
A Lion by the way ſhall tare and take me,
My cloaths are off, how can I put them on? Cant. 5. 3.
My feet are waſht, and ſhall contagion
Of Earths bedurting puddle make them foule,
And ſo my quiet and my reſt controll?
No, no, this is no fitting time to talke,
In bed I reſt, goe thou abroad and walke:
O God of mercy, grant us mercy, for
Our ſinnes are riſen to ſo huge a ſcore,
That periſh needs we muſt, unleſſe that thou
Who made the Cock, for *Peters* cauſe, to crow,
Crow by thy Spirit in us, and ſo make clean
Our hearts, that thou in them mayſt ſtill remain.

Thus was my Saviour in diſdain receiv'd,
Whilſt worms & wretches were with pomp embrav'd;
He 's made an abject, ſubject to diſdain,
That we poor wretches might be born again;
He's wrap'd in rags, his bed's a crib of Clay,
That we might weare his Righteouſneſſe alway;
His harbour is a Cave, yet doth hee'nlarge
The heav'n of heav'ns to be our heritage,
And he, who in himſelfe is Lord of life,
Hath but one mayd, for mother and midwife;
Man, when at firſt he ſinn'd, did put on cloaths,
Yet ſuch as ſubject were to duſt and moaths,
But Chriſt newborn is cloth'd with rags, though clean
Yet, ſure I am, both peeviſh, poore, and mean,

And yet's no sooner clothed with our flesh,
Than subject to our cursed nakednesse:
Jacob, to gain his Father *Isacks* blessing,
Array'd in *Esau's* cloaths, obtain'd his wishing:
But Christ, arrayed in my flesh, (that he
Might steale a blessing from himselfe, to me)
Takes on him both my curse, my sinne, and shame,
And joynes me Co-heire to his Diadem;
That as my cloaths doe tell me, I am Man,
His cloaths may tell me, I'm a Christian:
Up then, my Soule, up, up, and change thy cheere,
For loe, how base so ev'r this Babe appeare,
By him thy *Manna* from out heav'n thou hast,
And eke by him *Rephydim* to thy taste
Sends out her cooling rills; Heavn's made thy house,
The World thy walk, the Creatures serve thy use.
Twice now hath *Salem*, by her Enemies,
Sigh'd out her Funerall dying obsequies;
First by the hoast of stern *Nebuchadnezar*,
Then by the trophies of triumphing *Cæsar*:
An *Idumæan* now in *Sion* 's known,
Jordan now counts her streams no more her own;
And, what's the worst of ills, *Jury* sits mute,
Augustus taxeth, she doth contribute:
Judge yet a righteous judgement sure will I,
And rest upon Gods providence, for why?
He drawes great *Cæsar* hence t'enact but that
Which many Prophets earst prognosticat;
And chiefly I will scan that sacred truth
Which he, of old, proclaim'd by *Micha's* mouth:
Mich.5.2. For loe, 'tis written, *Bethleem*, though thou be
Despis'd in *Juda's* voyd of Majestie,

Yet

Yet out of thee shall rise that Ruler, who
Shall by his wounds, and stripes, and bloody flow,
As *Judah's* righteous Shepherd, straight regather
All wandring *Israels* flocks to their true Father.

Then, O the deepnes of thy wayes, my God!
Who knows thy Paths, or treads thy Judgments road?
How secret are thy Counsels, actions just,
And favors great, to such as in thee trust!
Where, but in *Bethleem*, that's the house of bread,
Should our Soules bread of Life be harboured?
Or where, but in the house of *David*, may
The heire of *David*, *Davids* Scepter sway?

No, holy *David*, now from farre I smell
What made thee thirst so for *Bethleems* well, 2 Sam. 23.
And having got a draught from thence, didst yet
Powr't on the ground, and wouldst not drink of it:
Now, now I see, it was this living water
Which *Bethleem* doth from her bosom scatter
That thou didst long for, and desire to taste,
That it might give a coole refreshing Rest
To those impoysond scorchings which did burn
In thy affections, and Soules sacred Urn;
Yet wouldst thou not so much as drench thy lip
Therewith, but made it on the ground to trip,
That so a sweet drink-offring it might be
For safety of their lives who brought it thee;
Recalling to thy mind, that time drew neare
Wherein thy Sonne should in our flesh appeare,
And from thy Stem a glorious sprig should spring,
Whose blood should quench the fiery Serpents sting,
And from his side should send the sweetest water
That ever Fountain from her source should scatter.

Come then, ſweet babe, and by that nectar'd draught
With which th' art richly furniſhed and fraught,
Revive my Soule, refreſh my ſcorch'd deſires,
Which thirſt, for thee, more then the *Hart* requires
To taſte the current of thoſe chryſtall brooks,
Whoſe windings kiſſe the earth's meandring crooks;
Come, come; and by this document of thine,
Wherein thou lay'ſt aſide thy glories ſhine,
Teach us, who are but worms, and duſt, and aſhes,
To lay aſide our prides empampring flaſhes,
Whoſe ſmoke of vanity and humane glory
Doe turn our beſt hopes to a tragick ſtory;
For, if the Maſter have no fitter fare,
Why ſhould the ſervant grudg his ſober ſhare.
No, no, my ſoule, content thy ſelf, 'tis hee
Who knows no ſinne, that's now made ſinne for thee,
And being richly-rich, is now made poore,
That his diſtreſs might thy true wealth ſecure:
Hee's baſe, that thou maiſt be exalted; ſcorn'd,
That thou with glory maiſt be ſtill adorn'd;
Hee dies, that thou maiſt live; and lies in grave,
That death dominion o're thee may not have:
Why ſhouldſt thou then or frown, or faint, or fret
For change or alteration of thy ſtate;
No, know that thy Redeemer lives above,
And that hee doth chaſtize whom he doth love,
For ſtanding waters putrifie and rot,
When they who in a reſtleſs current trot
Live to themſelves, and alſo t' others uſe,
VVithout contagious ſtench, or dregs abuſe;
If then wee ſuffer with him, ſo ſhall wee
Reigne with him, in his matchleſs royalty,

And

And if his Crosse we shall deny, he shall
Deny us to his fathers Angels all;
Why should we then, for mis'ry's blustring blasts,
Quit-claim that glory which for ever lasts;
No, let our Crown be here, like his, of Thorn,
Glory thereafter shall our heads adorne,
And if, with him, wee taste a cup of gall,
His bowls of new wine suit our festivall.

The Advent.

Canto 5°.

AS they who for their Zenith have the Pole,
When *Titan* first renews his Caprioll,
In their Horizon, on their tip-toes stand,
To get th'approach of his long look'd for brand,
And write the welcom of his good new yeer
In bloody Rubricks of their Calender:
So now, whilst long and desolate night, of deep
Discomforts, have made *Syon*'s daughters weep;
Their glorious new-born *Titan*'s happy byrth,
Awakes the powers both of heav'n and earth,
In a melodious harmony to ring
A peale of *Hale-lu-jahs* to their King.
And so it is, for whiles these shepheard boyes,
Who *Pan*-like pipe their pastorall Oades and Joyes

On

On oaten reeds, had ſoftly laid them down
To watch their flocks from ſtealth's confuſion,
Lo! th'Angell *Gabriel*, from heav'ns glorious throne,
Is ſent t'unclaſp heav'ns long claſpid ſanction,
And tell them that their greater *Pan* was borne,
Whoſe ſtafe and sheep-hook ſhould be made of thorn:
Feare not, ſayd he, my friends, I come t'unfold
The ſweeteſt news that ever yet was told
In heav'ns high Senat, or in earths deaf-eare,
Let ſuch then as have eares to heare mee, heare;
For lo! In *Bethlehem* there's born, to day,
That Hyerarchick-prince, whoſe hands muſt ſway
The trinall-Mace of heav'n, of earth, and hell,
And all thoſe armies in their boſom dwell.
Thus hath hee ſpoke, and ſtraight a glorious Chore
Of Angels in a Diapaſon's loare
Second his meſſage, with the ſweeteſt ſound
That in *D-la-ſol*, or in *E-la*'s found:
Glory, ſay they, be to the Lord on high,
To men all peace and all proſperity,
And upon earth her bleſſings and good-will
Each hungry maw and empty cup full-fill:
Ne're did the fractions of a rattling thunder,
When firſt it burſts the roarid-clowd aſunder,
Bring more affrighting terror to the eare
Of ſome weake ſtripling, conquered by feare,
Then doth this Viſion wound the ſoule and ſence
Of theſe poore ſhepheards, fraught with ignorance:
Yet up, ſay they, goe let us quickly try
The truth of this ſo ſtrange a Heraldry;
For ſure hee muſt bee ſome great Potentate,
Of whom ſo great things be prognoſticate,

And

And he whom these Seraphick Chores adore
Must own an earthly Monarchy, and more?
To *Bethleem* walls then in all haste they run,
Before *Aurora* could display the Sun,
And finde the Saviour of the world display'd,
And in poore *Bethleems* armes despis'd and layd,
Not usher'd nor attended, but with wake,
Neglect and penury, for our plentles sake.
Here, O what find they! or, what find they not?
A Lamp of light, eclips'd with darknesse blot;
A new-born Babe, yet got before all time;
A spotlesse Lamb, yet spotted with our crime;
A King of Kings, yet serv'd as a slave;
A Lord of life, yet vassal'd to the Grave?
A very God, yet cloath'd with flesh and bone;
A Prince, yet harbour'd in Confusion.
What's here, I pray, that carnall eyes of sense
Can honour with Religious reverence?
A Carpenter, a Hand-maid, and a child,
A Cottage, and a Crib with beasts defil'd;
Yet loe! for all that basenesse, they behold,
They tell to *Mary*, what the heav'ns have told
To them: whose heart doth all those sayings hide,
Till God and Time her doubtings should decide.
But, ay me! happy, happy Virgin-maid,
Me thought of late my staggering Muse had stray'd
Too farre, in pointing out thy humbled station
In thy Sonnes dark eclipsed Incarnation:
But ah, I see sublunar griefs doe still
Renew their Tides, for e're they ebbe, they fill
And glut themselves with our affliction a-load,
Untill our grave become our last abode.

Needs therefore must I rouze, once more, my quill,
And make her drink once more the Nectar'd rill
Of divine Numbers, that I may expresse
Those teares, that toyle, and bitter wofull case
With which thy harmlesse heart is pierced thorow,
Whilst thy deare suckling our first griefs doth borrow.
Seven times hath *Titan* now, with swift Cariere,
Run all th'Ecclyptick of his bandilier;
And couching seven times in th'Atlantick deep,
Hath lull'd as oft Earths drowsie globe asleep:
Loe now his eight, and new approaching Ray
Hath call'd on *Rhaetus* to proclaim the Day;
And by the sacred Ceremonious Rites
Of Legall sanctions, now the Heav'n invites
The ever blessed Virgin-maid to sacre
Her Sonne, by Circumcision, mans Peace-maker.
But ah, great Nymph, what dost thou now? and why
Greet'st thou thy Sonne with such a crudty?
That ev'n in stead of those sweet warbling aires
That should his griefes beguile, and charm his cares,
Thou mak'st the Channels of his pretious blood
Distain the ground in so impetuous flood?
What, hast thou quite forgot that pitious strain,
Which Nature, wasting in affections Main,
On all that tender Progeny bestowes,
Which from her bowels and her belly flowes?
Or, tell me, dost thou think that this poor vail
Offlesh, wherein th'Eternall's Sonne doth dwell,
Although it truly was assum'd in thee,
Can ev'r partake thy sinfull Leprosie?
No, no, I feare, dread Nymph, I wrong too sore
Thy Loves deep Ocean, and thy Faiths rich store;

For

For ne're a drop of that his Crimſon dye
Fall's to the ground, but with a Sympathy
Of griefes, of teares, and ſorrow-ringing-knell,
Thou didſt his ſcriechings and his teares bewail:
Yea, what is more, I finde thee, Royall Dame,
So wrapt 'twixt Faith and Fear's obſtrep'rous flame,
That whilſt th'intend'ſt by Circumciſions ſtroak
To conſecrate thy Sonne to beare our yoak,
No ſooner doſt thou precognoſc his teares,
Or yet preſage his ſmart by thy weak feares,
When loe, me thinks, I heare thee ſweetly ſay,
My hope, my help, my love, my life, my ſtay,
Ah, ſhall I live, and he reſerv'd to ſee
My hearts delight, and Soules ſole balm thus be
Both cut and carved, by the butch'rous knife
Of any *Flamine*, who did e're take life?
No, no, my Love, my Darling, my Delight,
Love cannot ſo her Gordian knot bequite,
As once to make thee but become a pray
To bloody rigour in a legall way:
Back *Phebus*, back for ſhame, goe hide thy head
And golden Treſſe in *Thetis* watry ſhade,
Look not on ſuch a ſavage ſight, nor ſee
So foule a Scean preſented unto thee:
Earth, ſtop thy mouth, and doe thou drink no more
Theſe crimſon drops of blood, and ſpotleſſe gore,
Which my poor babe diſtills; but rather mourne,
And to thy wonted *Chaos* ſtraight returne:
And, O thou *Flamine*, whoſoe're thou be,
Whoſe hand's accuſtom'd to this butchery,
Here I adjure thee by that ſumpteous All
Which Heav'n or Earth doth ſacred count or call,

Touch not my Sonne with such a bloody knife,
For in his wound I bleed, and lose my life;
But rather, kneeling at his Deities throne,
Know that his wounds and scars should be thy own:
Yet whilst against thou ruminat'st th' *Abysse*
Of Gods unsham'd decree and Righteousnesse,
O, how I see thee bound thy fraile desire,
And what thou canst not comprehend, admire.
For since th'Eternall gives this strict command,
That every male inhabiting this Land
Of Promise, should by Circumcisions badge
Be known a Co-heire of his heritage; (tongue
O how thou daunt'st thy thoughts, and curb'st thy
As sacrilegious instruments of wrong,
And though thy flesh a while had th'upper hand;
Yet now I see the Spirit doth countermand
The fraile suggestions of thy naturall will,
And to his righteous lore subject them still.
For thus, me thinks, I heare thee plead: Altho
'Tis hard to see my Sonne dismembred so;
Yet since 'tis God, who hath my comfort been,
Whose Love my life doth every way maintain,
Whose never failing Care doth still advance
My Cup, my Table, and Inheritance,
Who thus exacts thy body to be rent,
What am I, wormling, that I should relent
The meanest parcell of his blessed pleasure
For all the worlds rich pomp and perishing treasure?
No, no, I am no *Zippora*, to say,
Thou art a bloody Mate to me this day:
But since thy will must, or by us be done,
Or else upon us, let Subjection

Be

Be our best service, for 'tis known that thou
Exalt'st the humble, and the proud dost bow:
No, no, my Sonne, bow, bow thy selfe, obay
The yoak which he upon thy neck doth lay;
He is thy Father, and thou art his Sonne,
His grace must guide thee, till thy race be run:
Cease therefore you my teares, my sighs, and all
My sorrowes, to your rest your selves recall;
For though my Sonne, my Love, and Darling rather
Be deare to me, he must obey his Father,
And by his sufferings in the flesh allay
His fury, whose disdain works our decay:
'Tis true, thou in thy selfe canst have no need
By Circumcisions stroak and wound to bleed,
For in thee no such sinfull spot doth dwell
As needeth Circumcision for a Seal;
Only for us, poore sinners, thou'rt content
To seale thy selfe with our sinnes Sacrament,
That as old *Abraham* was the first put on 1.
This, as the seale of his adoption,
Thou by this Seale wilt shew thy selfe that seed
In whom our blessing first was promised: 2.
Next, that the Law in thee may clearly see
Thou cam'st not to destroy it's liberty,
But to fulfill it, by the Lawes great Seale
Thou tak'st our debt on thee, and art our baile.
Thirdly, that in thy Circumcision, we 3.
Our Fore-fathers salvations map might see,
Thou'rt made the whole worlds Saviour altogether, Heb.13.8. Rev.3.8.
To day, to morrow, and the same for ever.
And what is more, thou must be circumcised,
And in some short succeeding time baptized, 4.

That wee may learn to circumcise our hearts
Deut. 10. 16. As well 's our outward and our carnall parts,
For God is no waies like to frantick man,
VVho only doth the outward count'nance scan,
But rather chooseth to behold the heart,
And what in it doth sweetly smile or smart,
That by a righteous recompence he may
Our actions and affections both repay:
5. And last of all, that all the world may learn
Thy true humanitie rightly to discern;
Thou must bee circumcis'd, and in the sight
Of Priest and people both, declare the right,
That thou art true man, having flesh and bone,
Like us in all things save corruption.
Thus have I weakly with a darkned cole
Lim'd out the secret passions of the Soule
Of this great Nymph, and hop'd t'have bid farewell
To all the terrors which her Soule could feel;
But ô I see my selfe intrench'd again
In those meandring paths of toyle and pain,
VVherein poore worldlings run a circled course
Of joyes and greefs, of better and of worse.
O how my pen denies to point that story
To which it cannot yeeld deserved glory,
For in this Scean of hers nothing is common,
But all dread wonders, shee a wondrous woman:
Come then, brave Nymph, come, let me ask thee why
Thou dost in danger and difficulty
Revisit *Salems* sacred Temple, that
With legall sanctions, and I wot not what
A world of Ceremonious Rites, thou may
Thy presuppos'd Impur'ty purge away?

Well

Well might'ſt thou, *Mary*, and beſides thee none,
Have claim'd immunity and exemption
From all thoſe ſhadowes and Levitick ſhowes
Which Sinne and Treſpaſſe on their owners throwes;
Not that thou in thy ſelfe art voyd and free
From ſinnes infective ſpot and leproſie;
No, no, that were a grace of too great note
For any Child that *Adam* ev'r begot,
Since all who from old *Adams* loynes diſcend
In *Adams* loynes doe ſtill by ſinne offend,
He onely being except, who from thy wombe,
A ſecond *Adam*, to the world hath come:
No, this is all that I averre, That by
That heav'nly ſprig which from thy womb did fly
There flow'd no ſuch contagious ſpot and ſtaine
As once could make thee legally uncleane:
'Tis true, thoſe Mothers which in ſinne conceive
A Race by ſinne re-oblig'd to the Grave,
And by their ſinne unto the Law ſtand tyde
May by the Law ſeek to be purified:
But ſince thy Darling by himſelfe ne're knew,
Save for our ſakes, how ſinne doth man ſubdue,
What needeſt thou by Turtles of Purgation
T'enact the Scean of thy Purification?
Then, to unlooſe this riddle, let us look
What *Moſes* hath recorded, in that book
Wherein Gods written Law doth give direction
For the purgation of our ſinnes infection:
There it is writ, that if a woman beare
A man-child to the world, ſhe ſhall appeare
Before the Lord; but not untill the Sun
Full forty times about the world have run;

And

And when shee dares t'approach and come before him,
E're shee doe bend her knees and goe t'adore him,
Shee must present a Lamb, and Pidgeons two,
The true confessors of her sinfull flow,
And these the Priest must on the Altar burn,
And to true pur'ty her impur'ty turn;
And if shee have no Lamb to sacrifice,
Two Turtles or two Pidgeons shall suffice:
Here, here I see thee, Nymph, with severe aw
Obtemper the strict sanction of this Law,
And as thou hadst been by thy byrth unclean,
Thou wilt thy self thus purifie again,
Offring two Pidgeons, void of gall or harm,
And thy unspotted Lamb born in thine arm.
O blessed Lamb of God, how dost thou now
Turn these poor types to what is re'lly true,
And as the Index of the clock doth tell
The severall motions of three, six, nine, twelve,
So by these creatures, thou the great Creator
Mak'st them bee cyphers, thee significator.
A Lamb did *Abel*, when the world began,
First offer to thy Father, thou'rt the Man
Presignified, whose blood hath better dy
Then *Abel's*, in his causlesse butchery:
E're *Noah* from his pitched Ark came forth,
Hee sent a Pidgeon of unspotted worth
To view the new world's state, shee turns again
The witness of a calm decreasing Maine,
And in her Bill, an olive-branch, to show
Th'Almighties wrath had stopt his furious flow:
Thou art the Man, a spotless Pidgeon rather,
Who in thy mouth bring'st from th'Eternall Father

The

The unexpected Sacrament of Peace,
That ſeales the Sermon of our Love and Grace,
And as the Turtle in her widdow-while
Is never ſeen ſo much as once to ſmile,
But with continuall mourning doth bemoan
The loſs of her enamour'd Paragon;
So thou bewailing that the maſter-peece
Thou didſt, at firſt, ſeale with thy own impreſſe
Should, by a ſtrangers ſtamp, be ſtoln away,
And in deſtructions wandring paths to ſtray,
Com'ſt now at laſt, and over *Bethel* trips
With loves exulting ſcalads, ſhews and ſkips,
And cannot reſt, till in thy arms ſtrict hold,
Thou doe thy deereſt Minion reinfold.
Hence, hence it is, dread Nymph, that ſacred thou,
Nor for a new Moons ſake, nor for a vow,
But for obedience to the Law wilt goe
To *Salem*'s Temple, and in publick ſhowe
Be purifi'd; and in thy armes, preſent
The bleſſed ſeed that ſeales our Government:
That as unto the firſt-born did belong
The double portion, and revenge of wrong;
So in his double portion we may have
Grace upon Grace, and our deſtroying Grave
May ſo bee ſhut, that wee may ſing and cry
Death, where's thy ſting? Grave, where's thy victory?
And that this ſecond Temples lofty frame
May far exceed the firſt houſe prototheam;
And that which God by *Haggai*'s mouth did ſpeake,
May now, in time, a full perfection take:
Loe here the man, to whom the hid deſire
Of all the nations, in a zeal-bred fire

Are captivate; doth ſtand, that all th' oppreſt
By ſin, in him, may find true eaſe and reſt:
The firſt houſe, ſure, by ceremonious rites
And Typick emblems of ſpirituall ſweets
Did lead the Prieſts and people both, to run
And hope th'approach of this imperiall Sun;
But now the body's come, the ſhades evaniſh,
And *Titan*'s new-born rayes night's clouds doth baniſh
And though the Oracles be dumb, though th'Ark
Preſerve no Manna, nor no budding Mark
Of Prieſt-hood; for on him all thoſe rely'd,
He finiſh'd them, they him preſignify'd:
Yet loe, this day, the never erring Word
Of God, is brought to paſs, and doth afford
More lively conſolation to the Soule,
And thoſe ſad raptures which our peace controle,
Then all the bathings, purgings, exhalations
That great *Jeſuah* put for expiations
Could furniſh to the ſinne perplexed hart,
For *Antimony* 'gainſt the Serpents dart:
For now the long conteſting jar doth ceaſe,
That kept at odds, Truth, Mercy, Juſtice, Peace,
Whilſt in our fleſh, our firſt begotten brother
Makes all thoſe Graces kiſſe each one another:
Bleſt then be God, who when his Church is toſt
Twixt ſwallowing *Calpe* and *Abila*'s coaſt,
Hath ſent his Son as *Palinure* to guide
And bring her ſafe to ſhore 'gainſt *Neptun*'s pride,
And make her, when ſhee's ſhut from out *Shem*'s tents,
In *Japhet*'s ſtate-houſe hold her Parliaments:
For he hath ſworn that hee will never forſake her
Till, like a faithfull Bridegroom, home he take her.

The Epiphany.

Canto 6.

WHere am I now! what ſplendor ſtrangely rare
Is this, which darting through the Heav'ns and aire
Dazles my ſight with ſuch a glorious ray;
As makes my Muſe to ſtumble at mid-day;
For whil'ſt of late my weakly warbling quill
Did only from her Virgin-ſnowt diſtill
The tear-drown'd ditties of a Virgin milde,
And wofull accents of a wailing Childe,
Loe now perforce I ſoare, and tread a march
Alongſt the confines of th' *Ethereal* arch;
And in th' abortive birth of rhime, deſcry
The radiant troops of heav'ns brave Infantry:
Not that I mean by ſearch of curious art,
T' inveſtigat each circle, zoane and part;
Wherewith our azur'd heav'ns being cut aſunder
Doe parallel our earthly globe that's under;
No, no, who ſhall with roaving ſtraines aſpire
To ſearch theſe tapers of Celeſtiall fire,
T' unfold the Zodiak, in his foure-fold Trine
And heaven-divider, Equinoctiall Line,
Our Tropiques colours, and our Zeniths hight,
Our Pole, Horizon, and our Nadir right,

With *Danaë's* daughters, may attempt to bring
From *Lethe's* never empty'd sourse and spring
Their buckers full of water, but in vain,
For by the way they empty still again.
I cease therefore t'inquire why *Saturnes* sphear
Revolves his course thrice once in thirty yeare;
Why *Jupiter*, by twelve yeares milde aspect,
Doth churlish *Saturnes* froward frownes correct;
Why cruell *Mars*, with proud out-braving pace,
Doth in two twelve-months moderate his race;
Why *Titan*, heav'ns Lieutenant, once a yeare
Confines and crownes his still renew'd Cariere;
Why *Paphian Venus*, and old *Juno's* foe
Are not asham'd once every yeer to goe,
And tread a March behind *Apollo's* wheeles,
Like Lacquayes waiting on their Masters heeles;
And why *Lucina*, in her Love-bred-passion,
Should, each Month once, in fresh new-fangled fashion
Greet her *Apollo*, that by his bright shine
Of twelve stolne kisses she may make thirteen:
No, leaving those, and their unsearched sourses,
Their Apogee's and Perigee's in courses,
Their Progresse, Transits, and their Applications,
Directions, Revolutions, Separations,
Their Quadrats, Sextiles, Trines, and Oppositions,
Conjunctions, Light-translations, Prohibitions,
Their House, their Exaltation, and Triplicity,
Their Term, their Face, and such essentiall dignity,
How Fortitude stands here, and doth importune,
And how Debility, there, threats a misfortune,
How this Star's fix'd, that strayes and proves erratique,
How this Conjuction's partile, and that platique,

I leave to Chaldæ Star-queen, and those
Whom Nile and Tigris in their armes include;
And in a modest path shall onely bring
My Muse to quiver on a maiden string,
How he by whom heavn's starres both rise and fall
Makes Starres doe homage at his Pedestall.

Come then, thou great irradiat morning Starre,
By whom Orion and the Plejads are;
Thou Star of Jacob, by whose power and might
The Stars were made 'gainst Sisera to fight;
Thou, thou whose dread and uncontroll'd command
Enforc'd the Sun in Gibeah to stand,
And Moon i'th' Vaile of Aialon to stay
Till thou thy force didst to thy foes display;
Thou whose right hand seven rut'lant Stars dost hold,
And crown'st thy Church with radiant Stars of Gold;
Even thou whose light so decks thy smallest Saint
That he exceeds the Stars o'th' Firmament,
And by thy light dost make their light more rare
Then brave Aurora when she cleeres the aire;
And finally, Great thou, whose dread full rage
Hath thrust that wandring Star from our lights stage
(Whose name is Wormwood) and hast plac'd his Cell
In chaines of darknesse, and the depth of hell,
Come thou, I say, and by that Spirit of thine
Whose light lends light to every Star to shine,
Rouze up my Muse to that all-conquering Verse
Which may in sacred hymnes and Odes rehearse
The unmatch'd love, and the immortall glory
Of thee my God, in pain-born Rhimes best story.

For, when thou, like the Bride-groom of our Soul,
Didst for our sake thy Majesty controll,

'Tis true that no externall pompe or ſhow
Which lacquaies humane greatneſſe here below,
Did waite upon thy birth, or yet advance
Their footſtools to ſupport thy radiance;
Thy head, no royall Diadem did wear;
Thy back, no curious Tiſſue roab did bear;
Thy bed did ſmell no incenſe; thy repoſes
Knew neither Turn-ſols, Lyllies, Pinks, nor Roſes:
But all thou hadſt, thy nakedneſſe t' ore-ſhade,
Was a poore hole, to hide thy glorious head;
Yet as the heav'ns of late, in love ſent forth
Their *Gabriel*, to Annunce thy wondrous birth;
So now, in ſtill unwearied love they ſend
This blazing Star thy cradle to attend;
By whoſe direction three great forraign Sages
Scorning their home-bred wealth and heritages
Are now content to come from farre, and ſee
Earth wedded to th' Prince of Eternitie:
Thy ſtarre they ſaw, and wrapt with dread amaze
To ſee a ſtarre dart forth ſo ſplendid raies,
And ſmother all her neighb'ring lamps as farre
As *Titan* doth his ſiſter *Cynthia's* carre;
Straight way they run, and with induſtrious care
They ſearch their antient Annalls, every where,
Their Oracles, and Sybils, more and leſſe,
Their Journals, and their Ephimerides,
To ſee from whence, and for what wondrous cauſe
This radiant Torch ſo rich a ſplendor ſhowes:
But all's in vain, nor Art, nor Nature may
I'ts ſcite, light, motion, to the world diſplay;
For all of thoſe are in this ſubject rare,
Divine, miraculous, extraordinare:

But

But he from whom Nature first beg'd her light
And hidden Science, by his artlesse might
Inspires those Sages, and doth make them see
This Star's the Prodrome of that Majestie,
By whom the Sonnes of *Japhet* now are led
Within the Tents of *Shem* to hide their head.

Fie on thee *Juda*; *Salem* fie on thee,
Why didst not thou, as well as they, foresee
The glorious sun-shine of thy Visitation,
And greet the worker of this great Salvation?
But ah! thy snorting dreams did thee deceive,
For thou didst still imagine thou shouldst have
A Prince of such a temporall arm and power,
As to a honny-sweet should change thy sowre:
But loe, whilst thou in darknesse lov'st to sleep,
A Nation com'th from farre, and stately keep
Their festivals of Joy thy Tents about,
Whilst thou, and ere thy children are thrust out.

O God, whence com'th't, that those, above the rest,
Have known thy Starre, and so themselves addrest
In paths of toyl, and tedious pilgrimage
To search thy birth, as they did see thy badge?
Could Nature, or her handmaid Art discover
Thy Star, or it distinguish from another?
No surrely, no, Combine them both in one,
And both shall teach us but confusion:
For without grace, the naturall Man's a foole:
And Arts chief Doctor, when he sits at Schoole,
And doth investigate Heav'n, Earth, and Aire,
And all those hoasts which Capriolls here or there
In Natures precincts, still the more he sees
Arts hidden secrets, Natures mysteries,

And ſees not God, the more his wit ſhall ſerve
To glut his fancy, but his ſoule to ſtarve:
Thus they, being led by the Celeſtiall light
Through rocky Deſerts, and the coyls of night,
Doe come at laſt to *Bethlehems* walls, and there
This Torch ſtands flutt'ring o're them in the aire,
Till by thy guiding grace they doe eſpie
The place wherein this Monarch-Prince doth lie.
No ſooner doe they this ſweet Babe behold,
Then by heav'ns inſpiration they are bold
T'unload their aſſes, and their Camels backs,
T'untruſſe their fardles, and ungird their ſacks,
And lay theſe ſumptuous preſents, richly ſweet,
Gold, Mirhe, and Incenſe at the Sucklings feet:
Whether they by Prophetick ſpirit did ſee
His Kingdome, Prieſthood, and his Prophecie,
Or, if that by affections naturall Vain
They thus doe greet him as their Soveraign,
I ſtruggle not too much, Let this ſuffice,
That in Religious awe they bow their knees,
And with a ſacred ſweet conſorting voyce
Thus doe they greet him, and thus they rejoyce:
Thrice great, thrice bleſſed, and thrice holy Lord,
By whoſe Majeſtick uncontrolled Word
Whate're was fram'd within the poins of Time,
Or hath a being in the amar'd Clime;
Whoſe right hand doth from all Etern'ty bear
Our claſped Iſſues unſhun'd Kalendar;
Whoſe wiſdome, pow'r, and deep providence guides
The *Delian* Princeſſe in her fev'rall tides:
How boldly may we now rejoice and ſing,
And call the carroling heav'ns thy praiſe to ring,

Who

Who mak'ſt thy wondrous light to ſhine, even there
Where death made darkneſſe his Cubiculare:
Of old, whilſt *Jacob* was deſir'd to bleſſe
Joſephs two ſonnes with a Prophetick kiſſe,
He wiſely croſs'd his armes, and his right hand
He puts on *Ephraims* head where he did ſtand,
And on *Manaſſeh* made his left hand ſtay,
And ſo, by practice, he did prophecy
That *Japhets* ſeed ſhould dwell i'th' tents of *Shem*,
And eke *Manaſſeh* bow to *Ephraim*:
This day we ſee that Vaticiny true,
Whilſt we, wilde prodigals, our necks ſubdue
To thee our God, making *Manaſſes* ſhare
Rich as the vintage of *Abiezer*:
Since *Iſrael* therefore will not heare, heare then
You Heav'ns and Earth, and ſhame the ſonnes of *Sham*;
For we will praiſe th'Eternall, and record
The never failing goodneſſe of the Lord.

O bleſſed Babe, how great art thou! what ſtore
Of bleſſings girds thy Loyns for evermore!
For thou art he who doſt exalt the horn
Of *Judah*, and his Pallaces adorn
With bowls of *Nectar*, and *Ambroſian* dyet,
And mak'ſt her graze in paſtures of true quiet;
The Scepter of true Government's on thy ſhoulder,
And thou ſhalt crush thy foes to duſt and powder;
On *Davids* throne, thou, as his Sonne, ſhalt ſit
In Judgment and in Truth t'eſtabliſh it:
Yea, Peace and Plenty ſhall thy ſteps attend,
And of thy Kingdom there ſhall be no end:
O loving Childe, how lovely-faire art thou!
How ſparkling are thy eyes, how ſweet thy brow!

How fragrant are the odours that diſtill
On thee from *Gilead* and *Hermonims* hill!
Amongſt the flowr's thou'rt chief; the Roſe, the Lilly,
The Pink, the Turn-ſol, and the Daffadilly
Have no ſuch odoriferous ſmell or taſte
As thou reverb'rat'ſt from the Weſt to th'Eaſt:
Live then, ſweet Babe, the miracle of Time,
Earths mighty Champion, Balm of humane crime;
Let thy great voyce, in Peace, reſound throughout
Earths flowry kirtle, and Seas glaſſie ſpout,
That ſo thy favour, in each part, may be
Immortall *Nectar* to Poſteritie.
O what are we, great God? what's our deſerving?
That, to confirme our faith ſo prone to ſwerving,
Thou doſt thus ſhake heav'ns ſolid Orb, and make
Thy ſelfe a Vaſſall for a Vaſſals ſake?
O that we could diſcern aright, and know
What duty, ſervice, feare, and love we owe
Thee; for that endleſſe love wherewith thou haſt
Reclaim'd us from our wandrings to thy reſt!
Teach us, ô teach us ſo to run our race
In patience, and in patience to poſſeſſe
Our Soules, that thou, at thy great day, may'ſt clear
Our *Ægypt* to a *Goſhen's* hemiſphear;
And change the tenour of our tragick ſtory
To the Cataſtroph' of an endleſſe glory.

The

The Massacre.

Canto 7°.

Distraction, tumult, teares, oppression, jarre,
VVrath, causlesse envy, cruell murther, warre,
Yea, all those woes which Fury can forth bring
Are now the Discant which my Muse must sing:
For whilst of late th'Eternall did invite,
By secret motions of his sacred Sp'rit,
Three Eastern Sages wisely to imbrace
Th'occasion of their long long-look'd-for peace,
Like to *Apollo's* Priests, intranc'd, they rove
From *Herod's* Palace to the Courts of *Jove*,
And with a thundring voyce they roare and cry,
Where's *Juryes* King? where, where's that Royall boy
In whom the heav'ns have daign'd t'exalt the Throne
Of *Sions* hopelesse Desolation?
His Star hath brought us from our home-bred joyes,
From ease, from rest, and from our quirks and toyes,
And made us tread those paths of sad exile,
T'imbrace the comforts of our widow-while.
Scarce had they breath'd those accents of unrest,
When vulture-feare layes hold on *Herod's* brest
In such a sort, that curs'd *Erynnis* crew
Doe both his senses and his soule subdue:

What's this I heare, quoth he, what threats be those
That sow and bring Pilgrims to the heav'ns up-throwes?
What brainsick tidings of a new-born King
Are those which now through *Jewryes* Coasts do ring?
What, shall my eyes be thus reserv'd to gaze,
Ev'n in my glorious prime, the darkned rayes
Of black disgrace eclipse my glory so,
That I from Honor, it from me must goe?
No, no, great *Cæsar* hath, in due regard
Of my deservings, for my sake ensnar'd
Old *Hircanus* (by force of *Parthian* wrath)
To drink his last draught in the Cup of Death:
And have not all his off-spring, which doe wander
About the *Stygian* lake, even *Alexander*,
Antipater, and *Aristobolus*,
With *Mariamnes*, and *Antigonus*,
Faire *Alexandra*, and each Ghost elsewhere
Who in the helm of *Sion* claim'd a share,
Been sent, as Vassals of my wrath, to plead
Inheritance in cloudy Deaths dark shade?
And lest that, *Hydra*-like, their power or wit
Should breed a Rivall on my Throne to sit,
Have not my wits, more subteliz'd than theirs,
Pluckt up that grave *Sanhedrine*, by whose cares
The state of *Salem* fortifi'd her stage
Against the stormes of Fortunes spightfull rage;
So that no bud nor branch may thence re-spring,
That may my power to a period bring:
Whence com'th it then, that such a sad affright
Of alteration turns my Day to Night,
And makes a lightning flash of sad-ev'nthrow
Disturb the Ocean where my hopes did flow?

It may be that the heav'ns, whose boundlesse powers
Controlls these currents, and these tides of ours,
Have grudg'd to see me great, and therefore send
Those Heralds to proclame my Glories end:
For this I know (which former times have taught)
That mortall men, whose mindes are alwaies fraught
With care to conquer, in their deepest care
Are but like bubbles blown alongst the aire,
Which by our breath's no sooner blown and cherish'd,
Then by a counterpuffe 'tis gone and perish'd;
Else wherefore did the Fates so proudly thrust
Great *Nineveh* and *Babel* to the dust?
Why have they trod on *Carthage* with their foot,
Or laugh'd to see brave *Troy*'s lights blown out?
Yea, push'd at *Craesus*, and *Darius* Crowne,
And thrust the *Macedonian* from his Throne?
But that the world may learn, that honor's strain
Is hardly acquir'd, but quickly lost again:
Shall I therefore, like to a Childe, whose eare
Hath ty'd him in the bands of causelesse feare,
By hearing of a foolish doting fable,
Apprentice all my thoughts to this unstable
Narration? and trust that for a truth
Which hath no warrant, but a wand'rers mouth?
Or shall I, like *Endimion*, in the deep
Of base security lye still and sleep;
When Heav'ns, by that great care of me they take,
Doe by these warnings bid me thus awake?
No, 'gainst the Heav'ns I spurn not, yet I scorn
A Monarch, and much lesse a Babe new born
Should in *Judea* to that state arise
As may my Glory and my Crown surprise:

I will therefore look what a treacherous art
Diſſembling fury, in a hollow heart,
Can add to high exploits, and then imploy
My wits to ſearch the corner, where that boy
Can lurk, whoſe fame thus makes the world agaſt,
And drunk with expectation: and at laſt,
By ſad experience I will make him hear
That Crownes are weighty things for babes to wear.

VVhilſt thus 'twixt Fear and Envy's mutinous hoaſt
The ſubtelizing Tirants ſoule is toſs'd,
Rage breaks, at laſt, the gap, and opes the way
To vent the paſſions which his ſoule diſmay:
Goe, ſaith the ſubtle fox, goe, quickly call
The *Talmudiſts* and *Rabbins*, great and ſmall,
The Prieſts, the Prophets, Phariſes, and Scribes,
Through all *Judea's* ſeverall coaſts and tribes;
Make them revolve, conſider, ſearch, and try
The time and place of his Nativity,
VVhom theſe diſtracted Pilgrims have ſo farre
Search'd, by prognoſtication of a ſtarre:
For whereſoe're, or whoſoe're he be
Whoſe light thus threats t'obſcure my Majeſtie,
I can conform my minde unto my fate,
And kiſſe the foot that tramples on my ſtate;
And if the heav'ns will needs blot out my name,
I'le doe him homage who procures the ſame.

Thus hath the viper, big with fierce envy,
Breath'd out the flaſhes of his cruelty:
But God, who dwelling in the heav'ns unfolds
The heart's hid ſecrets, rheines, and deepeſt holds,
Laughs this diſſembling project all to ſcorn,
And by his ſpirit doth ſecretly ſuborn

The

The Sages to retire another way,
That ſo he may the Tyrants rage diſplay;
He warneth alſo *Joſeph* and his Bride
To take the childe, and ſtep a while aſide
To *Ægypt*, that Gods will might ſo be done,
Who ſayes, From *Ægypt* I have call'd my Sonne. Exod. 4. Hoſea 11.
O God, how deep's the Ocean, rich the ſtore
Of mercy, thou lay'ſt up for evermore
To ſuch as truly doe rely upon
Thy Providence, for their ſalvation!
The Sword, by day, may fiercely rage and ſmite,
The Peſtilence may rove abroad by night,
The Cedars may be pluck'd up from their ſtation,
The Mountains may be hurl'd from their foundation,
The windes may blow, the Seas may rage, and even
Black darkneſſe may eccliſe the lights of heaven;
But he who with a fully fixed minde
On thee doth ſtay his Soule, ſhall ſurely finde
He needs not feare the crafty hunters ſnare,
Which for his downfall's ſtretched here and there;
For when the world was drown'd by *Nereus* waves,
Thy *Noah*, like a *Neptune*, them outbraves;
When fire ſack'd *Sodome*, loe, thy *Lot* ſurvives,
And in his *Zoar*, like a *Vulcan*, lives;
When *Jericho's* vain truſt o'returns her walls,
Thy *Rachab* ſits, and ſings her feſtivals;
When *Syrian* Captaines would command thy *Seer*,
Thy Seraphins doe guard him in their Quier;
When *Babels* ſcorching flames ſhall threat thy Saints,
They ſtand unſtain'd, and all their *Ætna* daunts:
And what needs more? the Lions in their den
May ramp and roar againſt the ſonnes of men,

But

But hee who ſhall within thy ſhadow hide
His head, and in thy Tents and Courts abide;
Though heav'ns, earth, ayre and ſeas, and all were ſha-ken,
Shall never periſh, never be forſaken.

Yet ſtay my muſe, arreſt thy courſe a ſpace
T'attend the tenor of this tragick-caſe,
VVhich, with an unexpected troup of feares,
From ſecret ambuſh doth aſſault my eares:
What roaring griefs and tear-drownd plaints be thoſe
The neighboring Eccho's to the heav'ns up-throwes?
VVhat mourning groans, and ſad lamenting cries
Be thoſe, which over this high mountain flies?
Ay me, what's this, be thoſe the caroling voyces
Of a proud conquering army, whoſe rejoyces
Evaporate up to the azur'd round,
Reverberat the earth's environ'd ground?
Or is't the gleanings of that grievous cry
VVhich conquer'd-wretches, in their butchery
And ſoule-depriving ſmart, doe cut aſunder,
Like clouds condenſed, when they melt with thunder?
No ſure, it is no voice of tryumph, nor
The voice of ſuch as are tryumphed o're;
Theſe wofull ſcreeches rather repreſent
The ditties of ſome harmleſs innocent
VVhich by the tort'ring butchers butch'rous clap
Are ſtab'd or ſtifled in the mothers lap:
And ſo it is, for cruell *Herod* hath
Subſign'd and ſeal'd a warrant for the death
Of all thoſe Infants, which in *Bethleem*'s coaſt
Of two yeeres time, or under age, can boaſt:
For ſo the reverend *Jew*, *Hieremie*,
Jer. 30. 5. Hath in his never fayling Prophecy

Fore-

Foretold; Behold a trembling voice of feare,
And not of peace, shall so affaint the eare
And inward parts of *Israel*, that loe
The bravest worthy in her streets doth goe
Shall lay his hands upon his loyn's, as shee
VVho labors in her byrths perplexitie:
But chiefly in poore *Ramah* shal they heare
The voice of bitter weeping, and such dire
Laments, that *Rachel* scornes to be comforted,
Because her children are with death transported.
Is 't possible, ô Sun, that thou shouldst see,
Or yet behold such inhumanity?
Is 't possible, ô Earth, thou canst sustein
The burthen of such soul-less wicked men?
Or is it possible that a humane tongue
Can be the trumpet of such monstrous wrong?
VVhilst harmless Infants on their mothers knees
Joyn mouth to mouth, and wanton eys to eys,
The smiling childe cries to his Nurse, mam mam,
And she replies, thy min and mam I am,
They greet each other with a thousand toyes,
And still enjoy their still renued joyes,
And in a speechless compact, promise never
Their love-bred obligations to dissever:
VVhen loe like *Tygers*, or whelp-robbed Beares,
VVhich in the fenns of *Caucasus* appeares,
The cruell actors of this tragick-Scean,
Doe write the epacts of Death's last amen
With bloody letters of *Erynnis* note,
Upon the Dames and Nurses petticoat;
The childe, not knowing what's the traytor's mind,
First laughs upon him, like a Lamb enclind

Jer. 30. 5.

Jer. 31. 15.

To doubt no evill, since no ill he knowes,
But being struck, his winding armes he throwes
About his mothers neck; she, for to save him,
Doth, in her bosome, hugge, at once, and grave him:
Another, whil'st he sleeps i'th' swadling bands,
Is fiercely pluck'd one by the Butchers hands,
And, as a Fawn or Kid, he's cut asunder,
And made unto the world a wofull wonder:
A third, pluck'd from his mothers twisting armes,
For all her vowes, her oaths, her cryes, or charmes,
Is stab'd, and then disjointed, like that meat
That Cookes and Bakers doe prepare to eat:
Thus, like the subtle spiders that doe teare
The flies they catch within their tiffney snare,
So doe these damned Rascals dance a ring
Of cruell murther, to their monstrous King.
Woe, woe, now doth the childlesse mother cry,
Why have the heav'ns reserv'd my tear-drown'd eye
To be the sad spectator of this wrong?
Or why doe I possesse my life so long,
That I, to those who first did ope my womb,
Should in my armes behold a sun'rall tomb?
Awake, awake, my deer and lovely Boy,
My hope, my hap, my love, my life, my joy,
What, dost not thou now heare me call upon thee?
And know'st thou not that I'm enamor'd on thee?
What, shall I have for all my watchfull care,
Thy births hard labour, and my burthens share,
Thy restlesse rocking, wiping, washing, weinging,
And cure of all thy wayward cryes with singing,
But dead-dumb silence? wilt thou ne'r awake,
And fain a smile for my poore comforts sake?

Alas!

Alas! thou canst not: now thy lips are pale,
Thy eyes are blind, and stamp'd with death's black seale;
Now art thou cold, and weighty as a stone,
And deaf unto thy wofull mothers groane,
Like those who dwelling neer to *Nilus* fall
Hear not his horrid Catadupes at all:
Thrice curs'd be the heart that first did breed
The wofull sanction of thy homicide;
And thrice, thrice curs'd be the bloody hand
Did execute the cruell curs'd command
Of that vile monster, whose insatiate wrath
Hath drunk my Darling's blood, and stop'd his breath:
But ô how happy, happy thrice art thou,
Poor tender babe, who by this torture now
Hast entred in thy Masters rest, and made
His arme the pillow that upholds thy head.
And, wofull monster, *Herod*, though of late,
For preservation of thy Crown and State,
Thou hast triumph'd o'er *Bethle* children so,
That thou dost laugh in scorn at their o'erthrow;
Think'st thou that he who first did form the eye
Cannot the Center of thy mischiefe see?
And he whose finger first did plant the eare
Cannot thy curs'd soules hid whisprings heare?
Be not deceiv'd, he who from heav'n descries
And fans the secrets which our hearts devise,
Shall, in short time, repay thy murth'ring stroak
With quenchlesse fire, and Conscience tort'ring yoak:
Did not, of old, the *Memphian* Tyrant load
The sonnes of *Jacob* with a grievous rod?
And yet, when he esteem'd his fury crown'd,
Jacob's redeem'd, and *Cairo's* Monarch's drown'd:

And did not proud *Adoni-bezek*, by
The ſtroak of an impetuous tyranny,
Make ſeventy Kings, whoſe thumbs and toes were cut,
Like dogs to ſnatch their crums before his foot?
And yet, i'th' end, he reap'd for his offence
The ſelfe-ſame ſtraine of torr'ring recompence:
And did not baſe *Abim'lech*, in deſire
To ſit at Stern of *Iſrael's* Empire,
Powre out, like water on a farall ſtone,
The blood of ſeventy Brothers, all ſave one?
And yet a flaſh of *Sechems* bramble, ſo
Reverberat his pride, with juſt o'rethrow;
That nothing could it's rapid flame reſtrain,
Till *Thebes* drank *Abim'lech's* blood again.
Thus have we heard, thus doe we wiſh and pray;
But, knowing that *Jehovah's* juſt alway,
We ſtay our imprecations, and beleeve
That he, in time, will our treſpaſſe forgive,
And render thee thy juſt deſerved doome,
Both in this world, and in the world to come.

Here ends URANIA,
Or,
The firſt week.

Gloria Patri.

Aſtrea

ASTRÆA.

On Jordans *ſweet enamel'd verge, a Dove*
Anoynts our Saviour Prince of peace & love.
Hee in the Deſert's Hungry, Tempted, Fed.
Sinay's *deep-Riddle is interpreted.* (*God.*
Heav'n, earth, ſeas, ayre & hell confeſſe their
Nature's ſubdu'd b' a ſupernat'rall rod.
Tabor's *illuminat with an unwonted glory,*
And Salem's *ſtreets exalt* Hoſannah's *ſtory.*

The Unction.

CANTO I.

AS when a thick and foggy cloud of raine
Locks up her ſluces in their courſe againe,
Induſtrious Bees doe haſte from out their hives
To ſeek that *Nectar* which preſerves their lives,
And ſuck from tops of many a fragrant flowre
A ſugered ſyrrop quinteſſenc'd from ſowre;
So after all thoſe teares and wofull coyle,
Thoſe murth'ring blows, and that curs'd damp & foyle

Which *Herod's* vultur-like ambition hath
Powr'd out on *Rachels* children in his wrath;
Now, now 'tis more then time (my sacred Muse)
That with a living touch thou should'st peruse
Those parts wherein the miracle of time
Hath left us traces of our glories prime.
Up, then, awake, and tell me, who is this
That in *Judea's* desert wildernesse
Doth, like a yawning Lion, roare and cry,
Make streight *Messiah's* path, prepare his way?
What, hath the *Thisbite* re-appear'd again,
Whose heav'nly message ne're return'd in vain,
Whose voyces dire event thrust down to hell
The six-fold *Ahab* and his *Jesabel*,
And made all *Baals* Priests asham'd to see
The dotage of their fond Idolatrie?
It seemes 'tis he; for loe, his richest share
Is but a Coat compos'd of Camels haire,
His girdle is of leather; his chief meat
Are Locusts and wilde honnie's delicate;
And for all this his poverty, he still
Doth all the neighboring dales and valleyes fill
With this sad accent, Turn, repent, amend,
For loe! Gods heavenly Kingdome is at hand:
Yet 'tis not he, such transmigrations now
Dare plead no place amidst a Christian crew;
For, by th'Eternals uncontrol'd decree,
As dust we are, so to the dust goe we,
And till the time that heav'ns shall be no more,
Our bodies are not what they were before;
Nor shall our soules, or lifes true quickning spirit
Their wonted dwelling houses re-inherit

Who is it then? Now I perceive 'tis he
Concerning whom the Prophet *Malachy*
Hath, by a divine wisedome, thus foretold:
(Wonder you fooles, come, come you wise) Behold,
Before the comming of that dreadfull day
Wherein the Lord his glory shall display,
Eliah first shall come, and by his voyce
The father in his children shall rejoyce;
The children to their fathers wise Will
Shall bow their necks, and be obedient still;
Lest comming to them with a searching fan,
His vengeance finish what their sinnes began:
Yea, sure I am 'tis he, for now I finde
The Scribes and Pharises, whose judgement's blinde, *I. B.*
Run to his Baptisme, though in scorn, that so
They may th'Eternals Counsell overthrow;
But all in vain, he with a soaring eye
Rips up their hidden deep hypocrisie,
And by his threatning, duely milde, and grave,
Their hid dissimulation doth outbrave.

O vip'rous brood, O froward generation,
O Serpent-Issue of a sinfull Nation,
Who hath fore-warn'd you to eschew the doome
And scape the scorching wrath that is to come?
Bring forth therefore, bring forth, I charge you here,
Those fruits of new-birth, which makes faith appeare;
And glory not, that *Abraham* your sire you are,
For he who calls what's not, as though it were,
Can make those senselesse stones, if he have need,
Bring forth to *Abraham* a Religious seed:
No, rather know, that these be now the times
Wherein the hand of Justice sunnes our crimes;

And

And trenching axes, laid unto the Root,
Cut down the wither'd sticks are void of fruit:
'Tis true indeed, I baptize you with water,
But loe! there's one to come, who, what I scatter
Shall recollect, he reaps where none was sown,
And but advantage, will not have his own;
He's great indeed, and mightier farre then I,
I am not worthy his shoo-straps t'untye,
With water I baptize you, but he
Shall baptize with a fire of Deitie,
For in his hand he holds that searching fan
Wherewith he doth his barn-floores treasure scan;
If we be found true wheat, his hand shall keep
Our soules from falling in th' infernall deep;
But if like chaffe we prove, his swallowing ire
Shall thrust us headlong in a quenchlesse fire:
Stray then no more through those poor desert fields
Which neither state, nor pomp, nor glory yeelds,
To gaze on me, a Reed tost'd too and fro,
Where any whirl-windes puffe delights to blow;
But rather, in a wise discretion, learn
Your gracious Visitation to discern,
For this is he that should be sent; expect
None other to relieve your soules defect,
Looke on his wayes, and by his works goe try
The true prognosticks of his Majesty;
By him the blinde have eyes, the lame their hands,
The deafe their eares, the dead are loos'd from bands,
The Leaper's cleans'd, and, what is more, the poore
Receive the Gospell, and the Crosse endure:
And that your Judgements may lack all excuse,
Behold, the stone you builders did refuse

Shal

Shall be approv'd; and on the Corners top
Shall ſtand, that there, by faith, by love, by hope,
His children may a living houſe be made,
To hold him for foundation and for head:
Loe where he comes! my ſoul doth ſweetly know him;
Bow, bow your haughty necks, yeeld what you ow him,
For he's that great immac'lat Lamb of God,
Who having layd aſide his wraths ſharp rod,
Doth by a love-ſick Mercies bloody gore
So purge our ſinnes, that ſinne ſtands ours no more.
Ne're did the ſwallowing *Nilus* rapid waves,
Provok'd to anger by th' *Æolian* ſlaves,
Hurle down his ſtreames to the *Aſphaltick* lake
With greater force, than doth the Baptiſt ſhake,
By thoſe his roaring thunders, the proud knees
Of theſe diſſembling Scribes and Phariſees:
Yet ſcarce hath he, like that fore-running ſtarre
VVhich doth proclaim th'approach of *Titan's* carre,
Fore-warn'd the world of that Imperiall Sun
Whoſe race in Truths eccliptick line is run,
When loe, that ſpotleſſe Lamb, whoſe ſpotleſſe love
And ſuffrings weds us to the Lord above,
Comes ſtraight unto him, and in modeſt faſhion,
Without or pomp, or pride, or oſtentation,
Requires to be baptiz'd in *Jordan's* flood,
The typick Emblem of his ſaving blood:
But *John* remembring what he was, replies,
O ſacred thou, whoſe throne tranſcends our ſkies,
Why doſt thou crave to be baptiz'd of me,
Since I ſhould rather be baptiz'd of thee?
The ſervants ſtate is not above his Lord,
Nor can my weakneſſe that true ſtrain afford

Of due obedience that belongs unto thee,
O get thee from me, for thy eyes undoe me.
Peace, saith *Immanuel*, *John*, thy flesh is weak
To h'Eternals hidden Counsels to partake,
For ne're hath flesh his riddles truly view'd,
But he who with his Heifer first hath plough'd.
Wouldst thou then know wherefore I doe desire
To be baptiz'd of thee, who can with fire
Rebaptize thee? Know that my Charge is such
As without Unction none usurps to touch;
I doe not run unsent, my Father hath
Before all time decreed, That by my death
The sting of death, and of deaths Lords great power
Should so be curb'd, that they no more devoure:
Ambros. in Luc. c. 3. That I may then obey my Fathers will,
And all the law of Righteousnesse fulfill,
VVhich may contemper Mercies milde sweet yoak
To Justice proud, though just revenging stroak,
And so become a righteous Mediator
1. Betwixt the Creature and the dread Creator;
I must be baptiz'd first, that so I may
My heav'nly function to the world display;
Adde hereunto, that in this flesh of mine,
Which from the earth is earth, from heav'n divine,
I must the state of of every thing renew,
And to my Gospell *Moses* Law subdue;
2. Man must be new, the old man now must perish,
And by a new-born faith his soule must cherish;
The heav'ns shall be renew'd, th'old flie away,
The Earth renew'd shall smell like maiden-May;
The Law is old, a new command I give
That men henceforth by faith, love, hope, must live;

And as the Covenant's chang'd, so must the Seale
Make room for Grace, and bid the Law farewell;
And what is more; That Man may see I love
To make his mansion in the heav'ns above, 3.
Loe here his badg and cognizance I take
On mee, not for my own, but for his sake,
That when my father Man's great Seale shall see
On my fore-head, and man made one with me,
He may from man his furious wrath withdraw,
And make him Heyre, by Grace, not by the Law;
And that vain man may never scorn those rites 4.
By which as Canals of coelestiall sweets
Th'Almighty pours his Grace upon their Soule,
Men may their haughty hearts and necks controule,
To bow unto his Ordinances; for,
No soule shall enter in at mercies door
But hee that to the Gospels folly shall 1 Cor. 1.
Subdue his heart, and its affections all. 21.
And finally, as for the *Jews* I have
To Circumcision made my selfa slave,
So now by Baptism, for the *Gentiles*, I 5.
Must undergoe this *Jordan*'s watry dy,
That *Jew* and *Gentile*, bond and free, and all
VVho for Salvation hunger, thirst and call;
By mee may have a reconciling Peace,
And, in mee, access to the throne of Grace.
No deeper blush hath golden *Phœbus* when
He hides his head in *Peru*'s Ocean
Then doth o're-shade the *Baptist*'s face, while as
His weakness is display'd in wisdom's glass;
Submitting then himself, his thoughts and all,
To the injunctions of his Generall,

They both goe straight to *Jordan*, that therein
Christ may be seal'd a surety for our sin,
No sooner hath this milde sweet-coupled pair
Trod on the frisled locks of *Jordan*'s hair,
When loe the Sun, forsaking th'opal morn
Doth his meridian-poynt with pompe adorne,
And, like a Prince, set in his royall throne,
He calls his neighb'ring tapers one by one,
Who by their intermixed torches seven,
VVith matchless-splendor, cleer the cope of heav'n.
Those steep proud hills, whose lofty swelling tops
Drink, for their mornings-draught, *Aurora's* drops;
Such as the Law-grac'd *Sinay*, *Carmell* old,
VVhere *Seraphims* God's Prophet did enfold;
Horeb and *Nebo*, whose soft arms doe keep
Moses and *Aaron* in their dusty sleep;
Jegar-sha-dutha and mount *Pisgah*, whence
Moses view'd *Jacob*'s fair inheritance;
The balm-rich *Gilead*, and mount *Moriah*, where
The faith of *Abram* made him mercies heire,
Link'd all together, clasp'd their hands to hand,
And on their stately tip-toes trip, and stand
To see him baptiz'd, whose fierce indignation
Subverts the Sinewy props of their foundation.
Jordan himself, like *Nereus* eldest son,
VVrap'd in a roab of pearle and *Nacre*'s stone,
No sooner sees his sweet approach, when loe,
Hee curbs his streames from their accustom'd flowe,
Who whilst they turn their back upon the deep,
To see their maker, seem'd for joy to weep:
Straight way there com'th that dainty swelling stream
That fatt'h and lean'th proud *Misraims* Diadem,

The

The faire *Euphrates*, and *Hydaspes*, who
Through *Media's* channell joynes with gentle *Po*;
Chesel, *Araxis*, *Volga*, and that rill
That waits on new-born *Titan's* hests and will,
Rhine, *Ister*, *Danube*, *Tanais*, *Tagus*, *Iber*,
Meander, *Xanthus*, *Tygris*, *Po*, and *Tiber*,
Peneus, *Orontes*, and each Runnall else
Which either softly slides, or proudly swells,
Doe all to *Jrodans* flowry bank repaire,
And of their intertexed locks and haire
Compose a sumptuous Arrasse, richly sweet,
To wipe the water off their Masters feet;
In this enpamper'd crew great *Jordan* stands
Bending his knees, and heaving up his hands,
And to his Maker, in a pearle-like teare,
Broaths this Congratulation in his eare:
Eternall Issue of th'Eternall Sire,
Deep wisdome of that God whom th'heav'ns admire,
Almighty Lord, all-seeing God, all's Maker,
Here at thy foot-stoole we doe humbly sacre
Our selves, our service, and our dearest love,
As vassals to obey thy dread behove.
VVhil'st Nature, thus, and all her tender broods,
Hills, valleyes, deserts, silver brooks and floods,
Intranc'd with joy, conspire to solemnize
This masque before their glorious Makers eyes,
Behold our *Shiloe*, glad to undergoe
That state wherein he should our sinnes o'rethrow,
Steps down to *Jordans* silver streames, and there
By *John* 's enstall'd Copartner of our Care;
And now, no sooner doth he step from out
The liquid Current, and the chrystall Spout

Of *Jordan*, when to all the peoples eye
Heav'ns act their part in this Festivitie,
And by their rich applause confirm and seale
The Covenant of Mercies Common-weale;
For loe, heav'ns azur'd Arch is slop'd in twain,
And from *Jehovah's* throne comes down amain
A silver-feather'd Dove, who rests upon him,
And hugs his head, as being enamour'd on him;
Withall from heav'ns high Senate comes a voyce
Inviting all the world thus to rejoyce:
Rejoyce O heav'ns, be glad O earth, and all
That in the world doe creep, or breath, or crawl,
For here's my welbeloved Sonne, in whom
My wrath's appeas'd 'gainst sinners: Come, O come
To day, if you will save your soules, draw neer him,
And whil'st he opes his mouth in wisdome heare him.
Now, now I see that harmlesse Dove un-stay'n,
Who being sent out, returned home again,
Holding within her bill an olive branch,
To shew that *Neptune* then his wrath did quench,
Was but a Type sent to presignifie
The rest, the peace, the joy we have in thee.
O how thou'rt faire, exceeding faire, my Dove,
Thy eyes have made my Soule ev'n sick with love,
Thy neck is Ivory, Raven-black thy locks,
Thy dwelling's in the top of *Sheanirs* rocks;
Faire *Sharons* Rose, *Engeddyes* sweet Camphire,
The dew of *Hermon*, *Gileads* dainty Mirrhe,
The Balm, the Alloes, and the Spice also
Which *Abanah*, and *Parphars* valleyes show,
Yeeld not so sweet a smell as doe thy lips,
Whil'st thou on *Bethers* tops mak'st known thy trips:

Stay

Stay then my Darling, goe not hence away,
The shady night can no more wrong the day,
Whil'st with a sable furre she lops his eye
To snort in midnights velvet Cannopy;
Then thou shalt wound me to the death, if ever
Thou shalt thy Rayes from my pale Moon dissever:
Stay then my deare, and by that Spirit of thine
Repaire, renew, reform this soule of mine,
That like the harmlesse Dove, who without gall
Still loves, and knowes not how to hate at all,
My Soule may by the radiance of thy love
Still wed her selfe to thee, who from above
Hast brought the sacred Olive of our Peace
T'establish mercy, where fierce wrath had place.

The Duell.

Canto 2°.

OFt have mine eares been filld, and eyes been fed
With Raptures of that highly honored
Alcmena's sonne, whose high and conqu'ring hand
By victories obtain'd by Sea and Land,
Hath made the trophies of his praise appear
In all the stamps of *Titan's* bandilier:
Oft have I wondred at the martiall acts,
Heroick exploits, and fame-famishing facts

Of

Of *Hector* and *Achilles*, and that crew
Of *Greekes* and *Trojans*, whose memorials grew
To such a height, that *Homer's* golden pen
Could never fully point them forth, but when
He shut his eyes, lest by their active glory
He should betray the tenor of their story:
Oft have I stumbled to behold the great
Distemper o'th' puissant *Roman* state,
By *Sylla* and by *Marius* set on fire
For satisfaction of their fond desire,
Yet never quench'd, or yet blown out again,
For all the armes or arts of *France* and *Spain*,
Till *Pompey* and great *Cæsar*, by the streames
Of *Rubicone*, drench'd these *Ætnean* flames:
But wherefore doe I gaze this heathen stage?
Did not th'Almighty in that selfe same age
Raise up a Theater of brave *Heroes*, farre
More eminent in Peace, more bold in warre
Then any heathen who did e're make bold
Or *Mars* his helm, or *Mercur's* pipe to hold:
Great *Joshuah*, how didst thou stay the Sun
In *Gibeah*; and in *Ajalon*, the Moon,
Till *Jacobs* wormlings to the ground down brings
The pride of five combin'd *Canaans* Kings?
Shamgar, how did thy oxen-taming goad
Serve gainst the *Philistims* for sword and rod,
When *Jabin's* yoak the wearied necks did gall
Of *Jacob's* seed, and gloried in their fall?
How did brave *Deborah* by the conqu'ring hand
Of *Barak*, *Jabin's* boasting troops withstand,
And made their Generall *Siserah*, in the tent
Of *Jael*, try Ambitions just event?

How

How did brave *Gideon*'s barly-cake and lamp,
Couch'd in an earthen-pitcher, daunt the Camp
Of *Midian*, that so their night-bred dreame,
Prov'd but a presage to their mornings Scene?
How did bold *Sampson*, peerless-pearle of Arms,
Burst *Gazae*'s gate-bars, and unlock the charmes
Of *Dalilah*, and make an Asse jaw-bone
Drunke with the blood of *Gath* and *Askelon*.
In end, what *Nymrod*, or what *Anak* stern,
Could ev'r their fame or honor so etern
As hath the Son of *Jesse*, who at first
Did kill a Lyon, and a wilde Boare burst,
Then, by a peeble, which hee lately took
From the sweet verge of a pure glyding brook,
Did so subdue th'heathen *Goliah*'s rage,
Who did blaspheme th'Eternal's-heritage,
That now wee see nor bragging breaths nor boasts
Can save or kill as doth the Lord of hosts:
All those like stars in dark Cymerian night
Adorn'd their Orb with some small gleams of light,
But being obfuscat by a cleerer ray,
Have been the Prodroms of this better day:
Our never setting Sun is now arisen,
And by his rayes irradiats our Horizon
In such a sort that those glow wormes may goe
And spend their luster and their per'shing show
Amongst the purblind wofull ignorants
Of *Mexica* or *Magallanae*'s Tents:
Our way 's made known, why walk we not therein?
Our Truth 's declar'd, why live we then to sin?
Our life 's proclam'd, why are we then dismai'd?
Of death or hell why should we bee afraid?

Hath not our *Goël*, our great kinſman come,
To pay our morgage, and redeem our ſum?
And that upon our blood-ſhedder he may
The ſtroke of Juſtice awfully repay;
Loe to the deſert now he hies him, (there
In all our ſuff'rings as copartiner,)
That *David* like he may that Gyant foyl,
Who in th' Eternalls hoaſt hath wrought ſuch ſpoyl,
And ever bleſſed be his glorious Name,
Who comming up from *Jordans* chryſtall ſtream,
No ſooner from his foot doth wipe the water,
When to th' *Arabians* deſert wilde Theater
He 's led by that ſame ſpirit which like a Dove
Did from the heav'ns proclaim him; our ſoules Love,
That in our fleſh, as he our ſeale did take,
So in it he might tryumph for our ſake:
For no ſuch mediator we muſt have
As ſcornes our griefes, infirmities, or grave;
But ſuch a one, as being exempt from ſin
In all things elſe, muſt run the race we run.

Thrice three ten yeers hath my Redeemer now
Liv'd in the world, and yet for ought I know
Sathan, untill this time, durſt ne'er be bold,
'Gainſt him to ſet a ſnare, his foot t' enfold:
His privat life, 't may be, procur'd his eaſe,
His publike charge, muſt taſte of trecheries:
Like *Jacob*, who with *Laban* whil'ſt he ſtayes
Had Peace and reſt, and amorous quirks, and playes;
But being call'd by God, to get him home,
Falſe hearted *Laban* after him can come
And ſearch his ſtuffe, prepar'd to doe him wrong,
Unleſſe the mighty God, of ſtrongs the ſtrong,

Had curb'd him in his night bred Visions so,
That maugre envy, he must let him goe:
Whil'st *Moses* stayes in *Ægypt*, *Pharo*'s daughter
Preserves him safe from *Pharoh*'s threatned slaughter;
But when he comes for *Israels* reliefe,
He 'mongst the sonnes of persecution's chiefe:
Whil'st *David* kept his fathers Ewes, in peace
To God he warbled Hymns, and Odes of grace;
But call'd to Court, and to the stage of fame,
Wrath, rancour, envy, plyes his Diadem:
So whil'st my Saviour, both by Incarnation
And by the highest heav'ns Inauguration,
Stands as the very sonne of God and Man,
Anoynted our Redeeming Soveraign,
Loe, neither can the seale nor gift of grace,
Exempt him from hels envy 'n any case;
For grace cannot prevent, it may repell
The stratagems of *Perdue Centinell*,
But still the more the Lord with grace decores us,
The stronger fetters Sathan sett's before us:
O God, therefore, since thy Sonne is not free,
But grace it self must taste of enmitie;
What carefull watchings should we wormlings take
'Gainst this perfidious spirituall *Amaleck*,
Who daring to assail the head, shall sure
The heels destruction, if he can, procure:
Since then I see it is that glorious Spirit,
Which he from all eternity did inherit,
Ev'n that great spirit, of th' Almighty God
Whose word comforts us, under whose sharpe rod
The very hell doth tremble, whose high hand
None of thy creatures could ere yet withstand,

Who rideth on the bluſtring windes ſwift wings,
Who makes the Clouds his meſſengers, who brings
Or penury, or plenty by his rain,
Who walketh dry-foot on the Ocean,
Why ſhould we in tentations deepeſt jarre
Feare Chance or Fortunes lying Kalendar?
For, all the pow'rs of darkneſſe and of hell
Cannot make one haire of our head to fall,
Till he whoſe pow'r and pleaſure plac'd them there
Bids either Juſtice ſmite, or Mercy ſpare;
For he it is who leads us to our fight,
And ſends us blowes according to our might,
And whereſoe're we fight, he goes along
Both to encourage us, and make us ſtrong,
And when w'have fought our fight, gives us reward,
As his deep wiſedome hath for us prepar'd:
I magnifie my Saviour then, who here
Doth boldly in Tentations lifts appeare,
And by his rare example tells us how
To keep our poſture, and our foes ſubdue.
The *Philiſtims* by *Sampſon* ſmarting ſore
And often, did his *Dalilah* implore
She would by all meanes poſſible but try
Wherein his ſtrength and ſinewy force did lye,
That, knowing that, they might him ſo diſ-arm,
As never after they might feare his harm:
Then, O how carefull ſhould we be to learn,
And, in our halcyon dayes and times, diſcern
The traps, the ſnares, and the bewitching tricks
That's put before us by the Prince of *Styx*;
That ſo, foreſeeing his Engines, we may
Or burſt his chaines, or falely flie away.

Loe

Loe how, *Coloſſus* like, in *Horebs* plain
He ſtands; thence ſkips to *Nebos* top again;
From thence to *Sions* pinacle he flies,
Like lightnings flaſhes, darting through the ſkies:
Never did *Proteus* with more change of ſhape
Beguile the world, than doth this trickling Ape
With change of colours, feature, form, and all,
My Maſters fixed ſenſe ſeek to enthrall;
Three deeply poyſon'd darts are in his hand,
Which fleſh and blood alone could ne're withſtand;
The luſt of heart is one, Lifes pride another,
The luſt of th'eye is third, their firſt-born brother,
And he who from all thoſe can keep him free
Hath more than fleſh and bloods excellency;
For he who in the Van doth play his part,
May in the Main battalion ſhrink and ſmart;
And who hath fought them both, may in the Reer
Prove worthy nothing, but a ſad Caſhiere.

The firſt dart, then, about his head he ſhakes,
And 'gainſt our Maſter this aſſault he makes;
If it be true that heav'n hath ſpoke, ſaith he,
If thou be Gods true Sonne, then let me ſee
Some token of it, that I may believe
He hath a care of thee, that thou mayſt live:
Full forty dayes thou haſt been here alone,
Wand'ring, and wond'ring in this Manſion;
Earth yeelds no bread, the brooks doe yeeld no water,
The Downes no Locuſt, Combes no honney ſcatter,
Clouds yeeld no Manna, Ravens take no care
To feed thee with their fleſh-pots, late or ear';
Sarepta's widow doth not breake her Cake
Which for her own laſt dinner ſhe did bake:

Is this th'Almighties care, is this his love,
Which he of late did unto thee improve
As to his Sonne; that thou ſhould'ſt ſtarve, and dye
By famine and extream neceſſity?
No, get thee up, exchange theſe ſtones to bread,
Eat freely then, and be thou ſatisfi'd;
For ſkin to ſkin, and all the worlds rich choiſe
Man will renounce, before his life he loſe.

R. Full forty dayes I have been here (proud Clown)
Replies my Saviour, and have beaten down
This fleſh of mine, with faſting all the while,
That in this Lent of mine I might beguile
Thy pur-blinde eyes, whoſe chiefeſt aime and ſtraine
Is but to cruſh my fleſh, becauſe humane:
Moſes my ſervant, neere this place, before
Faſted as long, whil'ſt *Sinay's* tops did rore:
And he who *Baal's* folly did proclame,
Full forty dayes did try the ſame extreame;
Yet neither th'one nor th'other ſought to thee
For help in their extream neceſſitie;
But, by my Fathers ſtrengthning power, they
Were without outward meanes maintain'd alway:
My Father without bread or water can
Maintain that life which he hath giv'n to man:
The heav'ns on *Iſrael* did *Manna* powre,
Like Coriander, in a ſnow-white ſhowre;
To ſome he doth lifes meanes, miraculouſly
Beyond their expectation, multiply,
That when they look'd t'have kept nothing in ſtore,
Their nothing ſtill increas'd and grew the more:
Then, to diſtruſt my Fathers providence,
T'abuſe my power, and under the pretence

Of working miracles t'obey thy will,
Were base in me, and a prodigious ill:
Indeed man lives by bread, but that's not all,
Each word which from my Fathers mouth doth fall
Must either bleſſe the bread to man, or then
It ſhall not nouriſh him, 't ſhall prove his bane.
Thus hath the venemous ſnake his firſt dart flung,
Yet hath it neither wounded, hurt, nor ſtung
My Saviour, for his ſtill unchanned eare,
Without impreſſion, that aſſault did heare:
A ſecond dart therefore the Traitor tryes,
And that it may prevaile, he proudly flies
Unto the top of *Salems* Temple, there
To cruſh by pride, what's not cruſh'd by diſpair;
The firſt tentation's ground was ſtarving want,
Now doth preſumptuous plenty charm in chant,
For where one poore extream can never doe it,
He hath another, and he puts us to it:
Jeruſalem is now the worlds chiefe glory,
The Temple is *Jeruſalems* higheſt ſtory,
The Pinacle's the loftieſt ſtep of that,
There is my Saviour by the Temple-ſet.
I have deſir'd thee to make bread of ſtones,
Saith the proud murth'rer; but behold, at once
Thou didſt reply; Thy Fathers providence
Would ſhelter thee from Natures indigence:
Come then, come, let us try thy Fathers power;
Caſt thy ſelfe down from top of this high tower,
For well I know whats writ in *Davids* book,
And thou mayſt learn it, when thou liſt to look;
That he hath giv'n his Angels ſtrict charge
To bear thee in their armes, as in a Barge;

Psal. 81. To keep thee safe and sound in flesh and bone,
Lest thou shouldst dash thy foot against a stone.

R. How long shall I now suffer thee (damn'd dogge)
Saith my Redeemer, like a wallowing hogge
Disturb my sacred Cisterns by such wiles
The Sonnes of *Adam* alwaies thou beguiles,
It is no new thing to heare thee blaspheme,
This is the program of thy Academe,
Grace hath abounded, man may sinne the more;
Elected and Redeem'd, trip still therefore;
The spirit of bondage and of feare is gone,
Burst then the fetters of Adoption:
O how it wounds me, thus to heare thee rare
My sacred Oracles with poysoned aire,
As if in them there were not couch'd such truth
As could both comfort age, and confound youth!
I know 'tis written, but I know as well
There's something written there thou dost conceal,
And dar'st not utter, for it would declare
The snaky sophism of thy subtile snare;
[*In all thy wayes*] thou dost omit this stance,
Yet here's the rule of Gods great providence;
If man would wish, or hopefully expect
The safe protection of the bless'd elect,
He must not wander in his fancies measure,
Or tread the wandring path of his own pleasure,
But in the path of that Saint-beaten rode
That's pointed out unto him by his God,
If so he walke, he shall be safe and sure,
If otherwise, his death he shall procure.
Art not thou now asham'd, so treacherously
To wrest th'Eternals truth, impudently

To

To cut aſunder that which God conjoyns,
And with an endleſſe falſhood gird thy loyns?
Take then from out that ſacred Scriptures fountain
A ſtone cut without hands, from out the mountain,
To ſplit thy forehead from out *David's* ſling,
And curb the poyſon'd venome of thy ſting:
Behold it's written both to man and thee,
Tremble and feare, doe not preſume too high;
For who ſo wanders from this beaten rode,
Doth tempt the Lord, and lift his heel 'gainſt God. Deut. 6. 16

Yet once more muſt this murtherer goe fling 3.
His laſt and ſmall dart againſt our King:
The blaſt of fainting, and of black diſpaire,
Nor of preſumptions fire-ball, thrown i'th' aire,
Have not prevail'd; yet will he not be quiet,
But ayming at his envies richer diet,
He ſets my Saviour on a ſteep high mountain,
From which each river, and each bubling fountain,
Each pearly mead, and ſhady ſhelt'ring grove
Where either Serpents hiſſe, or Satyrs rove,
Each vinyard drunk with grapes, or cloid with cluſters,
And ev'ry place where pleaſure makes her muſters,
And ev'ry other ſenſe-contenting thing
Which to a carnall minde content can bring,
Are in an eyes ſhort twinkling ſet before him,
And promis'd to him, if he would adore him:
See'ſt thou not theſe, ſayes he, all theſe be mine,
View, take, poſſeſſe them, I will make them thine,
And with their title I will here endow thee?
If thou wilt once but bow thy knees unto mee.

Now now, and ne'er till now did my Redeemer
Waxe fierce with fury 'gainſt this bold blaſphemer: 4.

What? Bow to thee, thou foul abortive slave?
Thou dust eater, thou canker of the grave?
Thou down-fall star? thou filthy proud glow-worm?
Whose fall yet fils both Earth and Seas with storm:
Proud begger slave, thou saist the world is thine;
And yet it is the Lords, and all therein,
The treasures of the winds, the cloudes of Raine,
The wine pres'd grapes, and all the sheaves of graine,
The fishes of the Sea, the fowls o' th' aire,
The beasts o' th' Earth that nibble here and there,
The floods, the rivers, watry ponds and lakes
Which from the clouds, or ocean, wellspring takes,
The walled Cities, and rich stored shops,
The honny combs, and those Elixar'd drops
Of balm, myrhe, incense, Nard, and sweet perfume
That serves to deck the bride and the bridegroom,
The warriour, the master of the schoole,
The young, the old, the wife, and eke the foole,
The Counsell tables, and the Courts of Kings,
And all the treasures that the earth forth brings
Are onely his; he giveth them, and when
He thinks it fitting, takes them back again:
Those thou hast set before me, yet dost hide
The hidden moaths that frets their inner side;
As if I did not know, what weal and woe
Daunce in a circle whereso're they goe;
What? can our wealth or want my minde betray?
Can peace bewitch me, or can warre affray
My fixed thoughts? thy eyes are cloid with gravell,
And so thou lose'st both thy toyle and travell:
Can sicknesse, health, life, death, vain glory, shame,
Or any other worldly anatheme

Make

Make me forget my Father, or forgo
One jot of that true worship which I owe
Unto him? No, go, get thee gone, avoid
Proud Sathan, for thou knowst not things of God,
But things of men; from this I will not swerve,
That's writ, *The Lord thy God* alone goe serve,
And worship; yea, beside him worship none,
For that shall turn to thy confusion.

The Doctor.

Canto 3.

As when the Sunne, obliquely looking on
A roride cloud, frames a *Parelion*;
But looking with a streight oppos'd aspect
On *Phœbe*, makes her his full rayes reflect;
So when from *Jordans* streams our great *Messiah*
Went to the desert, our late born *Elijah*,
Although the bridegrooms friend, yet seem'd to weep
For fear a hyreling should disperse his sheep:
But seeing him victoriously return,
This joy-bred fire doth in's bosome burn;
O how my Soule doth now rejoyce (sayth he)
To see the Sonne of Man march valiantly,
Returning from the desert, Sathans den,
Cloth'd with the spoyle of sinne, for sinfull men!

Loe where he commeth, full of grace and truth,
No man in ſuch abundance opes his mouth;
He was before me, though he now doth follow,
Eternity his Majeſty doth hollow,
From out his fulneſſe we doe all receive
Grace upon grace, and what good elſe we have;
The Law was giv'n by *Moſes*, but by him
Comes grace, and truth, and peace, wherein we ſwim:
No man at any time hath ſeen the Father,
Save this his ſonne, from whoſe hid hands we gather
That hidden Manna, and thoſe Quailes by which
Our ſoules are fed, and we to life made rich:
He commeth to the world, for it he made,
Yet in it hath no place to reſt his head;
He commeth to his own, yet they refuſe him,
He commeth to the builders, they abuſe him:
But unto all that doe receive him, he
Shall give this glory and prime dignity,
That they the ſonnes of God ſhall all be call'd,
And, as true heires of heaven, be there enſtall'd;
Even unto ſuch as in his name believe,
To whom nor Nature, fleſh, nor blood can give
The new-births note, but onely that great God
Who in our fleſh hath made his full abode:
And that it may be known that this is he,
Goe you my ſonnes, goe, get you up, draw nigh
Unto him, claſp him in your ſoules ſoft armes,
For he's the Antidote for all your harmes.
At theſe fore-warnings *John* and *Andrew* goe
And greet him thus: Great *Rabbi*, let us know
Where thou doſt dwell? ſo ſhall we joy to ſee
The manſion of thy true felicity.

Where

Where I doe dwell? ſaith he, let him that would
My dwelling know, look on the foxes hold
And ſparrows neſts, for they have rooms wherein
Their young ones neſtle, and their doune begin;
O but the Sonne of man hath no place where
To reſt his head, ſave only this poore ayre
That every creature breaths, and this is all
He counteth his; and this at laſt ſhall fall:
If you will therefore follow me, quit-clame
What ever in this world doth ſumptuous ſeem,
Take up your croſſe and follow me, and ſo
You ſhall my dwelling, and my riches know;
For who ſo ſhall reject my Croſſe, and blame it,
Of him in glory I ſhall be aſham'd,
But who ſo ſhall my Croſſe with patience beare,
He ſhall with me in glory reſt coheire.

No ſooner hath he ſpoke theſe words, when loe
As ſwift as arrow ſhot from *Indian* bow,
Andrew doth to his brother *Symon* run,
And with theſe tydings of Salvation
Accoſts him; Brother, I have found the great
Meſſiah, whom the world expect'd of late,
The Saviour Chriſt, the holy, and th'annoynted
Great Peace-maker, by Prophets all forth pointed;
Come, come, I pray th' let our hearts draw near him,
And while 'tis call'd to day, ô let us heare him.
Symon ariſeth, and with *Andrew* go'th
To ſee the miracle of Time and Truth;
But ere he can within true diſtance come,
Chriſt cals him by his name; Thou'rt welcome home
Thou ſonne of *Jonah*, ſaith he, this thy name
Of *Symon*, hence I change, with better fame,

Thou shalt be call'd *Cephas*, that is, a Stone,
For thou shalt help to lay a foundation,
'Gainst which the Devill and the gates of hell
May freely push, but never shall prevaile.
A little after this, in *Galile*
As Jesus walked, he did *Philip* see,
And bids him follow him, he straight obeyeth,
But by the way *Nathaniel* he espyeth;
Nathaniel, saith he, come, we have found
The man, of whom the Scriptures doe abound,
Whom *Moses* and the Prophets have fore-told
According to the promises of old:
Nathaniel gladly girdeth up his loynes,
And with his fellow *Philip* journey joynes;
But e're *Nathaniel* can come neere unto him, (him:
Christ spies him, and with these sweet words doth woo
Come, coune *Nathaniel*, come thou voyd of guile,
The Sun on such another doth not smile
In all *Judea's* Coasts. What's this I heare,
Saith just *Nathaniel*? e're I can come neere
One cals me by my name: whence dost thou know me?
For in the face, till now, I never saw thee.
Nathaniel, saith Christ, that's nothing; for,
E're *Philip* call'd thee, I thee knew before,
When under the fig-tree thou naked stood,
Copartiner with *Adam* in his blood.
O now, my God, *Nathaniel* saith, I see
Thou art the very Sonne of the most High,
And promis'd King of *Israel*, who should give
Life to all such as in thee doe believe.
The night now come, Christ to the mountain goeth,
Where all the while he to the heav'n upbroweth

His

His ſupplications, with ſtrong cries and teares,
And graciouſly is heard in what he feares:
Next morning to his ſervice he doth call
Matthew, and *Thomas*, *Bartholomew*, and all
The reſt of thoſe Diſciples, whom he meant
To make the Preachers of his Covenant.
O happy, bleſſed, bleſſed, happy Call!
It doth no ſooner touch their ears at all,
When ſtraight it doth their ſtarving ſoules renew,
And their affections to his will ſubdew:
Speak alwaies ſo my God, and by thy grace
Say to my fainting Soule, ſeek thou my face;
And my poore Soule ſhall anſwer as appear'th,
Speak what thou wilt ô Lord, thy ſervant heareth:
When thou at firſt did'ſt lay the worlds foundation
Thou did'ſt but ſpeake, and all this all's creation
Did to thy great Imperiall word obey,
Loe, here ſhin'd light, their ſhady darknes lay;
Here Hill's proud tops did on their tiptoes ſtand;
There did the Ocean roare againſt the ſand;
Here on the floury bottoms fragrant mead
The nibling troups ſecurely prank and feed;
There in the boſome of the glaſſie deep
The ſcaly nations ſoftly ſwim and creep;
The ayrie legions ſcud along the ſkies,
As if they meant the *Welkin* to ſurpriſe;
And every thing that hath or life, or ſenſe,
To thy command'ment gave obedience:
And whil'ſt thou com'ſt an old world new to make,
No other tools nor mattock thou wilt take
But that ſame word of thine, that thou mai'ſt ſtill
By thy great Word thy glorious Will fulfill.

Since by thy Word then, which is only wise,
Thou dost illighten thy Disciples eyes,
O let me heare thee, in great *Moses* chaire,
Confound those Rabbins whom the world admire,
That by thy Doctrine I may learn that wit
Which never nat'rall man could reach as yet.
To *Nazareth* he goeth, and entring there,
Unto their Synagogue he doth repaire,
Esay 61.1. And, reads in *Esayes* volume, this sweet text;
Jehovahs Spirit is on me, let all vex'd
With sinne afflicted hearts, come heare my word,
For I am the annoynted of the Lord,
Whom he hath sent his Gospell to proclame,
To free the Captives, and restore the lame,
Give sight unto the blinde, binde up the bruised,
And give them grace, who doe not quite refuse it.
This day, saith he, this Text is now fulfil'd,
This day is grace down from the heav'ns distill'd,
And happy he, who heareth and believeth
In him who this Salvation freely giveth;
But veng'ance shall his portion be, who stops
His ears against my heav'n elixer'd drops?
Doe not you call to minde, how that of old
From *Ebals* threatning tops it was foretold,
A thousand curses should fall down upon
A sinfull froward generation;
But who so should their soules encline t'obey
The sacred Sanctions of the mount *Sinay*,
Ten thousand blessings from *Gerizim* more
Should on their heads be multiplied, and more?
Now is the time, and here am I the man
From our whole mouth to curse, or blessings can

Re-

Receive effect or force to save or kill,
They heare my word, and they obey my will.
Blessed is he therefore, whose heart is pure,
For of my heav'nly kingdome he is sure;
Blessed are they who hunger for my grace,
They shall be fill'd, and satisfied with peace;
Blessed are they who doe in secret mourn,
Their sorrowes to their solace shall return.
Blessed be you, when men, for my name sake,
Shall of your life and goods proud hauock make;
Blessed be you, when 'gainst you men speak evill,
And call you sonnes of *Beliall* and the Devill,
For what they detract from your reward
They adde against their will to your reward.
Yea blest'd, and more then blessed shall you be
When you be thrust from their societie,
Thrust from their Synagogu's, excommunicate,
Rebuk'd, blaspheam'd, and all discontenance,
Be not dismaid, but rather be you glad,
The Prophets old no better seruice had,
The Sonne of man himselfe shall so be us'd,
Contemn'd, reproach'd, disdain'd, and foully brus'd,
And sure I am, that when the master hath
No softer shelter, and no surer path,
The servant should not grudge, nor yet disdaine
If with his master he shall share like paine.
But wo to such whose riches shall abound,
Whose heart and hands are in their store house found,
I tell you truly, they have their reward,
No after pleasure is for them prepar'd.
Woe, woe to those who laugh, and never weep,
Destruction on their soules doth fatally intrap,

Woe, woe to such as vainly cry, peace, peace,
Thinking the mountaine cannot change his place;
For sorrow, griefe, and plagues shall on them come
Like travell on a woman's burth'ned wombe;
Stoln bread and water sweet are to the taste,
But gall and worm-wood's easier to digest:
Blesse you therefore such as doe curse you, for
If you shall blesse your friends, and doe no more,
What honour can you crave of God, by them
Who live estrang'd from God? they doe the same:
Doe good to those who harm you; pray for those
Who persecute your Soules with griefes and woes;
Give to all such as aske you, freely lend;
And look for no requitall back again;
So shall you show your selves th' Almighty's sonnes,
When you be cloath'd with his perfections:
You are this worlds chief sale; while you have savour
Your work with God and Men shall finde true favour;
But if you lose your savour, then your taste
Shall all your service to the dunghill caste:
You are a Citty, set upon a hill,
Which to the worlds proud gaze stands object still;
Dream not you can be hid, all eyes are on you;
And all mens motions doe depend upon you;
If whil'st they wander in an oblique Car,
Your course prove constant, like a fixed Star;
If whil'st they stumble in Cymerian night,
You walk in Cæsars, like the sonnes of light;
Whil'st muddy cares doe their best joyes controle,
If your affections rest above the Pole;
If whil'st their currualls, and like, prove tart,
Your springs drink sweet, and so rejoyce the heart;

If whil'ſt they hold in hand a fruitleſſe goad,
You bud ripe Almonds, like to *Aarons* rod;
If whil'ſt a ſtranger cals you, you repine,
And know no ſhepheards voice but only mine;
In all your wayes if you ſhall ſtill intend
Your maſters glory and no other end;
Then ô how happy, happy thrice you be!
Life is your lot, your term eternitie.

Then feare not man, whoſe hand can doe no more
But kill the body, feare God rather, for
When he hath kil'd the body, yet he can
Powre out deſtruction on the ſoule of man,
And ſend both ſoule and body down to hell,
In chains of darkneſſe, and of death to dwell.
'Tis true, thoſe precepts which I now doe Preach
Exceed the narrow bounds of humane reach;
Yet though the fleſh be weak, the Spirit's ſtrong,
And grace can rectifie ſterne natures wrong:
Think not I come to put the law at under,
Or what the Lord hath joyn'd to cut aſunder;
No, no, the Law and Goſpell be two brothers,
The ſonnes of one man, though of ſeverall mothers,
That, *Hagars* brood, who unto bondage beareth,
This *Sarahs* ſonne, who's free, and nothing feareth;
That's *Sinays* ſuckling, who with terrour ſhaketh,
This *Syons* nurſling, whom no feare awaketh;
That firſt, this laſt, that ſtrong, but this the ſtronger,
And ſo the elder muſt needs ſerve the younger;
The Law requireth works, the Goſpell Faith,
Both have one ayme, though in a ſeverall path,
For he who ſweetly ſpeaketh in them both
Is but one God, and one ſame ſpirit of truth;

Works without faith are like to fig-tree leaves,
Which ſeem to ſhelter, but in end deceives;
And faith, unleſſe good works doe crown her head,
May ſeem to live, yet's ſpiritually dead;
For as faith laying holdon the Mediator,
Makes man ſtand juſt before the juſt Creator,
So works joyn'd unto faith, tells, that faith's true
Which works by love, and doth mens lusts ſubdue:
Then preach them both, keep both, and ſo you ſhall
Your ſelves and others both to reſt recall.

Doe not you know when many run a Race
With panting breaſts, and ſweat-beſmeared face,
He onely who proves conſtant to the end
Obtaines the Crown, but if he ſhall offend
And ſtumble at the ſtumbling ſtones i'th' way,
His ſtumbling makes his honour to decay:
If men, then, for a temporall Crown take pain,
And ſtrive ſo hardily for a fading gain;
How much more ſhould the uncorrupted Crown
Of glory, honour, and dominion,
Make you to run your race without ceſſation,
Since your reward's eternall conſolation:
Be carefull therefore that your maſters name
By your neglect be not expos'd to ſhame;
And that whil'ſt others by your words be ſaved,
You of your maſters joy be not bereaved.

A certaine Sower on a time went forth
To ſow his ſeed of rich and pretious worth;
And as he ſow'd, ſome by the way-ſide fell,
And that the foules of th'aire did quickly ſmell,
And pickt it up; Some fell in ſtony ground,
That took no root, becauſe no earth is found;

Some amongſt thorns did fall, that ſtraight did ſpring,
And yet was choak'd by their o're-ſhadowing;
Some fell in fertile ground, and taking root,
Did to the Sower bring expected fruit
According to his travell, toyl, and pain,
The thirty, ſixty, and the hundreth grain.
I am the huſband-man, my word's the ſeed;
If that doth periſh, it doth not proceed
From Sower, from the ſeed, or from the ſeaſon,
For thoſe were all combin'd in right and reaſon
To work a happy harveſt, But mans heart
Is that unhappy ground, in whoſe each part
Such hidden ſtore of deep corruptions lye
As turn'th my toil unto fond vanitie:
For ſometime Sathan vultur-like doth pray
Upon the word, and beares it quite away;
Sometime mans obdur'd heart more hard then ſtone
Rejects my word by induration;
Sometime the thorny cares of humane life
Mix'd with the word, are at ſuch mutuall ſtrife,
That what at firſt takes root, doth very now
To perſecutions ſtorm and tempeſt bow,
In ſuch a ſort, that root, and ſtalk, and blade
In this their conflict 's quickly vanquiſhed;
The fertile ground's the faithfull heart, that doth
Return unto th' induſtrious hand that ſow'th
So rich an increaſe, that for every ten
The maſter hath a thouſand back again:
Watch therefore, leſt while as you ſleep there come
The envious man, who in the good ſeeds roome
Sowes darnell, cockle, and thoſe curſed tares
Which curſed and malignant ground forth-beares:

For to your master you must make accompt
Of what you sow, and eke what doth surmount,
He will not have his own true seed alone,
He needs must have reduplication;
The heav'ns and earth may perish, but one jot
Of this my Doctrine shall not be forgot,
Till all things be accomplished, which either
Concerns my glory, or my glorious Father.

The Powers.

Canto 4°.

When *Moses* followed *Jethroes* fleecie flocks,
And made them graze on *Horebs* golden locks,
At unawares he look'd aside, and spies
A bush on fire, whose flame to heav'n up flies,
The bush still burns, and yet remains unburned,
To dust and ashes it cannot be turned:
O what a strange, prodigious sight, saith he,
Is this which now's presented to mine eye!
A crackling thorne, a fierce consuming fire
In mutuall conflict, yet doe both conspire
To shew the world the strangest, rarest theam
That e're was toss'd in natures Academ!
I will therefore goe view't, but by the way
A voice proceeding from the bush can say,

Stay

Stay *Moses*, stay, doe not approach too nigh,
Corruptions can not dwell with Majesty;
Cast thy shoes off thy feet, for it is found
The place whereon thou stand'st is holy ground;
Yet since I see thee beg with fresh desire,
To search the secrets of this scorching fire,
Heare what I tell thee: Loe, this burning bush
Doth represent my Church, which by the push
Of *Pharoah's* proud oppression's brought so low,
That she doth almost faint by his ov'rthrow,
Yea, that shee's not consumed in that flame
Comes from my power, who am what I am;
Her hid corruptions call for my corrections,
My promise to her Fathers pleads protection;
The one she bears, the other in short time
Shall wound her foes, and expiate her crime,
My word shall teach her, and my power shall heal
The wounds and bruises of my *Israel*:
What here was promis'd to the Church before
The Law from *Sinay's* thundring tops did roare,
Is now accomplish'd in the Gospels day,
For by his word he paints her first the way,
Then by his dread miraculous power doth cure
The sad distempers of her imposture:
Who doubts his power, let him but make bold,
And view the wond'rous works he wrought of old;
Consider *Moses* hand put in his bosom
By Leprosie turn'd white like Aprils blossom,
Consider *Nilus* streams turn'd unto blood,
Consider *Israel* fed with Angels food,
Remember how *Rephidim's* rock's a poole,
And *Mara's* rill made sweet in *Israels* bowle,

The Sun in *Gibeah* stands a whole day still,
An Asse controles her foolish riders will;
Fire comes from Heav'n, and dryes *Elias* trench,
A sonne is giv'n to *Shunam's* gratious wench,
Jonah 's preserved by a swallowing Whale,
The Lyons stoope and crouch to *Daniel*;
Three children walking in a fi'ry flame
Lose not one haire, their clothes are free fro th' same:
All those as wonders did attend his Law,
And to his word did yeeld respective aw;
And shall the Gospels message of our peace
Lack her attendants? no, in any case,
His pow'r shall still accompany his word,
And by those two shall all things be restor'd,
That mans indured heart, by those two, may
Read Lectures of his truth, and love each way.
Come then proud Scribe, come doting Pharisee,
Come wrangling Lawyer, come along with me,
And see what wonders are in *Judah* done,
Then judge, if your *Messiah* be not come:
In *Cana's* village, last day there was made
A Nuptiall banquet richly furnished,
Not with luxurious superfluities store,
But with sanieties plenty, and no more,
The bidden guests doe come, 'mongst many other
Christ Jesus commeth, and his Virgin Mother,
That by his presence he might sanctifie
Gods Ordinance, and marriage dignifie,
The friends are plac'd, the tables ready dy'd,
The bowls of wine are here and there convey'd,
And no things lack, that true content would have,
Or measure, while it more did crave,

Yet

Yet as it often unto men befalls,
Some croſſe doth ſtill attend their feſtivalls,
Their wines are ſpent, his mother tells him ſo;
Woman, ſaith he, what's this I have adoe
With thee? my limited time is not yet come,
Yet for thy ſake I'le ſhew my ſelf to ſome;
Cauſe bring me here ſixe water-pots of ſtone
Which you uſe for Purification:
They bring them to him: Fill them now, ſaith he,
With fountain water, that I may them ſee;
Fill, fill them full, fill them unto the brim,
And with true fountain water make them ſwim.
'Tis done: he looketh on them, and anon,
O ſtrange, miracʼlous, rare Converſion!
Without his word the water's turn'd to wine,
Sweet as the Malmſey, rich as Muſcadine:
Drink woman now ſaith he, drink, drink, and fill
To others alſo, *Cana's* grapes diſtill
Not ſuch a wine as doth my word, therefore
Bid them come drink who love to thirſt no more:
But all's in vain, I bid men drink: for why?
Nothing but blood will mans ſoules thirſt allay.
O God, what heavʼnly hieroglyphickʼs here
Of that ſweet Nectar, and Ambroſian cheere
Which thou, our ſoules Bride-groom, ſhalt for us make
When to thy *Cana* thou ſhalt us home take!
For there our marriage ſupper is preparʼd,
Legions of Angels ſhall thy Bride ſtill guard,
The fatlingʼs killʼd, thy bowles of wine are drawn,
Thy table-cloaths are dainty Cyprian lawn,
Thy bed of love is made, and richlier hung,
Then that where thy Epithalamy was ſung.

To *Salomon* and *Pharoh's* daughter, for
Their best magnificence and proudest store
Endur'd but for a time, but this for ever
Shall satiate his guests, and satisfie never.
In *Cana* water was exchang'd to wine,
But in thy house whoso shall sit and dine
Shall with the fatnes of thy house be fill'd,
And drunk with that sweet rill thy side distill'd,
Whil'st on the Crosse thou stretch'd thy armes abroad
T' imbrace thy Bride, and heave her to her God:
O then, since all things that be necessare
For such a wedding feast, thou dost prepare,
Prepare our hearts also to meet thee, when
Thou call'st us from out *Mesbech* sinfull den,
That so the Bride, groom and his Virgin-bride
May in the Tents of love for ever bide.

From *Cana* to *Capernaum* next day
My blessed Saviour undertakes his way,
Where dwelt a reverend grave Centurion
Whose servant sick, in whose compassion
The Captain comming unto Christ, doth thus
Intreat him: Master, master pity us,
For loe my servant's with a Palsie taken,
And of all hopes of health is quite forsaken,
Since then all hopes of humane helps be gone,
And we be left to mourn his griefes alone,
I pray thee let thy helping hand supply
His great distemper and necessity.
Goe, saith my Saviour, get thee home, for I
Will quickly come, and cure his malady.
No, saith the grave Centurion, take no paine
Great master, to turmoile thy selfe in vaine,

I am not worthy that thou (glorious thou)
To come within my roof thy self shouldst bow,
Speak but the word alone, and he shall live,
For, that thy word can heale him I believe;
Loe, I am one set in authoritie,
Subdew'd to one, and many unto me;
To one I say, goe hither, and he go's there,
T' another, doe this, and that straight he doth;
Unto a third, I say come, and he commeth,
Thus what I will is done, and none presumeth
To disobey what I command, my word
For their obedience is a law afford.
When Jesus heares those words, he stands amaz'd,
And on the following troops a while he gaz'd,
And saith at length, in truth and veritie
Such faith in *Israel* I did never see,
But this I tell you, that the time's at hand,
When many from the West and East shall stand
Within my Churches faithfull glorious pale,
And be baptiz'd as sonnes of *Israel*,
And with old *Abraham*, *Isaac*, *Jacob*, they
Shall eternize a solemne holy day;
While as the children of the kingdome shall
In utter darknesse mourn a Madrigall:
Goe, therefore saith he, to the Captain, goe
And as thou hast believed, even so
Be it to thee: and at that very houre,
The servants life and health was made secure:
O God, how dost thou by this grave dispute
To *Japhets* children freely contribute
The promise of eternall life, if they
By faith shall on thy words their rest relye:

Give us therefore what of us thou requir'st,
And then requires of us what thou desir'st.
Now babling fame hath took his wings to flie,
Through all the neighbouring Regions farre and nigh,
And make the glorious powers of this man
Controll the Earth, and daunt the Ocean,
For whatsoere he doth is quickly told,
And in fames Ephimerides inroll'd.
To shun therefore the peoples vain applause,
Whose changing currents oftner ebbs then flowes,
Down to *Tiberias* sea he goes, that thence
He may show favour to the *Gadarens*.
But whil'st he's in the ship, his former toile
Perswades him in a sleep to rest a while;
His eyes are scarcely shut, when loe, dark clouds
Obscure the heav'n, and proud *Eolus* thuds
Distemper so the Main, that *Neptunes* locks
Wax hoary-white with dashing 'gainst the rocks;
Here one proud wave doth *Babel*-like arise,
And with tumultuous threats affronts the skies,
Another, here, falls to so vast a deep,
That *Pluto*'s wak'ned from his morning sleep:
Amidst this furly gust the poor ship's tost'd,
And with impetuous winds and tides so cross'd,
That his Disciples in this feare doe rore,
And for their healths their masters help implore,
Help, help great master (say they) help, awake,
And on thy perishing train some pity take,
For if thou doe not now extend thy power,
This swallowing tempest will our soules devoure:
He straight awakes, and unto them he saith,
O you of trembling hearts, and fainting faith!

VVhat

What doe you fear? Peace winds, (saith he,) and still,
Peace raging Seas, and they grow calme at will;
By this the Ship is brought unto the shore,
And neither winds nor Seas molest them more.
O thou controller of the windes commotion!
O thou dread Master of the unbounded Ocean!
Speak peace to our tumultuous soules, for why,
Unlesse our sp'rituall tempests thou allay,
Unlesse thou swage and calme their flouds in time,
We sinke and perish, for we cannot swim.
No sooner were the windes by him so dispread,
No sooner's *Neptune* by his word asswaged,
When Jesus with his few Disciples goe
To *Gadara*, that they his power might know:
But by the way, that Spirit who workes our spight,
And in our ruines takes his chiefe delight,
Having intrench'd in his prodigious holes,
The mortall bodies, not th' immortall soules
Of two poore men, while as they see him come
Like ramping Lyons, and like Boars in fome,
Th' approach his presence, and in fury cry,
Jesus thou sonne of God, who dwel'st on high,
What have we here to doe with thee? for this
Of our just torments in the deep abysse
Is not the full time, and we suffer wrong
If there before due time thou doost us throng.
What is your name? (saith he:) they answer, Legion,
For we be many in this humane region,
And as thy Father is the Lord of hoasts,
So we, as many, love to scourge their coasts:
Come out, come out (saith he) you cursed crew,
And of these wretches take your last adiew.

If he must needs goe out, then let us goe
Say they, and hence in haste we will, for loe
Whan thou ejects us from this Ile of ours
Thy little world, we must obey the cause
To rob him of his best approved pelfe
And nest-hooke, because we do delight themselfe,
Goe, goe, saith he, they goe, and take possession
Of those poore beasts, and in so fearfull fashion,
That they no sooner feel their grievous yoake,
But to the Sea they run, and there they choake:
O glorious thou, who to the world didst come
T' unloose those snares which Sathan thrusts on some,
And leav'st some others to those spirituall bonds
Which in eternall darknesse prison stands,
Restrain our enemies rage, controll his power,
Lest his assaults dye our poore soules devoure.

Ne'er did a swarm of hony sucking Bees
Pursue a Waspe from out their Colonies
With greater spight, or more enraged spleen,
Then doth that blockish beastly Gadarene
Republick thrust my Saviour from their coast,
Because of these few swine which they had lost:
O the blind change and choise o' th' soules of men,
Who ere they lose this worlds poore pelf, will ten
Their Soules a pray to Sathan and betray
A lasting glory for a moments pay:
With speed therefore my Saviour homeward goeth,
Because they lothed his power and his truth:
And there behold a crowd of sick folks lie
Awaiting him to cure their Maladie;
For some ev'n from their mothers wombe lay lame,
Some Leprous, some Lethargique and some maim,

Some

Some with an Apoplex, were o'retaken,
Some with a paralitique blow were shaken,
Some with a Dysenteria doe decay,
Some with a Calculus on their reines doe cry,
Here one had eyes, but now, he's dark and blind,
Here one was wise, but now, is ill inclin'd in mind,
A menstruall flux doth here distain a woman,
A burning Ague to another's common,
All those he healeth, and so doing hath
Gain'd many a Proselyte to the Christian faith:
But above all, I stand amaz'd to spy
How at *Bethesdaes* poole huge heaps doe lye
Of poor, weak, sick, diseased persons, who
Attend her motions and her watry flow,
For here an Angell, at some speciall season,
Beyond all reach of humane sense and reason,
By moving of the waters gave release
To all that were diseas'd in any case,
Providing alwaies, that they stepping down
Should drench themselves in her first motion:
An hieroglyphick of our *Baptisme* washing,
Whose watry streames can never cleanse our stubborn
Unlesse th'Arch-angell of the Covenant
Joyne his dread power to the Element.
A man oppress'd full eight and thirty yeares
With strange diseases, is at last brought hither,
On whom Christ Jesus having fix'd his eyes,
Doth not enquire what were his maladies,
Where those infirmities did hold him, or how long
He had been bound with that infirmities strong,
But only asks him if he would be cured?
Of that, saith he, great Master be assured;

I hunger for my health, but can a wretch
To taste this wish full dainty,
I cannot helpe my self, and none I have
To help me, when their helping hand I crave,
Another alwayes stepping down before me
Is cur'd, and I, as if all did abhorre me,
Must this my griefe and languishing sustain,
Till he who wounds me binde me up again?
Rise, rise, then saith my Saviour, rise and walk,
I pitty thy infirmitie, I hear thy talk;
The poore man riseth as Christ doth appoint,
And is restor'd to health in every joynt:
Behold, saith Christ, poore man, now thou art whole,
And from thy crown unto thy very sole
There is no bruise; goe, goe, and sinne no more
Lest worse befall thee, then thou felt it before.

Glad should I be, if my poore Muse had breath
To follow my Redeemer in that path
Of strange stupendious miracles, whereby
In flesh he did expresse his Deity:
But wearied now, the needle must rest a while,
And draw away her Pencill from that toile
Which he from place to place did undertake,
To ease our sorrows for his mercies sake;
Only this one poore thing the muse must relate,
How he did resolve we should
That in his Resurrection we may see
Our Resurrections rich felicity.

As Christall brooks have still the broader course
The neerer they approach great Neptunes sourse,
So now the neerer that my Saviours dayes
Draw to an end, the more he still displayes

His

His heavy visitation, and mine owne
When opportunity which one same procures
Sickness to man is prodrom of his death,
From which no man all arts can stop that hath
Even *Lazarus*, whom Jesus lov'd, is now
Sick to the death, and to the grave must bow,
Whil'st he is sick, his sister *Mary* sendeth
A messenger to Christ, who first attendeth
Him in his doctrine; and thereafter saith,
Sir, he whom thou dost love now almost payeth
His debt to Nature by his death, for lo
A burning Ague worketh his overthrow:
I know thou lov'st him, and he loveth thee,
Let then thy love to him extended be,
For thou art love it self, and from thy love
It is, that we doe live, or breathe, or move:
I know, saith Christ, he's sick, but not to death,
Although this fit of Fever stop his breath,
Yet shall the glory of the Lord appeare
In his return to this life hemisphear;
And that the Sonne of God may glory have,
Let him be sick, yea, sick unto the grave:
A little after, to his friends he saith
Let us goe hence, my staying hinders death
The work of God; for Lazarus our friend
Lies fast asleep, and I doe fully mind
T'awake him up again, for once we'l
Can rouze him from the grave's deep Lethargy:
If he doe sleep, say his Disciples, then
He shall be well, for sleep doth ease pain:
But here they doe mistake; their meaning was
Which on our wanted eyes doth softly creep,

But Christ did mean that sleep which in the grave
Shall on each mortall man dominion have:
No, no, saith Christ, to speak the truth, indeed
Our brother's dead, and death doth on him feed,
And I am glad, for your sakes, that I was
Not there, when death o'return'd this short hour-glasse.

Alas, my Saviour, how canst thou be glad
To see man under his afflictions sad?
Dost thou delight in our distresses? no,
Thou tak'st no pleasure in our griefes or woe;
But as a loving father, who doth see
His only sonne in their perplexity
Where wounds and blowes on th'one side threaten death,
And Triumph on the other promiseth
Eternall honour, hath more joy to know
The fame which from out those his wounds shall flow,
Than he is sad to see his crimson blood
Expatiat like a Dalmatian flood:
So, from our light afflictions whil'st thou spies
The trophies of thy glory to arise,
Thou dost much more rejoice, than thou canst grieve,
To see us wrestle, and in end survive.

To *Bethany* he hasteth then, for there
Mary and *Martha* had their chiefe repaire:
And being come, *Mary* with speed doth run
To greet th'approach of this Imperiall Sunne:
She sees him, and downe at his feet doth fall,
Master, saith she, if thou hadst been here
My brother had not thus (alas) died here:
Thy brother shall arise up again, saith he,
I know, saith she, that at the great day
He shall arise, and unto judgement come

Mary, saith he, hold but thy peace, and thou
Shalt see Gods glory manifested now:
Where have you laid him? come, come, let me see:
They point the place. He, with a tear-drown'd eye
Weeps out his soules sad sorrowes, but for what
They neither know, nor can prognosticat:
Is this the grave, saith he, where *Lazarus* lyeth?
Is this the Tomb which his dead corps implyeth?
It is, say they: then roll away this stone
Which holds him in his dusty mansion.
No, no, saith *Martha*, now the time is past,
This is the fourth day since we made it fast,
Corruption e're now hath made him stench,
His putrifaction no perfume can quench:
What, *Martha*, saith he, have not I e're now
Told thee, that if by faith thou shouldst subdue
Thy soule, thou shouldst behold the pow'r of God
Change *Moses* serpent to an usefull rod?
They roll away the stone; to heav'n doth he
Lift up his heart, his hand, and weeping eye,
And with a loud voyce he doth thus encall
His Fathers hearing; O great All of all,
O dread Creator, and O loving Father,
From whom all creatures doe their essence gather,
I thank thee that thou now hast heard me, nay
I know that thou dost heare me every way;
But that this people may believe, that thou
Who in thy selfe art very truth, and true,
Hast sent me thy right hands great strength to prove,
And to the sonnes of men make known thy love;
To thee I cry'd, and yet to thee doe cry,
That thou wouldst their hard hearts once mollifie:

This said, he straight on Lazarus doth call,
Come forth, come forth, stay no more here at all,
I have the keyes of life and death, and therefore
To thee my quickning spirit I restore:
No sooner hath he spoke these words, then he
Who lay in death and graves captivitie
Comes forth bound hand and foote with those poor ties
Which laugh to scorn life superfluities:
Now loose him, saith he, loose him, let him goe,
For God is Lord of life and death also.
O what a world of miracles doe here
In coacervat troops of pow'r appeare!
He weeps and spends his teares, this tells he's Man;
His word awakes the dead, God only can;
He makes the bound to walk, and blinde to see,
All this t'expresse his sacred Deity;
Yet will not loose the bonds, nor move the stone
Himselfe, but gives to men direction
To act that part, that by this Riddle he
May teach the sonnes of men a mysterie,
That he who without man did men first make
Will not man, but by man, save or forsake,
For though God works his work miraculously,
Yet t'ordinary meanes he doth marry.

Qui fecit te sine te, non servat te sine te.

And now in end, to shew how Christ of late
The deafe and dumb did both re-consolate,
How for the payment of a Tributes penny
A Dolphine from the deep affords him money,
How graciously th'Adultereſſe is freed
And both from sinne and shame stands purifi'd,
How that poor man who from the wombe was blinde
By clay and spittle doth his eye-sight finde,

How

How *Jairus* daughter and the widdows sonne
Of *Naine* were rais'd, how he alone
Did feed five thousand with five barly loaves,
How dry-foot on the Seas, proud waves he roaves;
I dare not longer undertake to tell,
Least under such a weight my spirits faile.
Let this suffice; those few which here be shown
Make both his Godhead and his Manhead known.

The Proselyte.

Canto 5°.

AS when a grave and sage Gymnosophist,
Minding to put his Scholler to the list
Of publick dispute, whence he hopes to gaine
The honour of his long unmoopling paine,
Prescribes him first some disputable Theam,
To be contested in the Academ;
Which being toss'd in Dialectique manner,
By quircks and Sophismes of a subtill strainer,
Gives correspondent hopes, or fears of what
The publick Theeter can enarginate:
So *Nicodemus* having oftimes heard
Of that rich glory, and that rich reward
Which Christ had promis'd to all such as should
By his directions be govern'd and rul'd,

Goes privily by night to him, to try
Who was the stronger, Christ, or th' Pharisie?
Master, saith he, I see thou art a man
Come out from God, for certainly none can
Or speake, or doe, as thou hast spoke and done,
Without some divine inspiration.
Is't so, saith Christ, brave *Nicodemus*? now
I needs must tell thee what thou dost not know:
Except a man be born again, 'tis sure
He shall not enter in at Glories doore.
Be born again! saith he, what's this I heare?
VVhat man can make this paradox appeare?
Can he that's old return to 's mothers wombe,
And thence, being born again, a childe become?
This Maxim seemeth very strange to me,
It over-tops my weak capacity. (say,
VVhat, dost thou think this strange, doth Christ then
That man must needs be born again? Nay, nay,
Unlesse a man be born again by water
And by the Spirits inward hid lavacre,
He cannot enter in Gods kingdome, for
What's born of flesh, is flesh, and what is more,
What is born of the Spirit 's likewise Spirit,
VVithout this birth no man can heav'n inherit;
The winde blows where it lists, thou hear'st the sound
Thereof, but canst not tell where't may be found,
From whence it comes, or whither it doth goe,
So hidden are his wayes who makes it blow:
Come, come, saith *Nicodemus*, tell me where
Thou canst be held this Doctrine to averre?
Thou speak'st to me of being born again,
But of a new birth I conceive no strain,

Thou

Thou prat'st to me of heav'ns great Kingdome, but
Of that Monarchick state I see no jot;
Make me then see a reason and a cause
Of what thou speak'st, else hold thy peace and pause.

VVell *Nicodemus*, now of truth I see
That Nature is to Grace an Enemie,
And what the nat'rall man thinks wisdome, that
Doth God as folly excommunicate;
And what the Lord counts wisdome, that doth Nature
Abhorre, as voyd of her perfections feature:
VVhat if I should be bold but to demand
Of thee this question, what strong pow'r and hand
Did frame thee in thy mothers womb, when yet
In darknesse, as a *Non-ens*, thou didst sit?
Whose fingers there condens'd thy bones? what power
Did fill thy veines with *Boaz's* crimson shower?
VVho made thy nerves and arteyrs so to tie
Thy bodies compact and societie?
Who fram'd thy braines great Chaos, liver, spleen,
Thy boyling choller, or thy moyst'ning phleagm?
VVho made thy eyes so watchfull Centinels?
VVho made thy nose Judge of so various smels?
VVho made thy tongue to speak, or eares to hear?
VVho made thy knees to bow, or back to bear?
And last of all, whence hadst thou that poor breath
Whose presence lends thee life, whose absence death,
Whose influence warms thee with celestiall fire,
And whose unmoved motion doth aspire
In a poor minute to run round about
Earths drossie globie, and Sea green glassie spout,
Then in an eyes poor twinkle first tives to know
The treasures of the windes, hail, rain, and snow,

Thence

Thence ſailing downe doth view that woefull deep,
Wherein the Veſſels of Gods wrath doe weep;
Thence ſcaling all the heav'ns, doth ſcan the courſe
Of all the Stars in their imperiall courſe;
Thence ſoaring higher, flies above the Pole,
And all the Stars where *Charles* great wain doth role;
And in the higheſt heav'n doth ſtrake a glance
Of great *Jehova's* glorious countenance,
And with a raviſh'd ſtrain doth ſtrive to ſee
His one true Eſſence, and his perſons three;
That in the volume of his face ſhe may
The programs of his frowns and favour ſpy:
All thoſe within thy hollow boſome dwell,
And yet by natures help thou canſt not tell
Nor when, nor where, nor how this bulk was made,
Begun, advanc'd, inlarg'd, or finiſhed:
Why doſt thou then require that nature ſhould
Inveſtigate or labour to unfold
The ſecret footſteps and that hidden way
Wherein th' Almighty doth his pow'r diſplay?
Doſt thou not know that in thee two men dwell,
The ſpirit and the fleſh, whoſe rides doe ſwell
So boiſtrously each one againſt the other,
That cruell *Cain* when he had kill'd his brother
Was never ſtuff'd with more vindictive ſpleen,
Then doe theſe two betwixt them entertain?
Water hath no more force to drown the fire,
Fire to drink water hath no more deſire,
Ayre in earths caverns hath not ſuch horror,
Earth doth not more abhorre a vacuity,
Heat againſt cold, and froſt fire againſt drought
Doth worſe fight, ope thine yawning mouth,

The

The light with darknes keeps no better coyle,
Death striving against life hath no such toyle
As have these two, whil'st their unstay'd desire
To ruine one another doth aspire,
Hence doth arise so fierce a conflict, that
Unlesse the one the other subjugat,
With laboring *Rebecca*, in her pusn,
Man may exclaime, If so, why am I thus?
For loe, the good man would, he cannot doe;
And th' ill he would not, that he 's thrust unto:
Yet whosoever to the flesh shall give
Obedience, and in her Statutes live,
Shall from the flesh reape nothing but corruption,
And drink the bitter dregs of her destruction;
But he who by the spirit is made free
From carnall lusts and their captivitie,
Shall by th' obedience of the Sp'rit have peace
When all the turmoiles of the flesh shall cease:
But ay me! now I see this world is gone,
And drown'd ith' deep of induration,
For though the light hath plentifully shin'd
In all her corners, yet men have repin'd
Against the light, and made their deeds so evill,
That they are slaves to *Belial* and the Devill.
Thus hath he gravell'd *Nicodemus* Sp'rit,
And of a *Pharisee* made a *Proselyte*:
For nature being convinc'd must hold her peace,
And humane reason unto God give place.
Hence forth from *Judah* he doth take his way,
And in *Samaria* purposeth to stay
Faint in his journey by the extream heat,
Which Earth to *Titan* did reverberat,

He comes to *Sichars* well, but all in vain,
One drop of water he can not obtain:
Here down he sits, straight from *Samaria* come
A woman to draw water for her home,
Woman saith he, I thirst extreamly, pray
Lend me some water, this my thirst t'allay,
The jorney's long, and eke the season hot,
Let me then drink some water from thy pot?
Some water, saith she, that is strange O man,
That thou a *Jew*, I a *Samaritan*,
Canst seek refreshment or a drink from me,
Those keep no commerce nor societie:
Woman saith he, O that thou couldst but know
That gift of God, and who it is that now
Doth beg of thee some water for his thirst,
Surely thou shouldst have been my begger first,
And I to thy petition, would have given
A cup of better water brought from Heaven;
For who so drinks this water, thirsts again,
But who tastes my unemptied Ocean
Shall never thirst; for from th'Eternal's throne
It spring'th, and tak'th eternall motion:
Master, saith she, you talk to me of water
Whose bubling sourse some better streams doth scatter;
But to my taste I never yet could see
A wellspring of more pretious dignitie;
Our Father *Jacob* dig'd this well of old,
He drunk of it, his children als were bold
To set it to their Cattels use, art thou
Greater then they? I pray thee let me know,
That when I thirst hereafter, I may drink
And draw the waters of that better brink:

Goe

Goe, saith he then, and make thy husband come,
That when thou drink'st he also may have some:
I have no husband, saith she. Now I heare
Thee speak the truth, for it is more then cleare
That husbands five thou hast already had,
And he whom now thou hast, thou hast not wed,
Thus hast thou sinn'd, and in thy sinne dost lye,
Drunk with the dregs of sinnes security,
Yet though sinne seed time seem a delicate,
Her harvest and her gleaning's desolate:
Master, saith she, a Prophet now thou art,
For thou display'st the secrets of my heart,
Messiah when he comes can doe no more,
But tell us all things, this thou dost before:
I am the man, saith he, expect no other
The only sonne of God, by flesh thy brother;
Yea, amongst many brethren the first borne
And of great *David's* house th' exalted horne.

Shee hears those words, and leaves her water pot
Behinde her, and to poore *Samaria's* lot
She hies her self with all the speed she can,
And cals them from their trades, each man by man:
Come, come saith she, now blessed be the Lord
He hath made true the tenure of his word,
Which promiseth, that in the end of time
Messiah's blood should expiat our crime;
Come, I have found him, and what's strange behold,
What I have done in all my life, h' hath told,
Yea, he hath fann'd the secrets of my heart,
And made my soule, by griefe, for sinne to smart,
I never heard so grave and learn'd a Preacher,
So strickt a schoole-man, and so wise a Teacher:

Ne're doth the Muse, when she first doth flie
From out her Ilm, with self-bred infancie,
With richer troops attempt her first-wing'd march
Along the conclave of th'ethereall [illegible]
Than now my Saviour from [illegible]
T'attend his doctrine, and enrich [illegible];
He seeth them hunger, and he opes [illegible]
To feed them with those clusters of his truth;
Your fathers, saith he, worship'd in this mountain,
Here did they dig sweet water from this fountain,
But now the time drawes neere, and is at hand,
When neither here, nor in *Judea's* land
God shall be serv'd alone, through all the world
The chariot of his glory shall be hurl'd:
God is a Spirit, all that doe him feare
In sp'rit and truth into him must draw neare;
You worship what you know not, O but we
Know whom we worship in sinceritie,
And though salvation 's to the Jewes first shown,
Yet shall the Gentiles for Gods sonnes be known.
O now, say they unto the woman, we
Believe him not for what you testifie,
But having heard him with our eares our selfe,
On him we build our soules eternall health,
For now we see he is that Christ should come
To ransome Israel with a pretious summe.
Thus turning to *Judea's* coasts again
Great multitudes doe follow him amain,
For they by him miraculously were fed
When in the desert they were hungered:
But whil'st he doth their hidden thoughts espy,
With a loud voyce he boldly thus doth say;

Alas!

Alas I I now perceive for a truth,
This people doe draw neere me with their mouth,
Whil'st as their hearts are farre from me, for loe
Not for my Doctrine sake they doe me know,
But for the barlie loaves they did partake,
When I did feed them, for my mercy sake:
But travell not I pray you, for that meate
Which is as quickly gone, as it is eate,
But labour for that bread, which lasts for ever,
Which I the sonne of man to you deliver:
Your Fathers in the deserts did eate Manna,
And prais'd the giver with a loud Hosanna,
Yet did they perish, dye, and eke consume
In their stifnecked murmuring wilderne;
But he who eats the bread that I shall give him,
Shall never perish, for it shall revive him:
I am the bread of life, which came from heaven,
My father unto you this bread hath given;
That by his bread of life, which is supernall,
He may your soules maintain to life Eternall:
As many then as come to me shall neither
Have thirst nor hunger, for my glorious Father
Sent me from heav'n, not my own will to doe,
But mans hard heart unto his yoke to bow;
That so man may eschew his burning wrath,
And scape the sorrows of the second death:
No man hath seen the Father, but the Sonne
Who in the Fathers bosome dwels alone,
He doth reveale him unto whom he pleaseth,
Whose crosse he lighteneth, and whose soule he easeth:
No man ascendeth unto heaven but he
Who came from heav'n, and doth in Majestie

(Though base on earth) yet when he thinketh fit,
Doth to his Fathers right hand glory sit,
And at his second coming saves his sheep
From sinking in that never fathom'd deep,
Whereas the sulpher of th' Eternalls breath
Layes hold upon the vessels of his wrath,
And makes the faithfull and the righteous all
Be fill'd with glories endlesse festivall.

The Metamorphose.

CANTO 6.

FOre-chosen *Jacob*, *Esau's* second Swaine,
Job-struggling champion and victorious man,
Thou royall sheapheard, and tresprudent Siere,
Whom *Palestina's* Princes did admire,
Vouchsafe me but t' approach thy dying throne,
And charge thee with this *Cardiacs* knee alone,
And like *Apollo* thou thy front shalt see
Deckt with a garland from the Lawrell tree.
Whence comes th' thanke *fusus*, and the fatved fury,
Which made thee all thy carnall senses bury
In *Lethe's* lap, and with religious rage
Divide *Chams* tents to *Israels* heritage?
VVhence hadst thou will to view and wade unbidden
To precognosce, and with true divination

Foretell that *Juda's* tribe should beare the sway
Till *Shilo* should eccliplse his Majesty?
How madest thou *Joseph*, like a fruitfull Vine,
That doth her armes about her Bridegroom twine,
Drunk with the grapes of *Ephraims* royall cup,
Which weak *Manasseh's* hands could not beare up?
But above all, I stand amaz'd to see
Lewd *Levi's* scatt'rings dare t' approach so nigh
To *Joves* Ariell, offring there upon
For sinne and sinners expiation!
Is *Dinah* dead, or *Sechem's* blood gone dry,
That thou dost thus forget his villany,
And without smarting for his foule offence
Exalt him to the high-Priests eminence?
'Tis strange that divine Justice should permit,
Him who ith' chaire of sinners so hath sit,
Without corrections rod possesse the throne,
And sing the carrols of exemption!
O now I see, thy tongue was not thy own!
A higher power hath it rul'd and thrown,
Even He, great He, whose wayes we cannot spy,
Because his will 's the square he worketh by;
Who where he will have mercy, there he pardons,
And where he will with draw his grace, he hardens:
From his good pleasure then, and no where else,
It is, that *Levi's* tribe the rest excels,
And on his Ephod, whiter then the snow,
Hath tyed his breast plate, where in sumptuous show
Stands *Urim* and great *Thummim* true direction
For light of knowledge, and for lifes perfection:
So then from loyns of that unhallowed stem
Which *Jacob* thrust from *Israels* diadem,

The

The Lord hath chosen a successive race
Of royall Priesthood, who before his face,
Shall in that course which David did prescribe,
Burn incense and their sacrifice conscrive,
With never alter'd, though alternate order,
Till *Melchizedek* come and crush their border:
All those, like Comets when they first appeare
In our sublunar regions hemisphere,
Did draw mens wandring eyes and wondring hearts,
To scan their sequels, whether smiles or smarts;
But all in vaine, nature can ne'er unty
The clasped books of heav'ns great mystery;
For till the Word was Flesh, great *Judah's* throne
Ne'er knew her perfect exaltation;
And *Aarons* rod did ne'er her top bow down
With reverence to *Melchizedek's* Crown:
But when thou cam'st, those figures, types, and tropes
Had reall Essence, for unreall hopes;
For where the Sun doth shine in lights aray,
All clouds evanish, night gives place to day:
Since then thou art true light, and since with thee
Darknesse dare plead for no societie,
O let me but be bold this once to follow
Thee to thy Tabor, that my sp'rit being shallow,
May by the lustre of thy glories shine
Taste of that light that never shall decline.
But aye me! whil'st I see the hill so steep,
The gulfe of my poore misery so deep;
The flesh so fraile, the sp'rit so soone o'retak'n,
The flax so quench'd, the bruised reed so shak'n,
The load of sinne so great, my faith so faint,
So strickt the forfeit of the Covenant,

I cannot chooſe but feare, leſt by the way
My haſting doe defraud me of my pray;
Unleſſe thou be ſo who help'd the faithfull thiefe,
For I believe, Lord help my unbeliefe:
Come then dread Saviour, let me ſearch the time
Wherein thou didſt to Tabors faſtege clime;
Thy Scriv'ners differ, many therefore doubt
Thy journies *Epoche*, how they ſhall finde out;
One ſayes that it was fully ſix daies after,
That thou didſt make their ſoules o'reflow with laugh-ter,
By promiſing that ſome who ſtood thee by
Should not ſee death, nor taſte mortality
Till they, being witneſſe of thy raptures ſtory,
Should ſee the Sonne of man come in his glory;
Another ſaith, the dayes were almoſt eight
After that promiſe, that thou ſcal'dſt this height;
Thus doe ſome weake mindes ſtumble, whilſt they ſpy
Amidſt thy truth, ſo great variety:
But fooliſh we, in vanity ſtill wallow,
We ſtraine a Gnat, yet doe a Camel ſwallow;
We grope at noone day, and make known our blot,
Whil'ſt in a ruſh we ſeek a Gordian knot,
For where the eight day's neere and ſix are ſpent,
By true arithmetick the ſeventh is meant;
Upon this day when heav'ns and earth were made,
And all their frame and fabrick finiſhed,
Th'Eternall ſeeing all his creatures good,
Proclam'd the ſeventh dayes reſt, and ſo it ſtood;
Upon this day, from *Myſraims* darkned Cell
God did redeem his firſt born *Iſrael*;
Upon this day, from *Baalz-phons* ſhoare
To *Migdall*, he his people dry-foot bore;

Upon this day, from *Syna's* thundering jaw,
He gave the Sanctions of his ſacred Law;
Upon this day, in *Cana's* wedding ſhrine
He turned fountaine water unto wine;
And as upon this day he next ſhall come
To Judge the world, and render life to ſome;
So on this day he takes delight to goe
To *Tabors* top, that there he might forth ſhow
A glance of that great glory which we ſhall
One day poſſeſſe in his great marriage hall;
For, when ſix ages of the world are run,
The ſeventh ſhall finiſh our Redemption.

Thus having found the time, we next muſt view
The place wherein Chriſt Jeſus doth allow
To cloath himſelfe with glory, for a while,
And cover *Jacobs* hands with *Eſau's* guile:
The place is *Tabors* mountain top, whereon
He manifeſts his glories viſion;
For till we climbe above earths droſſie ball,
We are not fit t' enjoy heav'ns Feſtivall:
On top of *Moriahs* mountain *Abram* rear'd
An altar to that God he lov'd and fear'd;
On *Carmels* top *Elijah*, pray'th for fire
And heav'ns obtemper his devout deſire;
On *Horebs* top, and in that hollow cave,
Whil'ſt he from *Jeſabel* his life doth ſave,
Earth trembleth, windes doe roare, and flaming coals
Of fire, for his protection raves and roles;
On *Piſgahs* top, meek *Moſes* lyeth down,
And ſleepeth in his firſt corruption;
On *Nebo's* top did *Aaron* ſweetly lay
His bones, whil'ſt as his ſoule to heav'n did ſtray;

So

So on mount Thabor will my bleſſed Saviour
Firſt pray, and then transforme his true behaviour,
That by him we may learn, when we do wander
To God in ſpirituall Hemiſpheare,
To caſt diſtractions, worldly cares and pains
Behind our backs, and make our chiefeſt ſtrains
To reſt on high; and whilſt we talk with God,
T' obnubilate our heads within his cloud;
Leaving our Aſſes on the plain below,
Whil'ſt we to heaven our ſighs and ſobs upthrow.
The circumſtances of time and place deſcryd
Wherein the Sonne of Man was clarifi'd,
'Tis fit we look on his attendants next;
That ſo our ſwarving faith may once grow fixt:
Thoſe were three great ones, *Peter*, *James*, and *John*,
Thoſe ſonnes of thunder, this a precious ſtone;
If any ſhall enquire, why to thoſe three
My Maſter manifeſts his Majeſtie?
I anſwer, firſt, that Scripture doth command
That every Truth accomplished ſhall ſtand,
By Declaration of ſome two or three;
And from their mouth receive ſtability:
Next unto this, to them he ſhew'd indeed,
His future ſuff'rings ſhould no way proceed
From lack of power to confound his foes,
But from his love to mankinde, hence he throws
Away his robe of weakneſſe, and grows rich
In glories veſture, whoſe embroider'd ſtitch
Bezaleel, for all his ſkill and art,
Ne'er paralell'd in whole, or yet in part:
And finally, to thoſe three firſt is ſhown
His glory; for they be the firſt muſt own,

His fellow ſufferings: leaſt then brethings they
Should feare his Croſſe, and ſo his cauſe betray;
He giver them here a glance of their reward
Which for their after ſufferings was prepar'd;
Thus on Mount *Tabors* top and lofty ſtage,
Thoſe three receive the greateſt priviledge
That ever mortals in the fleſh did ſee;
Being chain'd in bonds of baſe mortalitie;
But ô! no ſooner have they climb'd up there,
When loe, their Maſter kneeling in his prayer;
They fall aſleep, ſo weake is this our fleſh
That what the ſpirit deſires, it doth empoiſh;
Yet ſeldome doth the fleſh in quiet ſleep,
But ſome diſtemper to the ſoule doth creep;
Whil'ſt *Adam* ſlept, his rib was ſtolne away;
And ſleep did *Noahs* naked neſſe diſplay;
Whil'ſt *Sampſon* ſlept, his *Nazarits* haire gone;
The Church aſleep, diſknow'th her holy one;
In *Jaels* tent while *Siſara* ſleeps, he's kill'd;
Jonah from ſleep muſt wake ere th' ſea be ſtill'd;
Yea, if the maſter of the houſe doe ſnort,
The thiefe digs thorow, and the goods tranſport;
'Tis good therefore that men ſhould watch and pray,
That Chriſt may be their light, both night and day:
From ſleep then can thoſe three no ſooner wake,
When of their Maſter they doe notice take,
And finde his countenance clarifi'd as farre:
Beyond his wonted feature, as that ſtarre
Which gildes our midday, doth exceed that lamp
That cuts her capers in our midnight Camp;
And all his body deck'd with brighter beams
Then *Cynthia*, when ſhe's drunke with *Neptunes* ſtreams:

The new faln snow was never halfe so white,
The Fullers soape makes nothing so perfect,
Jobs snowy water, *Davids* hyssop drops;
VVhen from th' Alembicks cloud it softly hops,
Could never make a cloth so fresh and new,
As are his vestures in Celestiall hew;
Yea, with him *Moses* and *Elias* walk
In glory, and comfort him with their talke
Concerning those dread sufferings which he was
T' endure, by *Pilate* and by *Caiaphas*:
Ne'er could the heav'ns afford two fitter guests,
To talk with him of fastings or of feasts,
Then were those two; for *Moses* gave the Law,
And with *Elias* heav'n commanding aw
The following Prophets made the world to try
The power of th' Eternals verity;
Yet unto Christ both Law and Prophets tend,
From him they had beginning, he 's their end:
Now, to the world I see he did not come
T' undoe the Law, or Prophets, but to summe
Them both together, that to both he might
Be guide by day, and loadstarre in the night:
VVherefore then should we in our deepest joyes,
Forget our Crosse, or in our crossing toyes
Forget our glory, since our Saviour
Amid'st his richest glory can endure
To heare of crosses, sorrows, stripes and wrongs,
In stead of trophies, triumphs, shows, and songs;
'Tis fitting then that in our peace we think
Upon that wormwood cup we once must drink,
For humane minds doe best digest their gall,
VVhen expectation cooles their Madrigall.

Peter awake, beholds this glorious Trine,
And like a man awak'd from out his wine,
Cries to his master, 'tis good we be here,
O that I could three tabernacles reare,
The first for thee, my *Shilo* and *Messiah*,
Then one for *Moses*, then one for *Eliah*;
So should we spend our time in rest and peace,
Feeding upon the glory of thy face,
And being satiat with thy glories store,
Return to our sublunar toyls no more:
Now *Peter* tell me, art thou truly 'wake,
Or sleep'st thou still, that thus thou dost mistake?
Shall *Tabor* be thy dwelling place for ay?
Or shall my Saviour from his suffrings stay?
Shall *Moses* and *Eliah* still remain
On *Tabors* top, and not return again
To that Celestiall joy from whence they came?
Fie on those stag'ring wishes, fie for shame,
'Tis shame that men should give their fancies scope,
But greater shame to sleep their eyes being ope;
Or therefore speak the truth, or sleep thou still,
A drousie braine doth judgements project spill;
And yet I pardon thy ecstatique mood,
What thou didst speak, thou no wayes understood.
Now scarce hath *Peter* from a zeale bred fire
Evaporat those accents of desire,
When loe, from heaven a bright irradiat cloud
O'reshades the place whereas my Saviour stood,
And from on high did sound this loud, loud voyce,
Be glad ô heav'ns, and ô thou Earth rejoyce,
For here's my first born sonne, my best beloved,
Heare him, for in him onely, y' are approved;

It

At this dread ſight, and at this roaring call,
The three Diſciples to the earth down fall;
And like a man who with the Palſie's taken,
Their ſp'rits are troubled, and their ſenſes ſhaken:
But he who 's rich in mercy, drawing neer,
Firſt touches them, and ſo diſbands their fear;
Then bids them riſe, they by 's word made ſtrong,
Doe hope their former comforts to prolong:
But ah, in vaine! Jeſus ſtands there alone,
His Glory, *Moſes*, and *Eliah's* gone.
O what a cloud of witneſſe ſtanding here,
Our humane frailty to the world mak'th clear
Thoſe Saints of late did ſleep, then were o're joy'd
Then with a quiv'ring feare were overcloy'd:
Now recomforted, but God know'th how long:
'Tis ſtrange to ſee what a tumultuous throng
Of changes and viciſſitudes lay'th hold
On him who lives and moves upon the mold!
For nothing 's ſtable here beneath the ſun,
Perfection 's cloyed with imperfection,
Strength is contempered with humane weaknes,
Wiſdome with follie, health with ſmarting ſickneſs:
But when we ſhall ariſe to our better reſt,
And in our Maſters glory ſhall be plac'd,
Then ſhall our imperfections flye away,
And true perfection ſhall recleare our day;
For then the glory of our God ſhall hide
The ſpots and wrinkles of his virgin-bride,
And what in her is now with weaknes mix'd
Shall then in never fading ſtrength be fix'd;
For being chang'd unto his image, we
Shall figh no more becauſe of miſerie,

But

But being exalted to our all in all,
Our joyes ſhall flouriſh ſtill, and never fall.

The Hoſanna.

NE'er did my Saviour keep ſuch pompe and ſtate,
Ne'er was his traine ſo populous and great,
Ne'er did he take ſuch Majeſty upon him,
Ne'er was ſo many eyes at once fix'd on him,
As now, while as the day draw'th neer wherein
His night of death ſhould our lifes day begin.
Till now he puſh'd his journeys all on foot,
And meaſur'd *Judahs* circuits all about
Without or noiſe, or traine, or Prince-like ſtage
To attend him in a royall equipage;
But now being ready his pure blood to ſpend,
And bring our ſoules Redemption to an end,
He cloaths himſelfe with Majeſty indeed,
As beſt befitted royall *Davids* ſeed:
From *Bethphage* then fire he two ſervants ſends
To Syons ſuburbs, and thus ſaith, There ſtands
An Aſſe, and by her ſide her Colt one by de,
Goe bring the aſſe hither, for I now muſt ride;
If any aſke of you, why doe you ſo?
Say, I have need, and they ſhall let you goe.

His

His two disciples goe, and as he told
So finde they all things, therefore they make bold,
And bring the Asse unto him with all haste,
So forth he goeth to keep the Paleov's feast;
The asse and colt whereon he rides, his store
Of pomp and acclamation were before
Prognosticat by zacharie, and all
According to the Scriptures verdict fall;
The Colt whereon he rides, did ne'r till now
Her tender back to any burthen bow,
Yet to his burthen now she stoopeth down
As one accustom'd to subjection;
The best apparell which the people wore
Are made his foot-cloths, Some doe run before,
Some follow after; bowes are pluck'd from trees,
Applauding clangor to the heav'n up-flies,
And noble Palm-tree sprigs are thrown th' way,
That all succeeding times may Merle that day;
Hosannah to the Highest, is their word,
And blest'd be he that commeth from the Lord:
And yet in all this masque and royall guise
There's nothing but a cloud of mysteries;
For, by the Asse the Jewes are understood,
And by the Colt the Gentiles: for, the food
Of spirituall bread and water first must flow
From *Judah's* fountaine, and thereafter goe
Unto the way of all the Gentiles, that
God may, in both, be truly celebrate;
The Jewes indeed, like to this Asse, ev'n now
Their necks to *Moses* legall yoak did bow,
The Gentiles, like the Colt, have not as yet
Submitted their proud necks t'obtemperie,

Chrysost. in.

Hieronim. But having snuff'd the wind upon their pleasure,
Now in their mouths so much do rank the Gospel verses:
Remigius. The garments with the which the asselles did gather,
Hilarius. Those beasts, declare their doctrine, which betoken'd
Both Jew and Gentile to espouse that Lamb:
Who into th' world for their redemption came:
The garments which the people threw i' th' way,
That after-love unto the Lamb display;
Whereby th' Apostles and the Martyrs shall
Seale with their blood Truths testimonial:
The Palm-tree sprigs, which from their stems are cut
And cast into the way, do point us out
The Fathers faith and constant hope, who by
The storms of worldly torments though they dye,
Yet cannot be cut from that root and stem
From which they hope an eternall diadem:
Hosanna to the Sonne of *David*, they cri'd
That he is true man, and when more he cri'd
To heaven, by a heavenly generation,
Is shut up in [*the highest*] acclamation.
O thou the fairest 'mongst the sonnes of men
In majesty and triumph ride thou then,
Because that truth and righteousnes thou brings,
And thy right hand shall teach terrible things.

In this so rich a pomp, and pompous store
Unto *Jerusalem* rides my Saviour:
Jerusalem was of old the royall seat
Of Kings, Priests, Prophets, dul'inaugurat;
Kings there did raigne, for there was *David's* throne;
Priests there did offer their oblation;
Amidst their streets, and on their sacred Temple
The Prophets fix'd their oracles so ample:

Hither

Hither doth now the great *Messiah* come,
King, Priest, and Prophet; that to all, and some
He might make known the path of life, and be
King, Priest, and Prophet to eternity:
As King he rides along their streets, and there
The clangors of *Hosanna* pierce the aire;
As Priest into the Temple straight he goes,
And thence the buyers unto flight throwes;
And as a Prophet there he doth foretell
The finall fall and foyl of *Israel*.

Oft hath he view'd *Jerusalem* as now
With small regard, or aspect of her crew;
But now the City's all in, both more and lesse,
And earnestly doe cry, who's this? who's this?
As when the Sages, at the first, brought newes
That there was born a Monarch to the Jewes,
Herod, and all the town were in commotion,
To heare from strangers mouths so strange a notion,
So now, while as they see him cast aside
The rags of baseness, and in pomp to ride,
In fear, and in commotion, path they range, (strange:
And what before seem'd naught, doth now seem
Such be our soules in their still changing state,
While as we sit secure and desolate,
Bound in the fetters of iniquity,
We dream not of change nor new oeconomy;
But when with our corruptions Grace doth suffle,
And our impostors their false doore doth shuffle,
Straight all the angels of our trembling heart
Doe from the inmost retire, and hide in part
What meaning this strange stuff, but well mis-know,
With hopes I hatch he now drown'd thy wrinkled brow?

Hath he not wedded thee for his cute Bride,
And left the widow-world to weep beside,
Hath he not given thee by wedding token
Hath he not earl and lose in thy dear bosom
Hath he not, as the hen, fought for and shaded
Thy chicks under his wings? hath he not fed
Thy starving troops, and thy diseases healed,
And unto thee his Testament will reveal?
Why dost thou then so slowly bend? O, look on him,
And fixe thy soules affections still upon him.
Aſk *Moses* what he is, and he shall say
The womans seed, who should the Serpent slay.
Aſk *Abraham*, he shall say he is the Ram
Who made his *Isaac* escape the knife and flame.
Aſk Jacob, he will tell you that it is he
Who *Shiloh*-like gives *Judah* liberties.
Aſk *David*, and he truly shall declare
He is his Grand-childe, and his righteous heire.
Aſk *Esay*, and his Prophecy shall tell
He's very God and man, *Immanuel*.
Aſk *Jeremie*, he calls him Righteous branch.
Aſk *Daniel*, he tells you he did quench
The fiery furnace, and's the stone that's cut
From out the mount without mans hand or foot,
And boldly daunteth all the worlds Empire,
And at his next return shall burn 'gainſt fire.
Aſk *John* the Baptiſt, he shall tell you plain
He is the Lamb of God, immaculate.
Aſk God himself, he cryes, This is my Sonne:
Aſk of the Devill, he harpes the self same tune.
Aſk of the windes, and fire, and rocks, and grave,
The sea, the moon, and all the world had have,

And

And they ſhall all confeſſe him to be God,
Who in our fleſh doth make his true abode.
Amidſt this cloud of witneſſe, how canſt thou
Great *Salem*, ſo diſknow thy Bridegroom now?
Thy eyes are blinde, thy eares are deaf, thy heart
Is hard as flint, leſt he ſhould thee convert:
But ſince all things acknowledge him as God,
I ſee not how thou canſt eſcape his rod,
Who in ſo cleer a night doſt undervalue
The Sonne of God, and count it his Councels ſhallow.
In this his pomp and royall acclamation
He at the Temple makes his journies ſtation:
And ſurely now his Temple hath moſt need
Of any thing, to be firſt purifi'd;
Her gold was turn'd to droſſe, her watchmen were
Become dumb dogs, and meerly ſecular,
Her builders were deſtroyers, and her chiefe
Governors lov'd to play the wolfe and thiefe,
Her *Nazarites* are black as any coale,
Her high-Prieſts zeale unto the world is ſtole,
And this her hid impoyſon'd ſource and ſpring
To all the Kingdome doth corruption bring;
For as the brains, the liver, and the heart
Being wholſome kept, and found in every part,
The body in true life and vigour ſtandeth,
And every joynt it's ſev'rall uſe commandeth;
But thoſe being once enulcerat, then all
The body by Tabaſek rumours fall:
So, while Gods houſe her purity doth keep,
Religion makes the land in peace to ſleep;
But if the Altars once become impure,
The Common-wealth dy'th of an impoſture.

Here therefore doth my Saviour first dispose
His fathers house in order, and disclose
The hidden fraud and sacrilegious straine
That Priest and People there did entertaine.

Here did the bankrup and the money-chearer,
Erect their rookings, and their lew'd Thearer;
Here did the shepheard bring his sheep to sell,
Here made the drover all his outcry dwell;
Here did the pigeons, there the turtles lye,
And to the Temples turn'd a butchery;
And what's the worst of ills, all this is done
Under the pretext of Religion:
Ah me! how fare is the pretext, but foule
The practises of this Levitique Schoole?
When *Simon* and *Leui* meant to slay
The *Sechemites*, Religion op'd their way;
When *Saul* saves *Agag* and his flocks alive,
Religion did to's sinne a cloake contrive;
When *Herod* meant our Saviours blood to spill,
His words spoke Worship, but his heart said Kill;
Those be the waves of Man, but ah, 'tis shame
That when man sinneth God should bear the blame:
A three fold whip therefore my Saviour makes,
And whips their beasts from their empayling stakes,
Their doves and pigeons he let loose to flie,
The Colybists proud banquet o'rturneth he;
And to the rod he doth this word conioyne,
Take those things hence, and frame where else purloyne,
For it is written, This my fathers house
Should serve for prayer, not for Merchants use;
But where your fathers house my sonne bears sway,
As in a den of thiefs, you do it beare.

But tell me, Saviour, wherefore flame thine eyes,
Whence doth this spleen and agony arise,
How is the Lambe now chang'd into a Lyon,
And who hath chang'd to *Sinay* our calm *Sion*?
O pardon me me my God, those lashing stroaks,
Those whips, those blows, those soul-subduing yoaks
Which those poore sacrilegious Ruffians beare,
Doe make it as a lanthorn shine most cleare,
That as in Justice thou dost mercy show,
So in thy mercy thou dost Justice know,
For both in thee doe from Eternity dwell,
They neither ebb too much, nor too much swell,
But by a due contemp'rature they shin'd,
Mercy with Judgement, wrath with love combin'd.
Ne'er did a Planet of so milde aspect
Infuse so strange an influence and effect
On a sublunar or an earthly theam,
As doth this Reformations rapid stream
Worke upon some who did behold it: for
No sooner hath my blessed Saviour
Joyn'd to the rod and whip of his correction,
The salutary motto of instruction,
Then loe, his twelve Disciples straight are led
To rouze their memyr's from oblivions shade,
And call to minde, what *David* doth record,
Thy houses zeale hath eate me up O Lord,
And by beholding of that fact and place
They know their Master for the Prince of peace;
But on the hardned heart of th' abject Jew
Whose sides and backs were with his blowes yet blew,
It worketh nothing but a deep disdaine,
Rancor, revenge, and all that curled traine.

Of

Of furies, which *Erynnis* in her Cell
Can beg or borrow from the deep of hell.
Maſter, ſay they, what ſigne doſt thou now ſhow
That thou doſt thoſe things? we would gladly know
By what authority, or ſoveraign might
Thou bringſt thy Reformation to this height?
A ſigne? ſaith he, O froward generation!
O ſerpent-iſſue of a ſinfull Nation!
You ſeek a ſigne, as if you would believe,
But this I tell you, you no thing ſhall have
Save that of *Jonah*; for as three dayes he
VVas ſwallow'd by a whale i'th' deep o'th' Sea,
So ſhall the ſonne of man for mans trelpaſſe
Lye buried in the Earth for three dayes ſpace;
Deſtroy therefore this Temple, and behold
Within three dayes I will the ſame re-build,
And rear it up again, as free from ſinne
So free from all corruptions withering.
Thus having ſpoke, his eyes which did of late
Flaſh forth the flames of fury and of hate,
Drown'd now in briniſh teares, doe ſtill encall
His ſorrowing ſoule to ſigh this madrigall:
Jeruſalem, Jeruſalem, who kilſt
The Prophets, and doſt make their bloody rills
Diſtain thy ground, and grind'ſt their fainting face
Who all the day long preach to thee thy Peace,
Would God thou couldſt acknowledge in thy day
The things that poinr thy peace, or thy decay!
So deſolacion ſhould not lift her hand
Againſt this City, nor againſt this Land:
But ah! thoſe things are hidden from thine eyes,
And thou art drunk, yea, drown'd in miſeries;

For

For God who alwaies doth thy sinnes abhorre,
Takes no delight to chastise ever more,
And alwayes chide with man; yet one sound blow
Of Justice shall repay what he doth ow
To mens forgot prevarication,
So righteous is his rod and indignation,
That when mens Cup of sinne doth over-top,
He fills his Cup of wrath, and man drinks 't up.

Here ends ASTRÆA,
OR
The second week.

Gloria Patri & Filio.

U MEL-

For God who always doth thy sinnes abhorre,
Takes no delight to chastise ever more,
And always chides with mans vnconstant blow
Of Iustice that repay what he doth ow
To mans fauor preuication,
Sorrie compassion and indignation,
Then when mans Cup of sinne doth ouer-top,
He fills his Cup of wrath, and mans drink vp.

Here ends ASTRÆA,
OR
The second week.

Gloria Patri & Filio.

MELPOMENE.

On this Laſt Scene we read a Tragick ſtory
How Judas did betray the Lord of Glory,
How in Gethſemane a garden Chriſt ſweet blood
How he was taken by a multitude,
How he was judged and condemn'd to die,
How he was rack'd and nail'd t'a curſed tree,
How from the grave he riſeth up again,
And ſcales the heav'nly Melpomene mayn.

The Conſpiracy.

WHEN [illegible] did overcome
[illegible] Generall of Rome;
[illegible] did deſert
[illegible] Fauor of the Warlike ſtate,
No bigger was't their fame and praiſe abroad
Nor did as [illegible] now envy ſhroud:
For ſeldome doth [illegible] game the day
But ſquint-ey'd Leaſt [illegible]
Though

So whil'st *Christ Jesus* in *Judea* doth
Display his divine and his humane truth,
By stilling of the Oceans untam'd stage,
By curbing of the *Hyperborean* rage,
By raising of the dead from death's cold hands,
By losing men and women from hells bands,
By purging of his Fathers glorious Temple,
Whose Reformation makes his fame more ample:
But straight as did his fame mount to a top,
Right so did envy strive to break it up:
The Pharisees, the Scribes, and Priests therefore
Conveen a Councell, wherein they deplore
The sad succeeding ills which might ensue,
If they his speedy fame should not subdue:
Barban hath once already sought t' assaile,
The crazie bulwarks, and the batter'd wall
Of humane nature, wherein God doth show
The great affection he to man doth ow;
Here once againe, with a redoubled wrong,
He makes his front more fierce, redoubts more strong,
And, as a recrue, bring'th with him a main
Battalion of Church-men for his traine;
For what one cannot doe, that many may,
And sad experience teacheth this alway:
They come together then, unto one place,
Whom love did never joyne, this head of grace:
For they the wayes of peace have never known,
They sought not what was Gods, but what their owne:
Who can but wonder at this Convention,
And foule discordance of accordation,
Though *Cain* and his brother *Abel* did,
Although 'gainst *Esau* his brother *Jacob* hid,

Though *Esau* doe his brother *Jacob* hate,
Though *Saul* envy the happy *Davids* state,
Though *Simeon* and *Levi* *Joseph* kill,
And thrust him in a deep and hopelesse pit,
Though cruell *Jesabel*, proud *Achabs* wife,
For *Nabaths* vineyard doe take *Nabaths* life,
It is not strange for since th' Eternall did
The womans seed from Sathans seed divide,
There hath been, is, and ever shall remaine
A horrid gulfe of hatred them betweene,
And till th' eternall Conqu'rour gain the field
Their conflicts cannot e're be reconcil'd:
Whil'st then we see the worlds great Monarchs all,
Kingdomes, Empires, Republicks great and small
Combine themselves against the Lords anoynted,
As though Earth's axle tree were all disjoynted;
Yet let no man who's been a sonne of thunder,
Be brought to gaze in with the eyes of wonder,
For though the counsels of *Achitophel*,
The threats of *Saul*, and *Achabs Jesabel*
The fi'ry furnace, and the Lyons den
Doe rage and rore against the sonnes of men,
Yet shall the sonnes of God, by his great might
Shine as the Sunne in his Meridian light;
Their flesh may perish by the fire and sword,
But God preserves their soules alive by's word.
What shall we doe, say they, if a man lives
The world runs after him, he will deprive
Us of our honour, and the Romane Nation
Shall quickly drive us from this habitation,
We have nor eyes to see, nor ears to heare,
Nor hearts to understand what danger's neare,

Saith *Caiaphas*, for 'tis more fitting farre
That one should perish, than the fowre of war
Should swallow upon [illegible] rebound about,
Disturbe our shore, and our lives put out.
This spoke he, not so much of his own wit,
As he, who in the heav'n of heav'ns doth sit,
Did by this High Priests mouth his truth foretell,
And how he meant to save his Israel.
O God! how would you strange and different be
The different actors of this Tragedie?
For in this plot I doe perceive still foure
Opposed aspects, on my Saviour,
Th' Almighty he hath his right hand first,
Sathan his left hand next and still succours,
The great Archbishop for the third room pleads,
And *Judas* last, for gain, will sell his head.
As though God had decreed from all Eternitie,
To pay the ransome of our miserie
In his sonnes blood; yet have they needs a hand,
Whose fingers had the deepest touch therein;
For whil'st they, in a hid intent doe erode
The sonne of God in darkned bonds to binde,
Th' Almighty doth [illegible]
And eyes them all [illegible]
For as the [illegible]
Here drown'th a field, there doth refresh the grass;
Or as the [illegible]
Makes this flowre flourish, there to shrink away,
So what the world [illegible]
Gods providence [illegible]
That what they [illegible]
His wisdome [illegible]

O what a world of wonders doe concurre
While as th' Almighties hand o'rerules the sturre
Of humane actions! for his unseen fingers
Doe curbe the fraction of their strongest hingers:
Sometimes he suffers sinne, and lends her being,
Then takes she straw wings, and soars a fleeing;
Sometimes he stops her course, and makes her stay,
And then for her inseare she findes no way;
Sometime he sets about her such a border,
That she cannot transgresse her limi'ted order;
Sometimes he sits at helm, and, fer as stern,
Doth her unequall motions so govern,
That in her proudest straits, let her doe what
She will, he still doth hould immaculat,
Leaving foul sinne to Sathans foul direction,
Whil'st he lends onely power unto the action.
As when the sun hath on a dunghill shin'd
Where many hid corruptions lay combin'd,
The stench proceeds not from the Suns pure ray,
But from the hid corruption therein lay;
So, whil'st by sinne man doth transgresse Gods lawes,
God, of the sinne, must not be called the cause;
But man, abusing his freewill
By concupiscence, doth prove guilty still.
O God, how hid's thy ways! who can beguile
Thy frown of justice, or thy mercies smile?
For man, unbidde thou bodily is bound and fred,
Enfranchised, and in captivitie,
His will is free, for it is no subject'd,
Yet notwithstanding, all his workes be sinne
Are captivat; and man can doe no thing
Then thy good [illegible] before.

When Thus

Thus be those hellish hounds with envy big
'Gainst *Dauids* righteous heire, and *Iesse* sprig;
And that they may the better act their parts,
They charge their Serjeants, with dissembling hearts,
To goe and take him where soeer they could,
And for their paines doe promise heaps of gold.
Me thinks I see that foul malignant spirite
Who doth eternall darkenesse for inherite,
Sitting at top of this lewd Councell-table,
Breath this advice to his unhallow'd rabble;
My friends, saith he, you descant on a theame
Whereon depends ignominious shame,
Or never fading honour; strive therefore,
T'acquit your selves as men, for I abhorre
That, in such exployts, those which follow me
Should faint for feare, or swerve for infamie;
Dally no more with strangers for this fact,
A home-bred traitor 's fittest for this act,
For when a stranger stands afarre for fear,
A bold Domestique dar'th, and draweth neare;
'Tis long since I did know the wayes of man,
'Tis long since I his greatest strength did scan,
Yet did I never finde so safe a way
As by a friend upon a friend to prey:
With *Adam* when at first I meant to wrestle,
I caught the Linot in his breast did nestle,
And by that rib which from his side was taken
I knock'd his pate, since then I alwayes
Whil'st *Sampson*, that *Nazarite*, kept his haire,
Nor *Gath* nor *Ekron* could with him compare;
But when in Gaza *Dalilah* pinn'd his harp,
He found that strength

When

When no man could prevaile for a Bell, Book and Candle
At *Rama* or *Mizpeh*, then did I unfold
A lying spirit in *Zedekiah's* mouth,
He play'd the Prophet, and bid fair the match;
In vain therefore you doe this man assaile
By strength of hand: Desire you so prevaile?
Conduce with *Judas*, let him have some gain;
I fire the match, he blowes it, by you the train.
This spoke, like to a Persian Decree,
Dagon doth seale the Statute, hence go they:
But ô, how wofull wretches be all you
Who to this statute and decree doe bow!
It had been good, that you had ne're been born,
Better not be at all, than be forlorn.
They call upon for *Judas*, he doth come,
They greet him with applauding welcome home,
They doe intreat him that he would betray
His master to them? he at first sayes nay;
But being urg'd, he sayes, what will you give,
And I shall bring him to you safe alive?
They give him thirty silv'rings for his pay,
And he to catch his master goes away.
Of late, that spirit who feeds on endlesse fire,
Did put a snare of Mammons foul desire
Before my Master, that worlds plenteous store
Might make him worship him: and what is more,
Of late, I heard thee, very *Judas*, say
To *Mary Magdalen*, what meanes this pray
And store of precious ointment? were it sold,
And put in treasure for the poor, it would
Afford three hundred pence to ease their need,
Their backs to cover, and their bellies feed:

Where's now thy Piety, and pity gone
How is thy soft heart turn'd to a heart of stone?
Ah now I see th'art [illegible]
For he is perhaps who [illegible]
[I will deliver him to you] thou say'st,
But this is more, proud worm than thou may'st,
Had not his Father giv'n him by Decree,
Had he not given him of his owne willingly,
Had not the holy Ghost anoynted him
To be a sacrifice for humane crime,
Nor damned thou, nor all the Devils of hell
Could make one haire from off his head to fall;
But now the bargain's made, the price is payd,
The Sonne of Man to sinners is betray'd,
The Passeover that night must needs be kill'd,
And so th'Almighty Father's will fulfill'd.
No man doth shew himselfe more apt or bent
To snatch the seale of the old Testament,
Then he who stands the better Covenants foe,
That he partakes, and feels this other woe;
O foul hypocrisie! deep indurasion!
That cares not for true piety, but fashion,
And by his fraud seeks to blind-fold the eyes
Of that great God, who, unseen, all things sees?
They sit at table, and the Passeover eat,
Jesus beholding this white Devil at meat,
Cries, Verily some one that sits nigh by
Hath sold me, and this night shall me betray:
Who would not think, but shame in Judas face
Should have bewray'd both him and his trespasse?
But sinne's bad custome hath so steel'd his brow,
That he, to blush for shame, forgetteth now;

Of all the reſt, each one can ſcarcely hold fro
Tell me, good Maſter, is it ſo, or no?
The Maſter for a time could hold his peace,
Then opes his mouth, and bends into his face
Layes down the modell of his treacherous way,
That to his future ſtate he might diſplay,
It cannot be, ſaith Chriſt, but offence will come,
Offences, but woe to the man by whom
The ſonne of man ſhall be betray'd, it had
Been good for him, a mill-ſtone had been layd
About his neck, and then preſſed down
Should have been thrown into the deepeſt Sea;
Yea, good it had been for him, that his mother
His dam had never borne him. All this he doth ſmother,
And with a bold out-facing impudence
Speak plainly, Maſter, tell me, is it I
Chriſt having charg'd him by his accuſation,
For his indictment addes this affirmation,
Now thou haſt ſaid it, what thou doſt, goe doe,
Take here the ſop I reach thee, goe, goe too,
And what thou doſt, doe quickly, for the will
Of my great Father I thirſt to fulfill,
Nor will I drink more of this gripe of wine
Till in the heav'ns I drink it fresh and fine.
No ſooner hath he ſpoke thoſe words, when loe
Sathan, mans hateful and devouring foe,
Entreth in Judas, and doth take poſſeſſion
Of his foule heart, for all his faire profeſſion:
Some ignorant by-ſtander would have thought,
Surely this man ſome ſpecial good hath wrought,
That thus his Maſter doth him honour,
And one by grace him with his ſpecial ſop

O, but by outward gifts no man can prove
Either Gods righteous justice, or his love;
For many times the wicked have excelled,
While as the right could perish in distresse;
Better it had been for that false Disciple
That he no lamb should eat, or wine could tipple,
Then that by their vile means Sathan should
Make his foul heart his secret den and hold:
Not that or bread or wine could keep within
Their secret holds such a snare for sinne;
Or that a sop, dipt in the lowest sauce,
Of such a base effect could be the cause,
No, that were hard, no man should then digest
His daily bread, but Sathan should infest
Their soules, as captives unto him, were it so
That by their food he could their soules orthrow:
No, no, that bread and wine were then no more
A common dyet, as they were before,
But Sacraments all then they were, and thus
Exchang'd from common, to a sacred use;
He who did eat them without faith and love,
Did reap no profit to his soules behove;
But he who in true faith those morsels eat,
Receiv'd a better and spirituall meat,
Even that true bread of life that came from heaven,
And that true wine which to the Saints is given:
Judas foul heart being emptied of all grace,
It was no wonder though the Devill took place
Within his soule, and made him seven times more
The sonne of *Sathan*, then he was before.
Let all such then as in Gods house appointed
Eat of his bread, and drink his wine with feare,

For as one house together cannot hold
The God of *Israel*, and base *Dagons* mold,
So, in mans secret soule or hidden heart
God will have nothing, if the Dev'll have part:
If *Jerubbael* serve the Lord above,
He must cut down his fathers heath'nish grove;
If *Tarshish* ships would safe sale home to shore,
A flying *Jonas* they must hug no more;
And if a Lawyer would goe safe to heaven,
He must forget or five, or six, or seaven;
For God is one, and loveth no division,
A gracious Union is his best provision:
Were *Achan* living, he would tell thee truth,
That poverty excells that wealth which doth
Mans honour unto shame and sorrow sell,
And well-nigh makes his soule a slave to hell:
Rejected *Saul*, who spared *Amalecks* flock,
Were he alive, would still hold *Samuels* cloak,
And never let him goe, till he goe grace
By true repentance to redeem his race.
Blest'd is the man, who, since he naked come
Into the world, and naked must turn home,
Doth, by the shelter of his quiet fire,
Make food and raiment curb his vast desire:
For Worlds, Empires, & Courts, & Crowns, & Kings
Are rich in cares, when Rest hath better things;
But peace of Conscience makes the soule rejoyce
More then this world and all her fading toyes.

The Agonie.

CONTEMPLATION.

WHat man in heav'n could truly know Christs Passion
Then let him read that Lecture in this fashion,
First, as a Story, next a Gospell then,
A Pattern last, a Benefit to men:
A story first it is, whereof all may know
That God in heav'n governs the world below;
And Gospell 'tis, which teacheth us how God
Converts our serpents to an useful rod;
A pattern 'tis, which doth bid all our crosses
Command that patience counterpoise our losses;
A benefit at last it brings to such
As by true faith this garments hem do touch:
O that we could first know aright, then trust,
Then imitate, then hold this as best just!
So should we be learn'd Schollers, faithfull Saints,
Obsequious Servants, rich Participants:
But ah, our wishes and our weak desires
Cannot suffice to blow those zeal-bred fires
Which on *Jove's* sacred altars still should burn,
And our oblations unto ashes turn:
Come therefore, let us view that Paschall Lamb
Whose blood disdain'd the cursed tents of *Ham*,

And

And drenching *Goshen* doors with wrathful hand
Did smite the first-born in all *Misraim* land:
But ay me, where shall I begin to wonder
At thee, dread Monarch, mighty sonne of thunder,
Eternities sole word, and first-born sonne,
Heav'ns promis'd, Earth accomplish'd Holy one?
Thy majesty the very heav'ns admire,
Thy power in the world doth still appeare,
Thy Justice all the damn'd in hell doe know,
Onely to man thou dost thy Mercy show:
Come then, great God, thou mans propitiation,
Teach me the fittest way how I may dare
My pen, t'expresse the fearfull agonie
Thou suffer'dst for us in *Gethsemanie*;
Time, place, and person are the fittest square
To make this building truly regular:
If any shall enquire the period when
Thou didst begin to suffer for us men,
Scripture doth say, it was a darkned houre,
While as the sonnes of darknesse had most power.
The place is known, *Gethsemane* garden, for
'Twas meet, that where *Adam* did fall before,
There thou, the second, should'st in bloody swear
Repaire the former ill of our lost estate:
The person who sustains this weight of woe,
Is very God, and very Man also,
God, that his worth might Gods wrath satisfie,
Man, that in weakness he might smart and dye.
O but this time and houre must yet be shown
A little more, sometimes 'tis call'd thy own,
Sometime 'tis thine, That we may know the night,
Disperse our cloudy doubt, and give us light.

To

To speak the truth, at first this houre was theirs,
Then thine, then ours; on these three paire of staires
Time tripping up and down, hath made the course
Of our redemption to perfect her course:
Their time it was of sinne and sinfull wrath,
Such was the power both of sinne and death;
Thy houre it was of suffering and of smart,
For feare and anguish did oppresse thy heart;
Our houre it also was, for then began
The expiation of the sinnes of man;
Their houre of darknesse, and thy houre of death,
Our houre of life, and liberty from wrath:
When thou (great master) first at *Cana's* wedding
Turn'd water into wine, at *Maries* bidding,
I heard thee check her, and in seeming wrath,
As if she had ev'n sinned to the death,
Say, woman, what have I to doe with thee?
My houre is not yet come, get thee from me:
Of late, when from a steep high mountain they
Intend to throw thee down, thou shrunk'st away,
And giving place unto their furious fume,
Thou told'st them that thy houre was not yet come:
Since then, when high-Priests, Pharisees, and all
Thy foes together did conspire thy fall,
Thou told'st them, as a program of their doome,
They toyl'd in vain, thy houre was not yet come;
How many houres of honor hast thou had?
How many times hast thou been worshipped?
When Sages from the East did presents bring,
And layd them at thy feet, as *Juries* King;
When in the desert Angels brought thee meat,
And by their service did proclaim thy State;

When

When on a day Father thy bright face did shine,
And heav'ns proclaim'd thy welcome of thine divine
Inheritance, when Nature stood adoring
With loud Hosanna's to thee as their King,
Although those houres were ally and always great,
Yet did'st thou not account their pompe a feate
Worthy to have the name of thy great houre,
But when thou com'st to make our Sword thy power,
That houre thou tak'st, and only counts it thine,
Because in it thy Father did propine
That cup of wrath to thee, man should have drunk,
If thou from his fierce wrath had'st fled or shrunk.
While thou, with thy great Father, and his Spirit,
Before all time did'st all times merit,
All houres were thine, all times, and all their hours
Did bow their knees to thee at thy devotion;
Yea, when unto thy Image man was made,
And for his use the world was furnished,
Thou had'st the Stars, the Sun, and Moon to shine,
And serve for poore mans use, but not for thine;
Man had, and hath all times at his command,
Sometime he sits, and sometime he doth stand,
Sometime he laughs, and sometime softly weeps,
Sometime he watcheth, sometime sweetly sleeps,
Sometime he builds, sometime he doth destroy,
Sometime he's dumpish, sometime sings with joy;
All those do stand and bow'd unto man's will,
At his direction their wheels do and fill
But thou to time hast chosen, save this one
Poore houre of darknesse, this thou call'st thine own,
Nor dost thou seek for time to serve thine use,
Thou bring'st time to thee, and time obeys,

In this dark hours of lighting shadowes
The *Asshur* of God, the fatal rod
Ne'er did the wounded Deere with more desire
Run to the water brooks to quench his fire,
Then thou doft thirst to taste that woefull cup
Which *Adam's* wrath red hand could not beare up,
Man thou didst make at first, and him to heavenly
Thus for his refuse from Gods wrathful belowes
Thee to be Man, and all his sinnes sustain
To reunite him to his God againe
Such love as yet hath no man known,
As thou must the sinnes of men bear shown,
This love that *Dauid* in *Spirit* did beare,
Before all time *Wisdomes* gold-locks of haire
Wish'd his thy love cannot be parallel'd,
Thy love's eternall, man's by time is quell'd,
The old Passeover being finish'd, now
The *Eucharist* succeeds doth in that flow,
Then sing a Psalme, and praise the mighty God
Who brought his *Israel* out from *Egypts* rod
Then sayd my Saviour, Now the houre draw's neer
Of my dread sufferings, all of you shall here,
By me this night shall be offended, for
'Tis writ, The shepheard I will smite, therefore
The sheep shall all be scattered anon,
And I poor sorrow shall be left alone,
Yet come, thus, thus it needs must be, for so
The Prophets have fore-spoken long ago.
This *Peter* heareth, and with pride oppress'd,
As if his heart were steel'd, his bones were brass'd,
He saith, though vainly, Master, whilst you shall
We run from thee, though all the world should fall,

And shrink from thee, yet will I never leave thee
Till dust and earth doe of my life bereave me.
Peace *Peter*, saith my Saviour, hold thy peace,
Before the Cock crow twice, even to my face
Thou shalt deny me thrice, and by base feare
Of this thy life, thou shalt my love forswear.
Thus out they goe, and over *Kedrons* brooke,
Whereas Mount Olive, overshading looke
Covers *Gethsemane's* garden, there they stay,
But Jesus go'th aside, and thus doth pray:
Father, the houre is come, now glorifie
Thy Sonne, as he hath glory giv'n to thee,
All such as thou didst give me, I have kept,
And none of them hath perish'd, save that sheep
Or rather childe of wrath and of perdition,
For him thou didst not give to my tuition;
This is eternall life, that man should know
Thee for true God, and me thy Sonne also,
This I have taught them, this doe they believe,
Eternall life by this doe thou them give,
I pray not for the world, for them I pray
That they in me by faith may alwayes stay;
I doe not pray that from the world thou take them,
But that thou in the world doe not forsake them,
For while they in the world remain, they're hated,
And for my names sake shall be ill intreated,
But I have kept them in thy name, and they
Both know they doe believe, and thee obey,
Keep them therefore, O Father, by thy truth,
Thy word is truth, they have it from my mouth,
Nor doe I pray for them alone, but eke
For all these Elect Ones, who salvation seek

By faith (begotten by their word) in me:
O let them share in my felicitie,
For thou and I, O righteous God, are one,
Let them with us have also unions;
That as thou art in me, and I in thee,
So they may be made one with us truelie,
And by their joyuture with us we may shun
Sinne, death, and hell, and condemnation.

Thus hath his prayer, and now returning, he
To *Peter*, *James*, and *John*, familiarlie
Gives this forewarning, Watch and pray, lest that
Your restlesse foe doe catch you in his net:
He go'th again unto his former station,
To taste the first fruits of his bitter passion;
He kneeleth down to pray, but sense of wrath
Makes him crie, My soule unto the death
Is heavy, Father, if it be thy will
Take this cup from me, let not thy wrathe fill
Lay more upon me then my strength can beare,
O heare me, Father, how thine eare and heare.
But ah! his Agony waxing still more great,
Through his pure veins and pores, a bloody sweat
Doth from his body so bedew the ground,
As if from Adam's prickie had gone a wound:
Three several times in this perplexed state
Doth Christ the selfe same words iterate;
Father, he cryeth still, O let this cup
Passe from me, but I cannot drink it up,
Yet if it be thy will, let it be so,
Thy will, and not my own, I come to doe,
Father, againe I pray thee let this house
Passe from me, for 'tis in thine owne power,

Yet for this hour
Where's now
Why should I
No, though I
Not my will
Which
Now all this
What
A Lethargy upon their
Or how
And though he
They doe return
Thou
Under that
Doe by an
That
Who can behold the
What was it
And see the
Upon
And not be
That
To view the
Say
What griefe, what
Which
That
Can finde no
Or was
To curbe his
That
O *Bozra*, now I see
O *Rama*, now
Those
O *Rachel*, now
And justly
From *Edoms*
Hoping to
Thou couldst
Alone, and
What
But ah me
Hence were
Thy wonted
Hence were
Of consolations,
To thy Disciples
A man alone,
Where's now the
Thy presence doth

Where's now the comfort of that great comforter,
Thy rod and shepheards crook where wouldst to come?
Where's now the promise of that great comforter,
Which thou didst make the stay of our soules supporter?
What shall become of us poore wretched flocks,
Of hyssop how shall we endure the rubs,
And grosser parts of our affections, when
Thou, lo[st] Lambe, the sorrowes and woes of men,
Under that burthen and that load of wrath,
That should presse man down to the second death?
What was it Saviour, tell me, that did lay
Upon thy backe, with such impetuous sway?
That made thee with a sad redoubled groane,
Say that thy soule to th' gates of death was throwne?
What was it feare of death, and fore-felt-paine
That made thee in Gethsemane so complaine?
Or was't the thought of thy ensuing Crosse,
That made that voice this discontent'd voyce?
No, no, farre be't from us to wrong thee so;
Those sighs, those groanes, and grief redoubled woe,
Did from another deeper fountaine spring
Send forth their ruthfull wofull warbling,
It was the soulfull burthen of mans sinne,
Joyn'd with the Deaths due, that did begin
This woefull combat in thy soule for me,
What we should suffer, there didst undergoe;
Hence were thy groanes, thy bloody sweats, and tears,
Hence were the struglings, passions of thy soule,
As man alone, thou could'st not them controle,
The spirit of man is easily made faine,
But who can beare th' almighties deep displeasure?

To see the Sonne of God freest drops of blood
[illegible]
And yet no wonder that [illegible]
Produce effect that [illegible];
If hell and death, [illegible],
If flesh be weak, and [illegible] feeble,
What wonder was it, [illegible],
Thou of th' Eternall wrath wast [illegible]?
The wonder is, how thou [illegible]
Knowing our sickness and our sad condition,
Could'st [illegible]
Refresh our [illegible]
O that in this thy wofull [illegible]
We could but read our own [illegible]
So should our [illegible]
Th' eternall throbbings of [illegible]
But since we cannot, as we would, recall
Our misspent time, and so repaire our [illegible]
O teach us in our lives to [illegible]
That with thee we may [illegible]
Of comfort in our [illegible]
Once make us to enjoy thee face to face,
Yea, let the pattern way be what it will,
Let griefe, and [illegible],
Beat down our outward Man, [illegible]
Our inner man more strong by [illegible]
Example by thee, born in the [illegible]
To seek Gods favour and to [illegible]

THrice hath the Sonne of righteousnes displayd
The figure (sweet resemblance of a soule diuine)
And thrice hath zeale-lyred pray'r prevailing power
Recleer'd th' eclypses of his darkned loure.
Thrice hath he hidden his Disciples eyes
Left to remain in them should ope the wayes
Th' eternall life: but while he checks their watch, they're still asleep,
Droun'd in the bottome of securities deep.
So frequent are our slips, our tasks unsteady
So seldome ever-wake, though th' spirit's ready
That flesh is ever-weak, though th' spirit's willing
Yet once more will he rouze them from their rest
And print this last, sad Sermon in their breasts
My friends, faith be, ere have I bid you watch:
Left Satan in his hours your soules should catch
But you have slept, you have been drousy still
Hence forth goe sleep, and take your rest at will
For th' houre is come, the Sonne of Man's betrayd
The Traitour is at hand, and his
To seek Gods
An armed Legion com th, yet none can take
My life from me; but for my poore sheeps sake
I lay it down, and take it up againe,
And by my willing death, you life retain:

Arise

Arise, let us goe hence: Scarse are they gone,
When loe the traitor and his traitorous
Come all along, and to our Saviour gives
First to surprize him, then worse to throw
And first comes *Judas*, in a poore, but ambitious fleece,
Though inwardly a raving Wolfe he is:
Throwing his arms about his Masters neck;
Doth greet him with his foule dissembling cheek;
Haile Master; to his word he joyns a kisse,
And by that signall tells the troupe who 'tis:
But, O my Saviour meekly doth enquire,
Friend, wherefore com'st thou so? most thou desire
By this thy kisse to kill the Sonne of Man?
The task is foule, go on, doe what thou can:
Hadst thou but us'd some other base disguise
Thus to betray me, I could well have born it,
Or hadst thou as a cruell fierce foe
Conspir'd to work and perpetrate my woe,
I would not then have grudged: But to see
Him who did dip his hand with mine in me,
And him who in my bosome lately lay,
Lift up his heel against me, and betray
Me to the death; 'tis strange! but Father, what
Thou hast begun, continue, consummate.

Fie on thee *Judas*, hadst thou first bore sonne,
Hadst thou but kept one spark of grace within
Thy hellish breast, these words of friendly love
Might have suffic'd thy treach'rous heart to move,
And pull'd thee down upon thy soules bow'd knees
To beg the pardon of thy treacheries:
But ah! as one peece bubbling drop alone
Can hardly gnaw flint, or Porphire stone;

So, hardly can you hear, though near it be,
An indur'd heart to feel at those sad tones,
Whilst thus he speaks to his all-cruel foes
Of that proud race have themselves divided
To apprehend him straight way, he but lach,
Whom seek you Jesus of Nazareth
Say they: he answers, surely 'tis he,
Which words import, the true God and Man truly,
Law, did from that burning bush foretell;
The safe redemption of his Israel,
And this word, He doth his human eye shew,
Who by his death should fulfill the Law;
For he's the Man, and truly only He,
Who gives man life and takes it from Death,
No sooner had he spoke those words,
When by those words confounded, back they fly,
And to the ground do fall, such was the power
And piercing vertue of my Saviours
He doth enquire again, whom would you have
Jesus, say they, the man of Nazareth;
I surely am the man, saith he, the truth
I have already told you, from my mouth
If me you seek, then let those go their way,
From you I shall not flie, but with you stay;
For what is writ of me, fulfill I must,
Let those go free, for the salvation
Not long go my Saviour had foretold
The times were coming, in the which man should
Of two coats sell the one, and buy a sword;
Peter remembreth this Prophetick word,
And seeing Malchus proudly lay his hand
Upon his Master, draweth forth his brand;

And

And aiming he proud Malchus head, that blow
Did crop his eare, and cut it quite in two:
Surely the sword of Peter was but dull,
Who stops his carre (God and man doth know)
May justly lose his eare, his eye, his hand,
And all his body that doth God withstand:
But Peter here doth wrong, could he but know't;
He beats the stone, and quits the hand that throwes;
The blow on Judas should have been more sure,
Who th' Author was of this distempr'atture,
Malchus but acts false Judas falser plot,
'Tis pitty Judas had not Malchus lot:
Yet, that poore Peter now may wisely know
That good intention's not enough to show
The actions good; and that shows cannot hide
The hidden frailty of a feeble pride,
Christ bids him put his trembling sword againe
Into his place, for humane strength is vaine,
And he who by the sword his will doth effect,
Shall sometime by the sword both fall and perish,
Dost thou not know, saith he, that what a cup
My father doth propine, I must drink up
Though it were ne'er so bitter? were't not so,
This world should perish in an endless woe:
Or dost thou think, that if I pleas'd t' escape,
I could not this earths drossie globe o'r leap,
And riding on a thousand Cherubs wings
Prepare my selfe with the King of Kings?
Or think'st thou not, but if I list't remove,
I could command the wings o'th' morning dove,
And flying thence, could safe my soule, and rest
Or in the Opalin mornes, or Arabey west?

Cannot he who upon the winds doth ride,
And makes his clouds his messengers beside,
Cannot he who on th'Oceans waves doth trip,
And lets his foot-steps in the sea unclasp,
From out a worm-lings paws him self out wring,
Like *Davids* pebble from his whirling sling?
Or thinkest thou that I am left alone?
No sure, I and my Father both are one,
And for my rescue, if I lov'd to fight,
And show my unresisted power and might,
No earthly Monarch can on earth command
So many millions for his guard to stand,
As I have Angels ready at my call,
To beare me in their arms lest I should fall;
O weak Disciple, thou hast had true zeale,
But lack of knowledge makes thy love to faile;
Thou canst not interrupt that great decree
My Father hath propos'd from 'ternitie,
What, shall my Fathers Justice always smoak?
Or shall his indignation be heavy yoak?
Still lye on Man? shall never mercy, peace,
And righteousnes poore *Adams* seed embrace?
No, if poore mans salvation could be wrought
Without my sufferings, on his side he brought
Back from the gates of death without my blood,
Then surely this contest might have seem'd good;
But since no man on earth, or Spirit in heaven
Can finish that contract, which condemns heaven
Twixt God and Man in Paradise, but I,
I see no reason, no occasion why
Thou should'st so good a work mis-hand, take on
Or in the pride of heart presume upon

Thy

Thy wisdome can outreach th' Eternall story,
Of Mans salvation, and my Fathers glory.
Thus having check'd poore *Peter*, now at last
The Ruffians seize upon him, make him fast;
But ere he goes with them, he doth repaire
The wound that *Peter* made on *Malchus* eare;
For loe he doth but touch it with his hand,
And, as the other, it re-joyn'd doth stand:
Many great wonders hath he wrought ere while,
But such as this did never time beguile;
In all the rest he reliev'd still the poore,
And such as sought him for their bodies cure;
But here he is found of them that seek him not,
And heal'th the rascall would have cut his throat:
O great, O deep, O never matched love,
Which burning in th' Almighties breast above,
Hath not to strangers only his love shown,
But also to his enimies made it known!
Even so it is, and so hath always been,
He makes his rain to fall, and sun to shine
Both on the wicked and the righteous, that
To God they both may sing *Magnificat*.
Now, now me thinks I see poore *Abel* fall
By *Cain's* hand, without a cause at all;
And spotlesse *Joseph* to a *Midian* sold,
Blasphem'd, and cast in prisons deepest hold:
Now, now the Arke of *Israels* God is taken,
And by a cursed *Philistine* forsaken;
Now, now, 'gainst *Jesse's* sonne, *Jerusalems* Lords doe rage,
And now the vineyards hyrelings act their stage
Against the owner and his sonne, they've vow'd
In his best blood to have their hands embrew'd;

But he, like to a Lambe is dumbe before
His shearer, opes his corrall lips no more,
But only this, How often have I taught
Both in your streets and Synagogues? and nought
You either did, or spoke against me, Now
With swords, and staves, and spears, I know not how,
You come to take me as I were a theefe,
And none hath pitty, none shewes me reliefe.
How joyfull now be all that rascall rout,
Who have beleaguer'd the poore Lambe about?
How many *Io Paeans* doe they sing?
How doe their chimes and bels their praises ring?
How many wags and wantons now doe run
To greet the Scean of this confusion?
But whither doe the Lyons drag their pray,
But to their den, that is devoure they may?
And whither doe these mastiues draw this Lamb,
But to the High Priests house from whence they came?
All his Disciples now are fled and gone,
Only doth *Peter* follow him alone,
That by experience he might search and try
What should be th' issue of this tragedy?
Now Christ unto the High Priests house is fet,
And in a squalid corner bench is set,
Peter stands in the porch, but doth not enter
For feare his life, within, should goe t' adventer;
But night is dark, and euery one is asleep
The eyes of such as to his bed doe creep,
The ayre grow'th strange, and fo. ear from his hold
Makes *Flora* flock to shake his breath's so cold,
A fire is therefore made of burning coals
To warme their bodies, whose enflamed soules

Burn'd

Burn'd hotter with the flames of envies fire
Then doth *Vesuvius* in his fiercest ire;
Here doe they warm, here rauningly they talke
Concerning cold *Gethsemane* secret walke;
Peter comes in to warm himselfe a space,
And loe, a handmaid flouts him to the face,
My friend, sayes she, or I am much deceiv'd,
Or you are one of those who lately brav'd
Along our streets, whil'st yonder fellow rode
Upon his Asse like to a Demi-god:
What doe you mean, saith *Peter*, sure not I,
I doe not know the man, or's company:
Again, the damsell hearing him say so,
Veilard, saith she, I doe for certaine know
Thou art one of those who with him still did live:
Thy very Sibbols doe this witnesse give:
Thou wrong'st me much, saith *Peter*, this is true,
That yonder man I never saw till now:
But last of all, a man who stood nigh by,
Doth thus affront him, Doe not thou deny
His late acquaintance, for it is not long
Since in *Gethsemane* thou didst *Malchus* wrong;
By this, the Cock, day's Herauld, claps his wings,
And crowing, doth proclaime, the morning springs;
And not content with one poore shrill alarme,
He crowes againe, and multiplies his charme;
Peter heares this, both for his sinne and shame,
The secret cock that in his bosome lay,
Crowes loudest to him, (a great deale) then those
Which lately did the day prognosticate;
And whil'st he doth his steps aside to stye,
His Master looks upon him with his eye,

And

And by that gracious look doth now recall
To *Peters* fainting soules memoriall,
How he had said, Before the cock crow twice
Peter shall sweare, and eke deny me thrice:
By this rememb'rance, he who late did sleepe,
Now wak'd, goes out, and bitterly doth weepe.
O gratious Master, O ingrate Disciple!
How doe thy favours and thy frailties triple
Their contrair combinations one t' another?
'Tis strange to see such contraries dwell together.

Of old, while *Sinay* gave that thundring Law
Which led all *Israel* to a trembling aw,
The heav'ns, the earth, and all that was therein
Did seem to threaten *Sin'ai* for her sinne,
For there the thundrings, lightnings, trumpets, fires
So thrill'd the eyes, the ears, and hid desires
Of *Jacobs* seed, that now for feare they cry
Let *Moses* speak, not God, for else we dy;
But now by thee Mount *Syon* opes her doore,
Which since the worlds first birth was shut before,
And by thee, as his sonne, he doth declare
Mercy to those who judgements children were:
But *Peter*, whil'st I doe behold thy fall
From off that top which thou didst lately saile,
What wonder is't though stripling I be shaken,
And with a stupefied feare quite be overtaken?
But blest'd be God, thy fall was not so foule,
But true repentance hath reform'd thy soule,
That all the world may know, As sinne breeds death;
The promise of true life Repentance hath.

Look how a well-rig'd Pinnace set to sea
With blind, and Maine, and Misens liberey,

Lacking

Lacking a Pilot, who by due regard
Should fit a ſteering, and point her trembling body
Whil'ſt Dolphins like ſhe ſhe ſpouts againſt the ſkies,
As if ſhe would *Jove* ſtartly throne ſurpriſe,
And like a *Triton*, in the glaſſie field
Dives down again, and being forc'd to yield
To *Neptunes* rage, ſhe viſits *Pluto's* cell,
As if ſhe ſought *Euridice* from hell;
But recomforted by ſweet *Zephyr's* gaſtes,
Whoſe following favours fill her empty ſailes,
In ſhort time ſhe attains her wiſhed ſhore,
Where winters tempeſts threaten her no more.
So fareth it with the irreſolute breſts
Of *Adams* off-ſpring, who doe build their reſts
On their own ſtrength, no ſooner doe they ſcale
The Barracad's of Fortunes ſlippry ball,
When either fainting feare be-leads their heels,
And ſo they ſink; Or elſe their Chariot wheels
Drawn by preſumptuous Paſſries, trot ſo faſt,
That hardly can they ſhun a fall at laſt,
Unleſſe ſome ſtrong, ſtrong hand doe curb their rein,
And ſo their ruine and their ſhame reſtrain;
For whil'ſt th'impetuous fancies of frail man
Sets him to try the worlds vaſt Ocean,
Unleſſe a ſteddier hand than is his own
Doe guide his courſe, he's either quite orethrown,
Or daſh'd in peeces 'gainſt ſome ſturdy rock;
So furious be the ſtormes of Sathans ſhock:
Thrice happy he, whom *Jacobs* God doth guide,
And in his ſecret tent doth alwayes hide;
Thrice happy he, whoſe heart kept in Gods hand
Doth neither faintly fall, nor proudly ſtand,

But in a due contemp'rature of Grace,
'Twixt fate, and feare doth wisely run his race;
O, surely he scarces, when thunder the blow,
When seas disrage, and earth no rest doth know,
Shall by the secret influence of heaven
So steare his course, and hold his ballance even,
That neither death, nor life, nor wealth, nor want,
Nor weale, nor woe can crush his Covenant,
But holding still the gripes of grace h'hath got,
Still eyes his Pole, and so he sinketh not.

The Assize.

CANTO 1.

OF late I heard the High Priest Cock crow day,
Of late I saw *Aurora* drink away
From Darknesse center, to th'*Aegeo* plain,
T'enamell Heav'ns, and guild the Ocean;
But, ay me! scarcely could the pearly morn
With opall light our earthly globe adorn,
When loe, *Ixions* dark condensa cloud,
Did *Pha'ton* (*Titans* Coach-man) so orershroud,
That one should think, two nights combin'd in ire
Had met together to drown our *Sols* fire;
A presage, sure, that ere that Sun should set,
A brighter Sun should be exanimate.

Yet hopefull day
And *Titans* rayes, ecclesi'd, made *Phœbus* glad
But all this while, since yester-nights surprise
Till now that *Phœbus* going to desire shee shined
My Saviour hath been bound with cruell cords,
Beaten with blowes, wrong'd by sarcastick words.

Fond Jewes, and foolish Souldiers, tell me why
You doe outbrave him with such cruelty,
Had he not by his own will more been tyed,
Then by the Cart-ropes of your swelling pride,
He, like to *Sampson*, might have burst your flax,
And made your bonds to melt away like wax:
But now, what eye can choose but weep to see
Those hands which fram'd the heav'ns, the earth, the sea,
And by his dainty fingers framed man,
More neatly fine then art or nature can,
Thus wrung and wrested with a cord or rope,
Even whil'st *Arachne*-like he spins our hope?
But ah me! Mans hard heart's indured so,
That he can no compassions strain allow
On him, who from the heav'ns vouchsafes to take
Our nature, for our soules redemptions sake.

Now *Annas* High-Priest, and his sonne in law
Great *Caiaphas*, unto a Councell draw
The whole *Sanhedrin*, Pharisees, and all
Whose suffrage can or life or death empale,
To judge the just one by injustice. He
Submits himself to all their tyrannies
But ô you fooles and hypocrites, wherefore
Serves all this tumult, and this rout before?
One blow in secret might have stifled such
Your wrath against him: and the Rapier touch

But now I see, Envy and Malice both
Concurre together to oppresse the Truth,
And under shew of truth and justice, must
Sentence be giv'n to justify a lying Text,
And since the Scriptures by our Law fulfill'd,
His blood in season must not now be spill'd.
The Bench is set, the Judges are conven'd,
The guiltlesse is accus'd, and guilty deem'd,
False witnesses now are sought, and many come,
The hall is full, there is no empty room;
At last two sonnes of *Belial* are brought,
They witnesse (shame to them what he never thought,
Thou saydst (deceiver) (say they) Let this Temple
Be quite destroy'd, and in three dayes, more ample
I will re-build it; Fourty years and six
Were spent in squaring stones, and carving sticks,
To build it first, and now thou say'st, in three
Dayes space thou wilt repair't more sumptuously;
What, canst thou do it? But he holds his peace,
And answers not to that their forged case,
And wisely doth he so, for, brutish a fool
Even in a morter, yet his folly still
Shall cleave unto him, wrangling is a vice,
And to the truth brings the impudent judice.
The High-Priest seeing this, saith, I adjure
Thee, by the living God, to tell me sure
If that thou be the Christ, the sonne of God,
Say either yea or nay: (and there he stood)
Jesus replies, Thou say'st it, I am he,
This world another Saviour shall not see;
And that thou may'st my words the more believe,
I tell thee, that hereafter thou shalt see

The Sonne of Man this honour, to sit down
At his right hand, in glory and renown,
And thou shalt see him come again from thence
To judge this world, by righteous recompence.
At those words Caiaphas his cloths doth rend
Ev'n from their top unto their lowest end,
Although against the Law expresse commanded, Levit. 21.
Which to the contrary yet the High Priest hath made.
O, now I see there's an appointed time,
And for each thing beneath the Sun a Prime,
A time to laugh, and so a time to weep,
A time to travell, and a time to sleep,
A time to build, a time also to destroy,
A time to sorrow, and a time to joy,
A time to rest, a time to run our race,
A time to speak, a time to hold our peace,
Whilst foolish Russians did their cavill spue,
He neither said that they were false or true,
But now whilst he his Fathers name doth hear,
Setting aside of humane force all fear,
He boldly speaks the truth, and doth display
The hidden Godhead in his flesh did lie.
The High Priest hath his robe no sooner torn,
When thus he speaks; What need we any more
To cite a witnesse 'gainst him, hath not he
Blasphemed God before us, impiously
I know not what you think him worthy for,
I think him guilty, for to suffer death
To this they all applaud, with acclamation,
O let him die, and perish from this Nation.
Yet once more proudly doth the Priest engage
Him of his Doctrine, and Disciples to
And by the new

And rapid rage doth to his ſonle ſubſcribe,
That Truth and Conſcience with him have no place.
Chriſt anſwers, In your Synagogues have I
Still taught, and by me nothing ſecretly
Is done or ſaid, enquire of them therefore
Who heard me, let them witneſſe leſſe or more.
By this, one of thoſe ſlaves who ſtood neer by
Doth ſmite him on the face, moſt vil'nously,
And ads this motto to his cruell blow,
What, Villaine? doſt thou anſwer thy High-Prieſt ſo?
Chriſt meekly replyes, If I have ſpoke wrong
Beare witneſſe of it, but if thus my tongue
Hath ſpoke the truth, why ſmit'ſt thou me? 'may be
Some higher hand repay thy villanie.
Ah me! my God, how hath this High Prieſt ſtill
Spoke prophecy, although againſt his will?
Of late he ſaid, it was expedient that
One for the nation ſhould be immolat,
And now he ſayes, he's guilty to the death,
And ſo both truth and lye pronounced hath:
O what a viticiny, what a word
Is this that *Caiphas* doth now afford?
Guilty he was, and die the death he come,
And yet not guilty to the death, as ſome
Man born in ſinne, to die the death is born,
Becauſe by ſinne he's guilty, and forlorne;
But he did unleſſe ſinne, not know ſinne,
I know not,
I think
To this
Over him
Yet once more
And by the way
And

And so was guilty made to death, for loe,
His bodies death must our soules death ov'throw;
Thus was he guilty to the death, and yet
Nor guilt, nor death his innocence did let,
His was the death, the guilt was ours, and so
Both from the guilt and death w' are free to goe.

Neare to this censure, all those catyffs still
With excrements his glorious face doe spill;
And though the glorious hoast of heav'n are bold
In him to gaze Gods wisdome manifold,
Yet, muffling up his face, they hood-wink's eyes,
Then crave, in scorn, to heare his Prophecies.
This not enough, they be not yet content
T' afflict his body, and his soule torment,
But what is more, to *Pilat's* civill power
They lead him, there to have his death made sure.
From out the High Priests house and hall he's led,
And unto *Pilat's* hall is carried,
Tumultuous crowds of people run along,
To make their malice, and their griefe more strong,
And in ludibrious manner thus doe cry,
Here's *Nazarite* Prophet, pray you make him way:
Pilat affrighted with the Convocation,
Comes forth and cals the head o'th' Combination,
And asks the cause of this their concourse, for
Such stirre *Jerusalem* had not seen before;
Yet ere the Roman Deputie will approve
Their combination, it doth gravely move
This question to them, What hath this man done,
Or gainst the State, or gainst Religion?
If he had not a malefactour been,
Say they to *Pilate*, sure thou hadst not seen

Us

Vs ſtand as ſupplicants before thy doore,
Nor had we ever judg'd him by thy pow'rs.
O cruell caitiffes, irreligious yon,
Who act ſuch murther under pietie's ſhow!
To *Pilat's* houſe you come, but will not enter,
As if his houſe were hells condemning center.
Woe, woe to you, Scribes, Phariſees, and Prieſts,
You rav'ning Wolves, diſſembling Hypocrites,
Why doe you think by 'eternall rites and ſhowes
To purge that poyſon in your hearts ov'rflowes?
Why doe you make your platter clean without,
While as the fountain 's poyſon'd round about?
Why doe you guild your graves with pretious ſtones,
Whoſe richeſt linings are but rotten bones?
Why doe you waſh your hands ſo oft with water,
While as your hearts be luſt and prides Theater?
It is not *Pilat's* roof, nor *Pilat's* wall,
Nor the corruption of his Judgements hall
Can make you ſo unclean, or ſo impure
As doth your ſinfull ſoules diſtemp'rature;
For what is from without, cannot ſo much
Defile the Man, as doth the hearts bid touch:
But thus th' Almighty hath decreed, and thus,
You have determin'd, by a ſecret puſh
To catch the innocent unto your ſnare,
While as your words be ſoft, and ſmoothly faire,
But he who in the higheſt heav'ns doth dwell,
Can both your fraud detect, and pride repell,
And will in his owne time your plots repay
Upon your pates, with woe and weal-away.
Jeſus now ſtands before the Pagan Judge,
And from his fury findeth no refuge,

Pilat enquires him, Art thou *Iewes* King?
I am, saith he, without dissembling;
But in this world my Kingdome hath no place,
Nor hath this world a portion of my grace:
Pilat then on his Judgement seat sate down,
And once more asks him, of *Iudea* Crown,
And tels him that if he that Crown should claim
Then did he wrong against the Emperors name.
Not I, saith he, let *Cæsar* have what's his,
And God what's God's, no other thing I wish:
But while this Roman on his bench doth sit,
His wife did by her letter him intreat,
Yea, she adjured him that he should not touch
That just man; for, saith she, I've suffer'd much
Concerning him, this last night in my sleep,
The gods preserve thee, and thy conscience keep,
That unto him thou doe no wrong nor harm,
For feare hath giv'n my soule a sad alarme.

This *Pilat* reads, but's deafe to such a tale,
Where will doth govern, words will not prevaile,
He therefore calls the multitude aloud,
Heare mur'nous you, and hark you envious crowd,
Whom will you that at this your solemne feast
I should let loose to you? what think you best?
Here have we *Barrabas*, a murth'ring thiefe,
Will you that he goe loose and have reliefe,
Or, shall we let this *Jesus* goe, pray tell,
For your desire shall be my Centinell.
O, *Barrabas*, say they, let him goe free,
But for this *Jesus*, him let's Crucifie:
VVell then, saith *Pilat*, since it must be so,
Him shall you have, and *Barrabas* shall goe,

Let bring me here some water: water's brought,
And for dissimulation lacketh nought:
His hands he washeth, his dissembling heart
Stands still corrupt and foul in every part,
Yet doth he call, Come ye are censured you,
To this just man take heed what you shall doe,
For in him I doe finde no fault at all,
Why one haire of his head to ground should fall,
I therefore to your conscience doe appeale,
To Church, to Councell, and to Common-weale,
That from his blood I stand this day as free
As be my hands from their impurity.
Alas vain *Pilate*! hadst thou clens'd thy heart,
As thou hast wash'd thy hands, then sure no part
Of this mans blood should have against thee cry'd,
Then should both heart and hand been purifi'd;
But since one thing thou sayst, and doest another,
Thy words shall not thy foule transgression smother,
In short time thou shalt finde what 'tis to shroud
A bloody heart under thy wash'd hands cloud,
Water hath but a superficiall strain,
It cannot purge the heart, nor make it clean,
No, *Davids* hyssop water, nor *Jobs* snow,
Though ne're so well dissolved in their thaw,
Nor *Abanah*, nor *Pharphars* gliding streams,
Nor hoary *Jordan*, whose authority claims
Preheminence above all rills, because
In her the *Syrian* leprosie did passe,
Shall not be able to dissolve that spot
Which by this jurisdiction thou hast got:
And thrice unhappy, cruell-hearted Jews,
Had you the wit to praecognosce the news

That

That this mans blood shall, as a passing bell,
One day against your soules and bodies knell,
You neither should have wish'd his blood to fall
On you, nor on your seeds memoriall.
Hence is my Saviour from the bench forth sent,
That with a lashing whips sad chastisement
His back and belly, in a bloody gore,
Of forty stripes save one may feele the sore;
And reconvey'd to *Pilats* house again,
As if he had not suffred wrong nor pain,
He's stripped naked, *Adam*-like, while as
He blush'd for shame because he naked was,
But fig-tree leaves there cover'd *Adams* skin,
Here no fig-tree can lend a leafe, wherein
My Saviour can enwrap his bleeding wound,
Whose gutt'ring drops distains the very ground:
Pilat beholding this, begins to hault,
(Such was the rancour of his false heart to fault)
For sinne at first doth to the sense seem sweet,
But tart as gall in end, saith th'hypocrite;
He labour'd therefore much to let him goe,
But neither heav'n nor earth will now say so,
But still, the more that *Pilat* pleads him free,
The more they thirst the Christ to crucifie;
And that his royall dignities they may
Though in a sarcasme, to the world display,
They with a Crown of thorns doe deck his head,
His Royalty by this stands signifi'd,
And he who in our flesh our head became,
In bloody letters writes our anagram:
Next this, a scarlet robe they put upon him,
And in his hand a Reed, then gazing on him,

VVith [*ecce homo*] they doe bend their knees,
And greet him with thole incongrue ties,
Haile Master, say they, haile thou Juries King;
Thy Crown and Scepter tels us thou must ring:
But ay me! gratious Saviour, whil'st they flow
Enact the Scean of thy dishonour, how
Doe heav'n and earth declare thy glorious worth,
And unto thee true Majesty bring forth?
Their Crown of thorns confesseth thou art King,
Their purpure robes, our sinnes true covering,
The reed put in thy hand, as Scepter, showeth
VVhat heav'n, and earth, and hell unto thee oweth,
And whil'st in scorne to thee they bend their knees,
They shew that all the worlds chiefe royalties
Shall doe thee worship, for the Lord once swore,
And it shall come to passe, Each creature
In heav'n and earth shall bow before thy rod,
And ev'ry tongue confesse thee to be God;
And their [*ecce homo*], shall at last
Through heav'n and earths whole fabrick so be cast,
That such as strip'd, and scourg'd, and pierc'd thee, shall
Before thy foot-stoole with great terrour fall,
And learn, unto their griefe, that thou art King,
VVhil'st all thy Saints shall *Hallelujahs* sing (shame
To thee, whose crosse, whose cares, whose paines, whose
Procures their light, their life, their Diadem.

The

The Crosse.

THrough many sad afflictions, and at last (earth,
Through gates of death the righteous man is
Yet never man hath tasted of so many
Sad tribulations, nor was death, by any
So born, as by my Saviour, from whose birth
Untill his sad return unto the earth,
He never found a place wherein to hide
His head from malice, envy, wrath, and pride,
And yet, for all those sufferings which he gone,
He doth but now begin his passion.
Pilat hath judged, and condemn'd him too,
His heart still saying that his tongue's untrue;
And now at last *Golgotha*, to the field
Though innocent, he must be led, and held:
The place wherein his Oracle is made to stand
Is *Golgotha*, a place infamous, and
All putrifi'd with dead mens skulls and bones
And loathsome vapours of corruptions,
Yet here, and no where else, must he be made
A sweet smell'd savour both for quick and dead,
And if we to traditions give credit,
Where the first *Adam* lay, the second must

By his dread ſuffring and his woes make full
The hollow caverns of firſt *Adam's* ſkull,
That as in *Adam's* name's four letters, ly
The hidden riddle of his Impery,
So by that ſelf-ſame word and borrow'd name
The Second muſt his Goſpels bounds proclame.
The Jewiſh criminations, though unjuſt,
Have made him now a vaſſall to their luſt;
Not to the Altar, but to Calvary,
Not to the Temple, but the Curſed tree,
Not in the City, but without the gate,
Not in a corner, but in publique hate,
Not in a valley, but upon a mountain
His pretious blood muſt bubble from its fountain,
That to all corners of the Earth, great he
May offer mercies liberality:
When firſt his Parents to the Temple went,
And him unto the Lord did repreſent,
He in that morning, morning-like, was made
A morning ſacrifice for quick and dead;
Now in the ev'ning of his life muſt he
An ev'ning offring and oblation be,
That by his quiet reſt and ev'ning ſleep
He might us in perpetuall quiet keep.
Now is our *Jeſus* on his way, and bowes
Upon his back the ſymbole of our vowes,
In ſuch a perfect way, that Nature might
Have been aſham'd to ſee ſo fond a ſight;
If faintings, watchings, bloody ſweats, and blowes,
If ſtripes, and plaited thorns, and ſuch like throwes
Of inhuman'ty might have prevail,
It was no wonder though his ſpirits did faile;

Of

d Ἀναστάσις.
D Δωρεὰ.
A Ἄρτος.
M Μαθητεύσατε.

Of old, when *Moses* sent twelve men to try
Canaans forces and fertility,
Two of these twelve from *Eshol* did re-bring,
As first fruits of faire *Palestine's* spring,
Some pomgranats, some figs, and grapes, which, ty'd
Unto a pole, and on their shoulders lay'd,
They to the Camp of *Israel* did show,
As pledges of that good Lands fruitfull flow.
The man who walk'd before, did well resemble
The sonnes of *Sinay*, who by weakness stumble
Under th' imperfect law, as 'twere by hingy oak,
Which galls the necks of *Israels* toyling flock.
He who did walk behind, is *Sions* child,
His burthen's light, his yoak is easie found,
His foot not faints, nor shrinketh in his way,
Till in his Camp his burthen down he lay.
The burthen of rich grapes which 'twixt them hangs,
Is Jesus Christ, from out whose cluster springs
The Law and Gospell, in a golden cup,
Making men drunk with faith, with love, with hope:
But here before our eyes is truly seen
A reall emblem, and no counterfeit,
Proposed hieroglyphick, of this case,
Which all the faithfull doe in Christ embrace;
My Saviour goes before, and willingly
Takes up his Crosse, and bears it patiently,
Till fainting by the way, he's forc'd to lend
Unto an alien his Crosse (ghastly end.

Doe not we know what discrepance of old
The name of Jew and Gentile did unfold?
For whilst unto the Lawes severe the Jew
Did both his heart and knee so seek to bow,

Wilst

Rebellious *Japet* wandring in his pride,
Like to the wilde Asse turnd his neck aside,
Two of his sonnes are now reconciled,
But now by this more deare they are recalled,
And unto *Japhet* comes the blessing now,
That whil'st Christ, as a Jew, doth goe before,
Cyrenes Gentile sweet sonnes bendes,
And in the Crosse doth come upon their knees,
That *Jew* and *Gentile*, bound and free, and all
Who for salvation hanger, thirst, and call,
May know, that by the Crosse of Christ alone
The wayes opened are to heaven.

Thus hath he bore his Crosse, it hath not beate
He under it did groane, it hath not sweate,
And he whose power the world doth underprop,
Must by a cursed tree be now borne up;
This engine of the crosse was strange and rare,
Appointed by the *Romans*, in their warre,
For such as with a proud untaught hand
Their mightier power in functions did withstand,
And for all such whose hand did foile or traine
Their Temples, or their Idols did prophane,
This Crosse along the ground as they it laid,
It's torturing rack, and large dimention
Of height, of bredth, and length, the glorious Christ
Must be out stretcht on every joynt and wrest,
That as the heav'ns are high above our head,
And as the East from West is distinguished,
And Hels deep center is beneath below,
So in his torturing Crucifixe now
The program of their cruelty is made,
And the great patience of the Saints?

Whil'st

Whil'ſt we poore men draw neer vnto our death,
We wiſh that Natures hand ſhould ſtop our breath,
We wiſh that paine and ſhame ſhould not attend,
Nor prove the Lacquaies of our latter end,
And laſt of all, we wiſh that our laſt ſtage
Should have the bleſſing of Gods heritage:
Of all thoſe fauours his Croſſe deprived,
And all their contraries ſtand on it ſubſcribed,
For violence doth curb dame Natures hands,
And ſhame and torture at her right hand ſtands,
And where a bleſſing ſhould have bid farewell,
The curſed tree doth make that proue to faile,
All thoſe beyond all humane truſt doe run
Againſt my Saviour with confuſion:
Never did fount in ſtorm a tumbling ſpout
So rich a run all to the world ſend out,
As did the Cinque ports of his bodies wound,
While perforat he lay vpon the ground,
Never ſuch ſhame did any man ſuſtaine
As he, yet never did he once complaine,
And laſt of all, what curſe is like to that
Where heav'n rejects him who's immaculat?
Thoſe, and all thoſe, my Saviour beyond meaſure
Hath taſted, at his glorious Fathers pleaſure,
That had not he been very God and Man
He ſurely ſhould have periſh'd in his pang,
But that great Godhead which in him did dwell,
Vpholds him ſtill and makes him to preuaile:
Thus to the Croſſe he's naild, and with him two
Baſe murth'ring malefactours in a row
Were to their croſſes alſo tyed, that they
By their juſt ſufferings, in ſome meaſure may

His innocence obscure, and make men think
That he with them deserv'd like sup to drink;
Yet so hath Esay prophesy'd before,
And so it needs must come to passe, what's more,
His Crosse must over head impose the Title,
Jesus of *Nazareth, Iudæa* King by Name,
Whose fourre-cornerd letters doe imply
This Hieroglyphick stamply, to a T.
O how those three accursed crosses now
Stand in a strict balance? that 'tis hard to know
Who in the rat-poll sort true God from thiefe,
The Lamb, or Lyon, the innocent, or thiefe?
But heav'ns doe fully know it, for from thence
Thrice hath he had applause and eminence;
Earth know'th him also, for his divine power
Hath many times so sweet exchang'd their soure;
Devils of hell did also know him, for low,
His own words pow'r their legion did ov'rthrow:
So heav'n, and earth, and hell, and all must grant,
'Tis not the Crosse, but Cause that makes the Saint:
O happy thrice, and thrice thrice happy tree!
Though curs'd to some, yet art thou blest to me,
For never martyrs reap'd or could forth bring
So blest a harvest from so curs'd a spring,
As thou hast done, while death from thee did wrangle
A blessed Quadrat from a curs'd Triangle.

Many sweet trees have grown up, since the first
Adam did by a tree-fruit quench his thirst,
But never tree did any such fruit beare
As on thy branches at this time appeare,
Faire *Eden* figge-tree, whose leaves do hide
The first mans folly, and all ours beside,

An Olive branch to *Noah* first displayd
The Oceans rage was still'd and quite allay'd,
Aarons poore rod had such a secret vertue
That in one night it budded and brought forth
Ripe Almonds, *Moses* rod did smite the rock,
And living waters follow'd all the flock,
A piece of wood is cast in *Mara*'s spring,
And sweeter draughts ne'r fountaine did forth bring,
A woodden pole a serpent doth upholde,
And who so by the Serpent's stung, makes bolde
To look upon it, straightway is made whole
From all that poyson in his bones did role,
But all of those compar'd with thee proves naught,
No such a relish, no such sugger'd draught
Can man bring from them, as is brought from thee,
Immortall life from curs'd mortaliti,
Yet doe not I or praise thy selfe, or ground
Whereon thou standst, for better may be found,
But blessed be the Gardners hand, for that
Sweet bud he did in thee inoculat,
For such a fruit as thine was never seen,
The balme's blood-red, the vitine's always green.
Whil'st thus he stands, or hangs upon his crosse,
Some woefull women did bewaile his losse,
But thus he doth intreat them, Weep no more
For me, you Daughters of *Jerusalem*, for
To waile my sufferings thus is alwaies vaine,
Heav'ns have ordain'd it, I doe not complain,
But if you weep, weep for those woes which shall
Upon this perverse generation fall,
For since the dayes of *Noah* till this houre,
Yea, since fierce fire fowle *Sodom* did devoure,

So deep a wrath, and such consuming fire
Was never kindled in th' Almighties ire,
Nor did his wrath burn ever halfe so hot
Against a Nation for her Leprous spot,
As shall against this Nation shortly burn,
Till heav'ns high wrath their pride to ashes turn;
But O thou heav'nly and most gracious Father,
Pardon their sinnes, forgive their trespasse, rather
Then punish this their fault, for, Father, now
I doe perceive some know not what they doe.
Whil'st thus he hangs, and payes our bloody ransome,
Hot in the conflict, like another *Sampson*,
He cries, I thirst, straight doe they fill a cup
With Wine and Myrrhe, to him they reach it up,
He smelleth it, but would not drink at all,
For now he spies their mercy's mix'd with gall:
This being done, his soule is sore perplex'd,
And with his Fathers frowns, for us, so vex'd,
That he is forc'd to cry to th' ears of many,
O *Eli, Eli, lamma Sabachthani*!
Which by interpretation is thus taken,
My God, my God, why hast thou me forsaken?
One saith he calls *Elias*, stand aside,
And let us see what Saint in heav'n can guide
Him from this crosse, surely if any come,
We will believe him, we will make him roome;
Not onely doe those Burreaves him revile,
And 'gainst that holy one lift up their heel;
But also that proud mastive, who did at
His left hand suffer, as he perpetrat,
Calls to him, and in proud ludibrious manner
Commands him to display his pow'rfull banner,

And as he had sav'd others, save him selfe,
And him likewise from splitting on this shelfe;
But *Jesus* holds his peace, to make it plaine
That he revil'd, did not revile again;
Though *Jesus* hold his peace, yet doth that mate
Which on his right hand hung, thus ope the gate
To his just ire, and rebukes his brother,
He can his fury now no longer smother;
Proud raying rascall, saith he, we be here
To suffer for our sinnes, as doth appeare
By all the Legends of our murthring deity,
Justly doe men therefore withdraw their pitty
From us; but this just man, what hath he done?
His innocence is cleare, as middayes Sun;
Why dost not thou feare God, and in this station
Beg shelter from a deeper condemnation?
But what thou wilt not doe, behold I will,
Lord look upon me in thy mercy still,
And when thou com'st unto thy kingdome, then
Remember me in mercy, heale my pain;
Jesus beholding this his faith, replies,
Man, I doe tell thee, that in Paradise
This night thou shalt be with me, and shalt taste
The glorious *Nectar* of my Fathers feast:
Father, once more, all thing are finished,
Which thy great law requires, diminished
Is nothing which her Sanctions did crave,
And now I'm ready to be laid in grave,
I therefore come to thee, Into thy hands
I recommend my Sp'rit, let not death bands
Triumph ore me, for it I vanquish'd have,
Yet I'le subject my selfe unto the grave.

By this he bowes his head, and giveth up
The Ghost, and so hath drunken up his cup.
One of those Souldiers who did him attend,
Hoping to gaine some honour in the end,
Takes up his Speare to try if Christ were dead,
And in his side so lanc'd his over head:
Straight, from the wound doth flow both blood and water,
Whose still diffever'd streams themselves so scatter,
As never *Tigris* and *Euphrates* did
More th' one from th' other at their fource divide;
When the first *Adam* snorted in his sleep,
Great *Israels* Watchman, who poore man doth keep,
Took from his side a rib, of which he made
An helpe unto the man, who was her head:
And now the second *Adam* on his Crosse
Lacks not a bone, but to repaire that losse
From out his side, whereon his bride now stands,
Sends forth pure water first to wash her hands,
And that clean hands may have as clean a heart,
He sends her blood to purge her better part,
His water purgeth and refresheth more
Then that which from *Rephidim* rock did rore;
His blood speaks better things then *Abels* did,
When she in *Jesse's* lap her head did hide;
And truly, such a water, or such blood,
Nor *Baalzephons* shore, nor *Ganges* flood
Did ever borrow from their troubling rain,
While as they payd their tribute to the Main.
Loe, how the fountaine of God in human nature,
Loe, how for Man poore creature, the Creatour,
Loe, for the guilty, how the innocent,
Loe, how the lowly, for the insolent

Suf-

Suffers, payes, covers, satisfies at once:
Death, debt, shame, wrath, for our exemptions!
Come wayward *Gentile*, come rebellious *Jew*,
Come scoffing *Atheist*, Semichristian, thou
Prodigious misbeliever, natures slave,
Blasphemous mockers of the crosse and grave;
Come, come, I say, and if you needs must scorn
Those hands, those feet, this heart, that crown of thorn,
From whence my Saviour in such sev'rall rills
Celestiall *Nectar* to the world distills;
If nothing here on earth, you see below,
Can your hard hearts to his obedience bow,
Look up above your head, and see what strange
Commotions through th'heav'nly regions range,
And from their troubles learn in time to tremble,
Least those their pulses prove your hearts preamble;
For whil'st his soule doth to the heav'ns ascend,
Which to his Father, he did recommend,
Straight with his last gaspe, earth's round globe doth shake,
As if her engines axle-tree should breake;
The broad enameld courtaine of the sky,
Obfuscat with dark clouds, doth droup and dye;
And since he whose right hand first formed Nature,
Hath so much suffred for a sinfull creature,
The frame of Nature now hath sworn to show
That natures God hath suffred here below;
Hence hoary Saturne turns his face awry,
And scorns to gaze so great a butchery;
The bounteous *Jupiter* now amazed stands,
And scorns with *Amalthea* to shake hands;
Blood-thirsting *Mars* throws down his dart, and cries
What *Plagues* (thus whole *Pylos* hosts) our skies?

The

The wanton now betakes her to her heels,
And puls her Pidgeons from *Apollo's* wheels,
The witty *Mercury* throws his pen aside,
He cannot see to write for nights black pride,
And *Cynthia* now beholding *Titans* Car
Ecclipsed by a brighter morning star,
Runs from th' *East*, to th' *Hesperian* coast,
And grapleth *Titan* in her arms so fast,
That brave *Latona's* son nor can, nor may,
But through her sad imbrace, take leave of day:
Now is the Temples vaile rent quite in twaine,
And *Jew* and *Gentile* reconcil'd againe,
Now are the flint-hard rocks found cut asunder
That mans hard heart might at it's hardnes wonder,
Now are the graves devouring gates cast up,
And long interred dust drinks new lives cup,
That heav'n, and earth, and hell, and all may see
That power of th' Eternalls victorie,
Whereby he hath, as both true God and Man,
For man subdu'd Deaths great Leviathan.

The Triumph.

CANTO 6.

ERE *Cairo's* Monarch would let *Isr'el* goe
From out the furnace of affliction, loe,
The holy one of *Israel*, bigge with ire,
Is forc'd in wrath to blow & fanne a fire,

Against

Against him, that a Decad of fresh woes
Must fall upon him, ere he make his throwes,
So deeply were they fixed amidst his heare
That nothing but deepe wrath can him convert.
Of all those plagues which did on *Misraim* fall,
Me thinks the last save one was worth of all;
For what are fields, or fruits, or brooks, or trees,
In respect of mans gracious faculties?
And life it selfe is small, being compar'd
With utter darknesse, wherein man ensnar'd
By living death and dark Cimerian mist,
Of *Goshens* childe is made a *Memphytist*.
Such were the foggy mists that now doe stand
For three houres space through all *Judea's* land,
So that th'inhabitants doe gaze with wonder
To see the sun obscured from his splendor:
But *Titan* once more doth reclear his eye,
And shuffling off his Sisters canopy,
Doth joy to see his eldest brothers bed
With such triumphing trophees honored.

Now whil'st the stern Centurion sees the damp
That Christ his death hath wrought in Natures camp,
He shrinks away for feare, and doth professe
Surely this man hath been Gods sonne, no lesse,
For who did ever see so firm and strong
Expressions of Deitie, ev'n among
Infirmities and weaknesse saddest strains,
As now burst forth in Natures bubling vains?
By this, just *Joseph*, *Arimathea's* Lord,
Hath beg'd of *Pilat*, by submissive word,
That he Christs body might have pow'r to take
Down from the Crosse, and in his grave to make

Him rest, who rest and peace had promised unto all
Unto all such as sought to him for ayde upon
Pilat yeelds to his *Jesuits* quickly gone
Through *Salems* streets and rich-stor'd shops each one,
And of pure balm and myrrhis elixer'd Nard
A hundred weight he buyes, and afterward
Embalmes my Saviours body, and doth binde
It in a *Tyrian* lawn, more dainty finde
Than that which *Venus* putteth on the eyes
Of *Cupid*, to obscure his leacheries;
Then in his Garden corner, with all haste,
In his new-digged tombe he hath it plac'd,
And that the body there might rest secure,
He puts a stone upon the Sepulcure.
'Mongst many passions of the soule, by which
Man doth his guilty mynde surcharge too much,
Whil'st he doth wander in that desert, where
Nothing is reap'd in end but griefe and care,
That pultrone Feare, for most part, leads the ring,
Where Cruelty hath harp'd on Enviesstring,
For nothing can secure that sordid mind
Where wrath and malice are in one combin'd:
Hence doth the High Priest and his rascall-train
To *Pilats* hall return yet once again,
And under colour of a wise prevention,
Belch out the vomit of their foul intention:
This fellow (say they) while he liv'd, did say,
Pull down this Temple, and on the third day
I will re-build it: Lest therefore by night
Some steal him from his grave, and so affright
The world with frantick tales of's resurrection,
Let us walk wisely; and 'gainst this infection

Pre-

Prepare an antidote, for by such eyes
The weaker may be lesten'd of annoyes:
Goe, goe, saith Reason, leave these idle toyes,
Hath not his blood ere this sufficed your thirst?
'Tis strange to see, that death cannot put end
Unto that wrath which doth on rage depend;
The very beasts that live by ciuil pray,
Drink blood, eat flesh, but cleft the bones away.
But ay me! poore faint-hearted Muse, how long
Wilt thou sigh forth his obsequies? whose wrong,
Though all the Main were turn'd to teares and ink,
Could not suffice to write them on her brinke?
Weep therefore, weep a space, and weeping, look
Not like a running or a bubling brook,
Whose proudest swellings we no sooner spy,
But straight they are exhaust, their channells dry;
But like the Ocean, whose unfathom'd deep
Sends forth those restlesse streames which never sleep,
For here thou hast the deepest, deep distresse
That ever heart could think, or tongue expresse;
The sonne of God, heav'ns master-peece, the bright
Transplendent glory of th'Almightes light,
Th'eternall Word, which was e're time began,
In time, for man, made man, nay, not a man,
A worm, a wretch, a servant, nay, a slave
To calumny, contempt, to crosse, to grave!
Yet peace my Muse, and let not griefe exile
Thee from due comfort, let a blushing smile
Comfort thee rather; for, those wounds which stands
Imprinted in his heart, his feet, his hands,
Make him (although despised and disdain'd)
To carnall eyes, where sinne and shame's maintain'd

A precious *Victime*, offered up for thee,
To whom of due belonged the sacrifice;
Yea, he is that great Sun of Iacob, who
Makes *Iaphet* unto *Sem's* sweet tents to go,
And bids the world write ambems of Rejoyce
Because his grave makes ours a bed of Roses,
Where though he for a season rest and sleep,
Yet shall not earth him in her armes long keep,
But, as the Sonne of God, he thence shall rise,
And lead Captiv'ty captive through the skies,
And thence ascending to his glorious throne
Shall be our all in all, and all in One;
For notwithstanding all that stamp and stirre
Whereby his grave is sealed and made sure,
Up, up again he shall, Gods holy one
Can in the grave take no corruption,
But by his Resurrection makes our faith
Triumph the more ore sinne, ore hell, and death;
The former times prefigur'd have this truth:
Did he not save one from the Lions mouth?
Was not another thrown amidst the Sea,
And after three dayes set at liberrie?
Yea, were not three at once thrown in the fire,
As vassals of a Tyrans proud desire,
Yet by his pow'r so preserv'd, that the flame
Did neither harm their haires, nor garments fearne?
Did not he by his mighty pow'r, even now,
Naims poor widowes sonne to life renew?
When *Lazarus* had four dayes lyen in grave,
Did he not, by his word, his soule receive?
When as the good *Centurion's* daughter lay
Asleep, did he not turn her night to day?

When

When *Samson* did from his head lost fall,
Did not his quickning spirit him revive,
And when *Troy* by *Greeks* hand lay dead,
Did not his [illegible]
Those, and a thousand more then those do tend
As great *Hercules* club from his hand,
Those were but shadows of the true Messias,
The type was theirs, the antitype is his,
And all of those beare not more than his power,
Can kill and quicken, devoure and devoure.

Now doth the date of this appointed time
Wherein he should arise from Deaths dark clime,
Draw neer, for from the first dayes afternoon,
The Sabbaths whol day he did rest eft soone,
The eight dayes morn no sooner 'gins to break,
But loe the sonne of Righteousnes doth wake,
And with a better light the world recleare,
Then ever *Titan* brought i'our Hemisphere,
And as that God who did the world create,
Upon the first day did man animate,
And on the seventh day, celebrate his rest,
A type of our Eternall heavenly feast,
So did my Soules most gracious Redeemer
Crush on the first day my Soules foul blasphemer,
And on the seventh day resting in the grave,
Did from *Satans* hand his *Israel* save,
And rising on the eight dayes morne, hath made
The womans heel to bruise the serpents head,
This day of old had small or no respect,
But now to heaven it doth our hearts erect,
And justly, since it Gods [illegible] sinne,
He gives, who in th' Eccliptick of true light doth run,

This day more bright
Because by it
And the
As *Titan*
For
Then our
As great
Upon the
But on this Sabbath
And
With him
Can kill and
And merits
Because his blood
Th' intended period of
The sonne of
Comes from the
With Majesty, with glory and
His wedding garments, robes, and rings are on,
His griefes, his pettinis, and his woes are gone,
His foes are fill'd with feare, amaze, and wonder,
Like *Latmos* rent with heav'ns high rattling thunder;
Seraphick Spirits bow before his face,
Mortality to glory now gives place,
And all the Children of his wedding Chamber,
Whose lips are Coral'd, and whose locks are Amber,
Whose eyes Carbuncles are in darke of night,
Gladly doe now attend this morning light,
And from the grave they rise as soone as hee,
Which *Calphurnia* had not his father seen,
'Twere strange to see, that would not make her sure,
That heav'ns had drest their Sonne in Scarlet now,
But now the
He gives his Angels

To keep the spirit that so soon had left the flesh,
Or 'gainst a stone at any time should trip
Yet was it neither Angels might or power
That did return life to her body,
But that same God that in him dwelt,
Restor'd his life, and did his death expell;
For, though his soule was from his body cut,
His Godhead from his Manhood was not shut;
For, that great tye of Hypostatick union
Shall never be dissolv'd, or lose communion:
No, no, Mans nature which he did assume,
And unite to the Word in' Virgins wombe,
Shall in no after time, or taste Confusion,
Or by a stronger hand plain of Division,
Or by a change shall any Alteration,
Or by or death or life have Separation,
But shall for ay that union retaine
Where three are one, and one is three againe:
No sooner doth my Soules brave Champion draw
Gaza's gate-barre asunder, then his awe
Maketh earths wieghty globe to reach and reele
About him, like Ixions giddy wheele,
The dead arise and to the City goe,
As witnesse of his great triumphing show;
The Lyons to their dens return apace,
Because great Judah's Lyon shakes his tresse,
And all the beasts of neighb'ring Forests feare,
Whilst they this matchlesse Lyon's roaring heare;
The chirping birds, whose sweet melodious notes
Bring sweeter crotchets from their carr'ling throats
Then all Apollo's nymphs can straine or sing
Unto his Harps delicious fingering,

ασυγχυτως.
αδιαιρετως.
απειρετως.
αχωριστως.

The dead arise.

To keep their feet from [illegible]
Rather then grant Earth [illegible]
The nibling Lambs [illegible]
And sips her hony [illegible]
Leaving their breakfast, bleat, and cry, and call
Each one to gaze another's festivall,
Great *Neptune* and his Nymphs now sing dumbe,
Because the Soveraign of the Seas is come
To put a hooke in their nostrills, and draw
Leucothea from *Achelous* mawe:
But above all, the long-liv'd *Phœnix* seems,
As freshly wak'd from her reviving flames,
To greet him with the rarest welcome that
E're *Lark*, or *Finch*, or *Linot* modulat;
And at his foot her starry Spangled Crown,
As to the righteous owner, she throws down;
For she reviv'd, hath thousand years in store,
But he requickneth lives for evermore:
In end comes *Titan*, dayes bright shining eye,
Who lately slept in darknesse Cannopy,
And from his *Orient* or *Eous* wave,
Where *Neptune* doth his steps in pearle engrave,
Seeing a clearer Sun i' th' West arise
To all his *Naids* and his *Napæis*, cries
Look here, and see the rare, yea rarest wonder
That ever Earth held up, or Heav'n kept under;
Two Suns arise at once, and in one day
Two *Titans* to the world their lights display;
The one wherof, although he rise, must fall,
The other knowes no *Occident* at all:
Thus is my Saviour up, and maugre hell,
And all the pow'rs of darknesse there doe dwell,

A new light, life, and liberty is given
To all that hunger for the light of Heaven;
'Tis true, no article o' th' Christian faith,
More faithlesse or reluctant en'mies hath,
Then hath the Doctrine of the Resurrection
Whil'st it stands canvas'd by humane direction;
Yea, nature ne'er requir'd a better sport
Then tosse this Ball within her Tennis-court;
For faith it selfe can hardly sound this deep,
How a scatter'd *non ens* to an *ens* can creep,
Although that Nature and the Scriptures both
Have writ the hieroglyphicks of this truth;
The *Phœnix* spicie nest her Mistris burneth,
Yet she from out her fatall Urne returneth;
When length of time sun-staring Eagles spills,
They doe revive by casting off their bills;
Hearbs, trees, and plants, which in the winter wither,
I'th' spring receive both sap and life together;
The Corn we sow doth first corrupt and die,
Yet from that death their grains doe multiply;
And if 't be true, *Medea* for the sake
Of *Jason*, made old *Æsons* youth t' awake:
But Scripture tells us, that the first man hath
By sinne subdu'd all mankinde unto death,
And that the second man doth yeeld more grace,
Requickning that which dy'd by our trespasse;
And unto *Abram's* seed the Lord hath said,
I am the living; God, and not the dead;
Adde unto this, that he who first did make
All things of nothing, can from something take
With lesser pain, this little world of Man,
Then when at first he from the dust it span,

Nor is it juſt, that any coupled paire
Who work together, ſhould not have like ſhare
Of glory after death, who in their life
'Gainſt Sin and Sathan kept a conjunct ſtrife:
Why art thou then ſo ſad my Soule? and why
Art thou caſt down with ſuch anxiety?
Doſt not thou know that Chriſt is made thy head,
And thou by faith his living member made;
He is thy huſband, thou his wedded wife,
Whil'ſt he doth live, how canſt thou doubt of life?
He is the root, and thou his ingraft-branch,
When thou art judg'd, he ſitteth on the bench;
He is our Main, which by our faith's hid pores
Refreſhing waters to our ſprings reſtores,
And till his never ebbing ſtreams goe dry
We need not feare to lack a new ſupply;
Naked from out our mothers wombe we come,
And thither naked muſt we once goe home,
Yet we believe earth ſhall not ſtill enfold
Us in her arms, that were too baſe a hold
For any, in whoſe ſoule the ſp'rit of grace
Hath made his manſion or a dwelling place:
No ſure, ſuppoſe theſe putrid tents of clay
Wherein we ſojourn for a night or day,
Muſt be diſſolved, better buildings we
In heav'n ſhall have: For Immortalitie
Shall this our Mortall ſwallow and devoure
Our weaknes then ſhall be exchang'd to power,
Corruption ſhall to incorruption turne,
And, ſhame ſhak'd off, we ſhall no longer mourn;
For what by Nature we doe here inherit,
Shall there renew'd be by th'Eternals Sp'rit:

Though

Though then the grave, unto weak natures taste,
Relish no better then the hemlocks feast,
Yet from her arms we reap a richer store
Then ever nature did possesse before;
For there the poore have peace from their oppression,
There earths horsleeches shrink from their possession,
There rich and poore, the high, the low, and all
To earthly tempest ly no more made thrall,
But waiting for the return of their Judge,
In secret, for a while, lye still and lodge;
Since then I know that my Redeemer liveth,
And that he shall perform what faith believeth,
In all the periods of my lifes poore date
I for my last and glorious change shall waite,
For He who was dead, is alive, and shall
To me be *Alpha* and *Omega*, All.

The Trophee.

Canto 7.

CHrist had not come from heav'n to earth, but that
He might our dying soules re-animat;
He had not liv'd on earth so long, to try
Cares, watches, griefes, reproaches, misery,
Had he not meant to write us an example
In patience upon their necks to trample,
Nor had he took our flesh, if not to die,
That by his rising he might arise

The wrath of God due unto mans offence,
And reconcile that sin-bred difference;
Nor had he dy'd, were't not to rise again
And reunite us to our Soveraigne;
Nor did he rise, but that he might ascend,
And so bring our Redemptions to an end;
Thus was he born, thus did he live, and thus
He hath both dy'd and rose againe for us,
That our new birth, new life, and new death may
By him be turn'd to an eternall day:
Now if that any ask, who shall perswade
VVeake man, that he such mighty power had?
The trembling earth, the darkned sunne, the grave,
The quickned dead, the rent vaile, and that slave
VVhich in earths centers dwels, can all declare
The Virgins sonne, and eke th' Almightie's heire,
True God and Man, earths Monarch, heav'ns great King
Did those stupendious works t' effect forth bring:
But if sublunar things subject to errour
Can neither work our joy, nor strike with terrour
Our hardned hearts, let glorious Angels then
Serve to extirpate misbeliefe from men,
For they did by their presence shake those fooles,
VVho by their spears, and staves, and murth'ring tools
Sought to detaine the Lord of Life i'th' grave;
Let all such guardians such reward still have:
Then to some weaker women, whose true care
And love to life had quickly brought them there,
They furnish matter of true consolation,
Declaring his true life, whole death and passion
Had but of late their soules so pierc'd with woe,
That naturall comfort could not cure their blow.

Such as our conſcience is, or good or bad,
Accordingly we are rejoyc'd or ſad:
When God to us his countenance doth ſhow
Or in a cheerfull ſmile, or frowning aw,
The righteous Man is like the Lyon bold,
The wicked ſhrink for feare within their hold,
And one day, when their joyes away ſhall fly,
Then ſhall they ſhrink and feare eternally.
One woman there was of a ſpeciall note,
The *Magdalen* of late known by her ſpot,
But now, by penitentiall tears made clean,
She greater grace and favour doth obtain,
For he whodwelleth in the heav'ns, doth weigh
The hearts of men in ſcales of Veritie,
And looks not on our outward carnall things,
But on that treaſure which the heart forth brings:
To this poore woman then they firſt doe talk,
And with her in the way of comfort walk,
That ſhe who ſometime was a ſinner, might
To after-ſinners ſhew the wondrous hight,
The depth, the length, and breadth of mercy, that
Unto the penitent's accumulat;
For God doth not take heed to what we were,
But unto what we by adoption are;
For ſtill his mercies ſupr'abound, and more
Where ſinnes abundant plenty dwelt before,
If he can ſee our tears our cheeks diſtaine,
And bubble up from true repentance vaine.
Some eight dayes hence, this Nymph began to weep
And make her tears bedew her Maſters feet,
Her eyes as yet have not ſhut up their ſluces,
So deep's the memory of her youths abuſes,

And eke so fresh the relish of his smart,
Who spent his blood to purge her sinfull heart,
That she cannot her throbbing sighs restrain,
Nor from her restlesse seas of teares refraine,
But when sh'ath weep'd enough, she still weeps more,
And 'gainst her sorrowes cannot shut the doore:
VVhil'st thus she weeps, she turnes unto her stay,
And bowing down, beholds where Jesus lay,
And loe, two Angels there doe sit, the one
VVhere Jesus head did lye and rest; anon
Another she espies there where his feet
Had their impression in the hard rock set;
They see the woman weep, and thus enquire,
VVoman, why weep'st thou? what dost thou desire?
She answers, Sure I weep not without cause,
For here of late in deaths devouring jawes
My Lord did lye, but now alas he's gone,
And none can tell me whither, no, not one:
They thus reply; what foole art thou to seek
The living 'mongst the dead? did he not speak,
And preach to you, last day, in *Galile*,
The sonne of man must suffer, and third day
Rise up again; he is not here, goe, goe,
Tell his Disciples that he's rise: But loe,
VVhil'st thus they parley, Jesus comes; and still
Rebukes her for her mis-informed will,
VVoman, saith he, woman, what dost thou mean?
VVhat, wilt thou never from thy teares abstain?
She takes him for the Gardiner, and saith, Sir,
If you have took him hence, pray let me heare
VVhere you have layd him? and be sure, from thence
I will re-bring him, at what-ere expence:

To

To thoſe fond words my Saviour ſaith, But *Mary!*
She anſwers him, *Rabboni*; Without tary
Falls down before his feet to kiſſe them; but
He to that fond affection yeelde th not:
O doe not touch me, *Mary*, ſaith he, for
I am not yet aſcended: but what's more
Expedient for the world, goe quickly tell
My weak Diſciples, that the gates of hell
Which gap'd againſt me, now have no more pow'r
To hedge me in, for I have broke their door,
And to my members doe propine Lifes cup,
That they may dine with me, I with them ſup.
O what a maſſe or magazen is here
Of pretious comfort, by a Gardiner
Breath'd to a woman! O what large extent
Of pardon's ſealed to a Penitent!
For whil'ſt I ſee her thus ſo ſadly weep,
And him comfort her 'gainſt her griefs, I keep
In minde that Program which of late he told,
Bleſſed are they who mourn, for loe, behold
They ſhall reap comfort: and thrice bleſſed they
Who aſk, ſeek, knock; for verily I ſay
They ſhall receive, and finde, and enter, for
To ſuch my Father doth not ſhut his door.
Next this, whil'ſt I behold the great miſtake
Wherein her true affection, although weake,
Made her believe, a Gardner ſhe had ſeen,
I doe impute it to her tear-drown'd eyn,
I cannot chooſe but make my ſoule to ſmile
At this ſo happy fraud and ſweet beguile,
For never man did (to my weak eſteem)
Give him a fitter ſtile, or truer name,

For

For where did ever garden, in the flower
Of stormy rage, produce so sweet a flower?
Or where did ever Gardner plant or frame
So rich an imp in such a withring stem?
Did he not first in Paradise re-plant
The promis'd Primrose of the Covenant?
In *Baal-haman* graft'd he not that Vine
About the which the Saints their armes doe twine?
Is not he *Sharons* Rose, the *Valleyes* Lilly,
Engeddies Camphire, *Bethleems* Daffadilly,
Gethsemans Gilly-flow'r, and *Golgothe* Rhen,
And *Arimathea's* Turn-sol, ever true?
It is not then a great mistake to call
Him Gardner, who makes those to rise and fall:
O glorious Gardner! whose right hand doth plant
The rut'lant starres amidst the Firmament,
Who pav'st the Ocean with thy orient gem,
Plant in my soule thy Arrimesian stem,
And, like the lotos in *Euphrates* bosome,
Be thou the Sun that still re-clears my blossome.
But ay me! what is this I now doe heare
Thee say to *Mary? Mary*, come not neare,
And touch me not: Art thou that fi'ry bush
Which made old *Moses* stand afar? no, tush,
The flames and threats of *Sinay* now are gone,
And thou art made our very flesh and bone;
Yea, thou hast bid us touch, and taste, and feele
How good thou art to *Isr'els* Common-weale;
And yet, as if thou wouldst some distance try,
Thou stopp'st our wonted famil'arity:
It is not long since thou endur'dst a touch,
Which justly tearmed might have been, Non-such;

A Traitor kissed thee, a Rascall knave
Did with his buffets and his spitting brave
Thy glorious face; thy head was crown'd with thorns,
Thy hands and feet were pierc'd, and with proud scorns
Of thy unbow'd for death, a Speare did pare
The water and the blood from out thy heart,
Those touches them unclean (to us) did make,
Thou all'st for distance, but I know not how
It can subsist with thy unchanged love,
To change a sweet imbrace at a fad remove?
But pardon me, my God, for now I finde
That too much love hath made her judgment blinde,
For since she saw thee put in *porta mortis*
Her eyes have still been drown'd in *aqua fortis*,
And in her rapture, while she *weeps tinctoris*,
She turnes her *Benjamin* to *Benoni*,
For though thou still be what thou wast before,
True God and Man, yet art thou now some more
Then man and lesse then all, but in thy all, now
Kodesh laihova is writ on thy brow,
The *Urim* and the *Thummim* on thy breast,
Tels, *Aaron*'s dead, and *Melchisedeck* is Priest,
And since true life but through thy death we reach,
Now must we live no more by sense, but faith,
And by the Spirit, not the flesh, we must
Now seek our God, and his flesh in bread,
Some eight days hence did thine Disciples meet,
And first private chamber doors fitly fit,
The doors being shut, Christ Jesus comes in,
And gives them with his Peace, Benediction,
Which of salvation is the only ground,

To waken *Thomas* from his misbeliefe,
For lack of faith (mongst many sins) chiefe,
(*Thomas*) saith he, thou hast of late denyd
To trust my Resurrection, till my side,
My hands, my feet, and all my wounds I doe give
Thee (by thy touch) true reason to believe;
I pitty this thy weakness, for I know
The sourse and fountain whence this stream doth flow
Is not proud malice, but infirmitie,
The spirit speaks faith, flesh infidelitie,
Tis true, that when those wounds I did receive,
And from my Crosse was carried to my grave,
Thou didst not see me, for thou ran'st away
When *Judas* by his kisse did me betray,
But now, thou art return'd, and so am I,
Thou from thy feare, I from mortall eye,
And since I see, upon thy fingers end
Thy faith and resolution doth depend,
Come, come, thy touch not only shall be fed,
But als' thy other senses satisfied;
Come, come, I say, behold those wounds of mine
And let not misbeliefe 'gainst faith repine,
Reach here thy fingers, boldly touch my hands,
Touch those my feet, see how my side yet stands
Wide open with those wounds which did of late
My harmlesse body cruelly perforate;
And be not thou a faithlesse Disciple more,
But make true faith o'rflow thy hard hearts shore:
Thomas no sooner doth stretch out his fingers
To touch Christs side, when loe, from off her hingers
Christ pulls his heart, which then was hard as stone,
And with the touch of true contrition

Makes

Makes him bewaile his infidelity more
Then he was bent to harden it before:
O now I finde, saith he, and cryes aloud,
Thou art the Christ, my very Lord, my God.
O happy Thomas! what a happy change
Is this, which now doth in thy bosome range?
Of late thou saidst, Unlesse I surely see
The stamps of death in his mortalitie,
I will not trust (whatever can be said)
That he from death can be recovered:
But now behold, what nature could not see,
Faith doth perceive; behold, that Mustard tree
Of faith, in thee hath been most shrewdly shaken,
Yet from the root it hath not quite been taken:
O what a forcelesse force of heav'n high thought
This ulceration in thy breast hath wrought!
For one thing thou didst see, believe another,
And this made Faith and Nature joyn together:
One thing thy eyes did see, that he was Man,
Thy heart believes him God, 'tis more than can
By natures rules, or documents of art
Couch in thy conscience, or confirm thy heart;
But ô the power of the Almighty, who
Unto the weak joyns grace and nature so,
That what weak nature cannot work for want
Of strength, grace there doth furnish supplement,
And though that faith doth build her house on that
Which to the nat'rall eye 's unseen, yet what
May help weak nature and procure her strength
She doth amasse together, and at length
From both their Magazens draws forth that store
Of grace, which Sathan can deface no more.

Thrice happy *Thomas*, who didſt thus believe
Becauſe thou ſaw'ſt; but, if that God ſhall give
The grace to ſuch as never ſaw, to truſt,
Thrice happy they, their faith ſhall make them juſt;
For when they by the heavens great power ſhall
Ariſe to make their laſt Judicial
Account, their unſeen faith ſhall make them ſee
Death hath no ſting, Grave hath no victorie.
Thus ſtandeth *Thomas* to the faith converted,
From him a hard heart by a touch is parted;
Chriſt to the reſt of thoſe his brethren ſaith,
Brethren, theſe times require much ſtrength of faith,
Harken therefore to what I to you ſay.
'Tis long ſince I firſt ſaid, I goe my way,
And you were heavy that I ſo ſhould ſpeak,
For then your faith was wav'ring, faint, and weak;
But now your eares have heard, your eyes have ſeen
What I have ſuffred, yet my wounds be green,
Gird up your loynes therefore, henceforth be ſtrong,
For he who wrongeth you, to me doth wrong,
And whoſo harmeth you, he harmeth me,
I love you, as the apple of mine eye,
Yet muſt not I always on earth remain,
I to my Father muſt return again,
And to your Father, to my God I goe,
And to your holy one, and God alſo;
My God is your God, and my Father's yours,
The gates of hell, and all their darkned powrs,
Shall not be able, gainſt you to prevaile,
My Scepter and my Rod their ſtrength ſhall quaile.
Full forty times brave *Thomas* now hath run
About the world, and ſtay'd where he begun;

Full

Full forty dayes hath he, yea, each day once
Saluted and adieu'd both Horizons;
Full forty times hath *Phaëton's* Chariots wheel
Bid *Flora* both good morrow, and farewell:
Now, now 'tis time that Jesus should goe hence,
T'enjoy the throne of his magnificence;
Not like Duke *Joshuah's* Sun, which did not set
Till he proud *Amalecks* forces did defeat;
Nor like to *Hezekiah's* Sun, whose rayes
Went back on *Ahaz* dyall ten degrees;
No, no, this Sun in *Gibeah* must not stand,
His foes are foyl'd already by his hand;
Nor will he now turn back on *Ahaz* dyall,
To give us of our health a second tryall;
But like his Grandsire, *David's* Sun, he now
Come from his late bed-chamber, needs-must bow
The heav'ns, and all their vaulted arches, that
He may regain his first *Magnificat*,
Unto the mount of Olives out goes he,
And with him his Disciples, foure times three
Save one; and many others of both sexes
He with his poor Disciples intermixes:
There doth he pause a little; and anon
To him his Schollers move this question;
Master, say they, 'tis long since we expected
T'have seen *Judah's* kingdome re-erected:
But still our expectation hath been vain,
Our hoped freedome we cannot obtain,
Wilt thou at this time that our state restore,
Once let us know, and we enquire no more?
Poore, weak, and wayward Orphans, he replies,
'Tis not for you to know the mysteries

Of times and Seasons, which my Father yet
In his unclasped Kalendar keeps knit;
But what's more fitting for you I reveale,
Goe back to *Jerusalem* there stay still,
And I to you the Comforter shall send,
Who shall you govern unto the worlds end;
For as my Father sent me, I send you,
O that his grace your soules may so endue,
That your sweet savour, whersoe're you goe
May like the Balme of *Gilead* still flow,
And by your preaching my poore Gospell may
Celestiall glory to the world display:
Then stretching out his hands, he doth them blisse,
And greets them with this sweet *Cignean* kisse;
O great, ô holy, ô righteous, ô all-seeing
Father, in whom we live and have our being,
Now come I to thee, where I was before
The earth had limits; or the sea had shore,
For thou and I are one, thou art in me,
And from Eternity I was in thee,
One glory with thy coeternall Spirit
Did thou and I before all time inherit,
We all are one, that one is blessed three,
A blessed Union of bless'd Trinitie;
I pray thee, and I know thou dost me heare,
Keep those thy servants hearts in thy true feare,
Thy word is truth, and truth is in thy word,
Besides thy word, nothing can truth afford;
Sathan did lye against us at the first,
And by his lye, hath made mans soule to thirst
After a lying vanity, but I
Have come from thee, by truth to edifie

Their

Their ruin'd ſoules, and make thy truth again
Repaire thy image in their hearts hid plain,
The world ſhall hate them for thy truth, O then
Strengthen their hearts againſt the threats of men,
That in true wiſdome they may boldly tell
When I am gone, that I *Immanuel*
Th' Eternall word, yea, thy Eternall ſonne,
Being fleſh of their fleſh, bone of their bone,
Have in the fleſh, by my ſad ſuff'rings, payd
What e're was due to ſinne, and ſo allay'd
The fury of thy wrath, unto all ſuch
As by true faith my garments hem ſhall touch;
Give grace alſo unto that word which they
Shall in my name or Preach or Prophecy,
That in their hearers hearts it may take root,
And in convenient time bring forth good fruit,
That ſo good works and faith their ſoules may cure,
And they may of Salvation be made ſure.
This ſaid, he with a ſweet and deere imbrace
Joyns hand to hand, his face unto their face,
And breathing on them, bids them all farewell
Till he return their glory to reveale:
He by a bright oreſhading cloud is ſtraight
Heav'd up, and taken quite out of their ſight;
Thus doth a ſhining cloud to heav'n up-cary
The Sonne of God born of the Virgin *Mary*,
On whom while as the people fix their eyes
Two glorious Angels from heav'ns Senat flyes,
And ſtanding by them, with a ſweet impire
Thus doe correct their vain and vaſt deſire,
You men of *Galile*, why ſtand you here
Groping at noon-day in your Hemiſphere?

This

This very Jesus whom you now behold
Within a cloud bright canopy enrold,
Shall from the heav'n in this same manner come
To give the world her last and righteous doome.
Thousands, yea, thousand thousands Angels than
Shall shout before the glorious Sonne of man,
Upon the Cherubs and the Seraphs hee
Shall ride, and on the windes swift wings shall flee.
He shall no rapture, nor no whirl-winde crave
To raise his Saints from out their snorting grave,
But, as the worlds great owner, he shall make
The Earth his foundation like a whirl-gig quake,
The Sun shall lose his light, the Moon her Ore,
The starres shall fall from heav'n, the Sea shall rore,
And every soule that hath or breath or sense
Shall stand before his great Omnipotence;
For He, the righteous Judge, to them shall render
(Both to th' Apostate, and the faithfull slender)
Due retribution of what they have wrought
In publick word and deed, or private thought;
But since nor Man, nor Angell knowes that houre,
Let all flesh labour their peace to procure,
Yea, let them watch and pray, and still take heed
Lest while they think to live, they prove not dead.
Here, with this Cloud in which He did ascend,
I wrap my Raptures, and my Verse shall end.

Gloria Patri, & Filio, & Spiritui Sancto.

FINIS.